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WALKS AND RIDES

IN THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON

COVERING THIRTY-SIX CITIES AND TOWNS, PARKS AND PUBLIC RESERVATIONS, WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWELVE MILES FROM THE STATE HOUSE

BY

EDWIN M. BACON

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THE BOSTON BASIN.

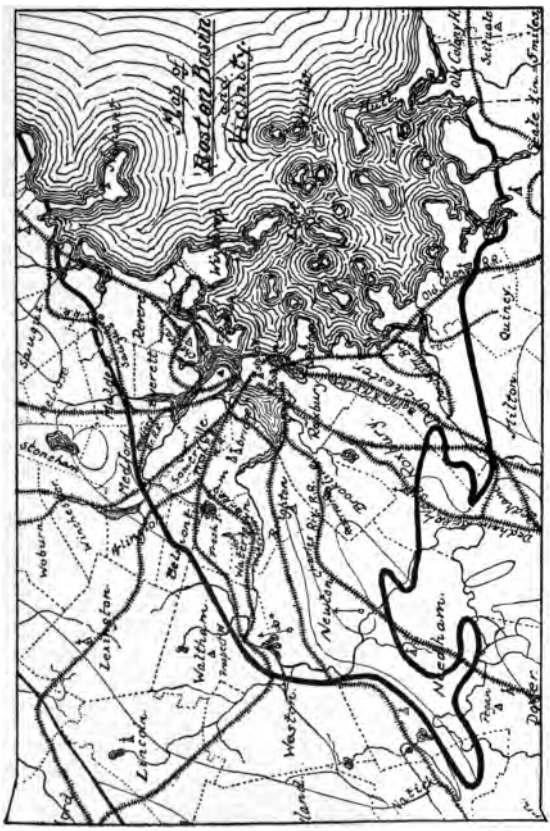
In one of his felicitous addresses to the entering freshman class, President Eliot, of Harvard University, characterized the country round about Boston as the most interesting historical region in the United States, and one of the most beautiful he had ever seen here or in Europe; and he strongly advised his auditors "to learn the whole region by heart." In this was but echoed the sentiment expressed by countless visitors who have spread the fame of this region far and wide. Within a radius of twelve miles from the State House, easily accessible, are many of the most notable landmarks and monuments of the Colonial, Provincial, and Revolutionary periods, and a territory spreading back from the shores of Boston bay, while thickly settled, yet still of remarkably diversified landscape, enriched by lofty hills, broad sweeps of valley, masses of woodland, picturesque rivers, ponds, and brooks.

This region lies mostly within what the geologists have called the Boston Basin, bounded by the bay on the east, the chain of mountainous Blue Hills lying in Milton, Quincy, and Canton, on the south, and the ridges of the Wellington Hills extending in irregular lines from Waltham toward Cape Ann on the north: a country of about fifteen miles in width, popularly known as Greater Boston, although in fact embracing twenty-two independent municipalities. In the larger area included in the Metropolitan Parks District, established by the State, is a community almost as closely knit, comprising twelve cities and twenty-four towns, the greater number of which are within the suburban systems of the railways terminating in Boston, and are brought into close connection by a network of electric lines.

Between the bounds of this district, all within the twelve miles radius from the State House, are Boston Bay and its seventy-five islands; stretches of the finest beaches on the coast; the boundary rock-hills of Boston Basin; the great Blue Hills Forest; the Stony Brook Woods in the midst of a populous quarter; the lovely chain of public parkways and parks instituted by the city of Boston; the celebrated Waverly Oaks, the most ancient group of oak-trees in New England, and Beaver Brook, of which Lowell has sung; the rich preserve of the Middlesex Fells; the wild Lynn Woods, one of the largest public domains belonging to any city in the United States; the basins of the Mystic, Charles, and *Neponset rivers, and other* localities famous beyond the limits of

Boston. Of this territory nearly 9000 acres (6671 in the Metropolitan Parks and 2162 in the Boston Parks system) are now reserved by law and maintained for free public use and enjoyment.

The boundary of the Boston Basin, using that term in its geologic rather than its topographic or hydrographic sense, as indicated by Professor William O. Crosby, is marked on the map below by the heavy black line.



The physical and historical geography of the Boston Basin has been best outlined in the report of Mr. Charles Eliot, as landscape architect for the preliminary Metropolitan Parks Commission of 1892–93, from which developed the permanent commission empowered to establish and maintain public open-space reservations within the Metropolitan District. Briefly summarized, its features are as follows. Underlying the whole region are the rocks of the crust of the earth, the oldest and hardest of them rising in the two conspicuous though broken ridges marking the northern and southern boundaries of the basin. The northern mass, or the so-called Wellington Hills, broken in many places by deep transverse valleys, such as those of the Mystic, Malden, and Saugus rivers, generally presents to the south a steep warlike front, about one hundred feet in elevation. In its eastern extension the highland surface is exceedingly rough, with rocky knobs and narrow hollows, now and then rising into exceptionally high summits, such as Bear Hill (325 feet) in the Stoneham section of the Middlesex Fells, and Burrill's Hill (285 feet) in the Lynn Woods. The southern rock-mass, or the Blue Hills, differing from the northern mass, is carved into a dozen rounded and partially separated hills, steepest on their south sides, and varying in elevation above the sea from three hundred to more than six hundred feet, being the highest hills standing thus near the coast of the continent from Maine to Mexico.

Between the Wellington Hills and the Blue Hills, "much worn stumps or roots of ancient mountains," Mr. Eliot calls them, "lies a region some fifteen miles wide, in which the primitive rocks which form these mountain stumps have been depressed so far, and the secondary rocks which lie upon the primitive rocks have been worn down so deep, that the sea has flowed over both and formed Boston Bay." But the waters of the bay wash against shores of rock only at a few points, the most conspicuous being the ocean fronts of Swampscott and Cohasset, Nahant, the outer harbor islands, and Squantum, in Quincy. Such rocks as appear above the surface within the Boston Basin are of mixed kinds, among them slates and the conglomerate or pudding-stone; but generally throughout this depressed region there is no solid rock in sight. Another material forms almost all the seashore, the river banks, and the dry land of the space between the massive uplifts of the basin boundaries. This material is composed of an enormous quantity of clay, gravel, and stones of all sizes and kinds, stuff which the moving ice-sheets of successive glacial periods bore away from northern regions and dumped in various sorts of heaps *alike upon the uplifted and* depressed parts of the rock foundation

of the district. The largest of these heaps still standing, great rounded hills of symmetrical form, called by the geologists drumlins, are most conspicuous objects in its scenery. Lesser heaps take on the form of steep mounds and long ridges, often inclosing bowl-like hollows. Then there are large areas in which the glacial material has been so worked over by running waters as to produce nearly level plains almost free from boulders of large size. The rivers and streams of the region, turned and twisted by the accumulation of glacial stuff, follow few sharply defined valleys, but wander along in an apparently aimless manner, contributing much to the beauty of the landscape. In the highland parts rain-waters caught in rock-rimmed hollows, or in basins formed by dams of glacial drift, make, even at the height of two hundred feet above the sea, frequent ponds, or swamps; while along the courses of the brooks and rivers similar morasses appear at frequent intervals. "However it may be with respect to healthfulness," Mr. Eliot observes, "with respect to scenery these retardations of the waters in ponds and swamps are a very valuable and charming addition to landscape already wonderfully varied and picturesque."

Between the ocean rocks of Marblehead, at the north, and Cohasset at the south, which guard the broad entrance to Boston bay, the salt waters sweep with an unbroken surface. Presently they meet various obstructions upon which are the marks of their destructive or constructive energy. The exposed rock peninsula of Nahant, on the northern side of the entrance, has been gnawed by the surf until its coast has become ragged and picturesque in the extreme; but in return the sea has formed out of the waste of the land a beautiful beach-causeway connecting the island with the main at Lynn. Slightly further inland the waters meet the foremost of the great hills of clay and stones which the ice age left. Grover's Cliff and Great Head in Winthrop, Great Brewster, Point Allerton and Strawberry Hill, in Hull, still stand boldly in the front against the sea, although now but fragments of the originally symmetrical masses; and from the feet of their steep bluffs long curving beaches "stretch away to unite themselves with the next adjacent mounds of hills, or else to join in never-ending conflict with some strong tidal current as at Shirley and Hull Guts." Once inside Point Shirley and Point Pemberton the waters play around numerous other drumlins, "here cutting a steep bluff out of the side or end of one of them, here, by building beaches, linking two or three together to form an island or a stretch of coast, or here again reaching far inland between the hills to receive the fresh waters of brooks or rivers." Behind the beaches and in

all the stillest parts of the tidal regions are widespread levels of salt marsh, in which the tidal currents are able to keep open only a few sinuous channels. On the north the marshes and the salt creeks extend to the very foot of the rock highlands. Westward the salt water of Charles River reaches inland six miles from the State House. On the south the estuaries and marshes of the Neponset and of Weymouth Fore and Back rivers present beautiful pictures of mingled land and water. From almost any of the rock-hills or inland drumlins of the district, looking eastward on a clear day, the horizon of the sea is seen.

The English colonists of the seventeenth century, coming into this region of "marvellously commingled waters, marshes, gravel banks and rocks," first settled about the steep drumlin hills of Shawmut, at that time surrounded and even divided by the tides, on the most accessible of the few smooth parts of the neighborhood, and wherever a navigable river or creek swept past a gentle slope of the glacial drift. From such settlements grew Boston (1630) and towns now embraced within its corporate limits, Lynn (1637), Medford (1630), Cambridge (1633), Watertown (1630), Dedham (1636), and the other elder townships of the colony. "The creeks were the first roads and the marshes the first hayfields." As the population increased, "men were forced to take up axe and crowbar in grim earnest. The great hills of boulder clay had to be made cultivable; generation after generation labored with the trees and stones, and at last the rounded hills stood forth as mounds of green, marked and divided by walls of field stones, and sometimes crowned . . . with the white churches of the victors. After two hundred years of these arduous labors, the neighborhood of Boston was a lovely land. The broad and narrow marshes still lay open to the sun and air, through them the salt creeks wound inland twice a day, about them lay fields and pastures backed by woods upon the steeper slopes, and across their sunny levels looked the windows of many scattered houses and many separate villages." [Charles Eliot.]

The first streets and country roads followed very crooked courses because of the peculiar intricacy of the configuration, and when a city began to grow within the central parts of the Basin, long bridges and causeways were thrust out across the flats in various directions, and turnpike roads were carried far inland. Then the flats along the causeways and in the coves and marshes were filled from gravel taken from the near hills, or brought, in later days, by railroad from more distant ones, and thickly built upon. Thus the *original pear-shaped* peninsula of early Boston has been *expanded from seven* hundred and eighty-three acres, cut into by

estuaries, coves, and bays, to eighteen hundred and twenty-nine acres of solid land; and similar expansions have been made on the water-fronts of its annexed territory. Of the original drumlins here and in various parts of the Basin, some have been wholly dug away, others have great holes cut out of them, and yet others are surfaced with streets at steep grade, and faced thick with houses. Occupying this broad and deep basin is now what appears to be one great city and connecting suburbs, with no external characteristics to mark the ending of one and the beginning of another, containing altogether nearly forty per cent of the entire population of Massachusetts, and steadily and rapidly increasing in the number of its buildings and inhabitants.

Although much of the natural beauty of the region has been destroyed by man, and some of the fairest portions are scarred by ugly building, examples of the most depressing mercantile and domestic architecture, it yet remains, if not as Captain John Smith described it before the advent of the European settler, "the paradise of all these parts," the most charming region surrounding any modern city. While, happily, the most beautiful sections of the boundary rock-hills, rich wooded parts, and stretches of the river banks and seashores, are now reserved as public open spaces, and broad "boulevards" are cut through connecting municipalities, touching metropolitan and local park systems, every city and town of the district has in itself much of picturesqueness and interest. Beautiful rides in every direction abound, and no lovelier or more varied walks are anywhere to be found. Much that is old is mingled with the new, country roads touch modern thoroughfares, and rural by-ways lead from the beaten paths directly to rural parts. Within the limits of the metropolis itself mayflowers (the trailing arbutus) are to be gathered in their season, and rich flora is to be found.

To enable the dwellers in and around Boston, as well as the visitor from distant parts, "to learn this whole region by heart," is the object of this little book. And in order that it may be learned in the most enjoyable as well as most healthful fashion, we have arranged a series of walks covering every portion of the district, and in one direction extending beyond it in order to take in historic Lexington and Concord. Adopting Dr. Holmes's happy conceit — now classic — of "Boston State House" as "the hub of the solar system," we have treated the surrounding parts as its spokes, and in that manner our explorations proceed. We shall *visit every* historic spot, landmark, and monument, and familiarize *ourselves also* with the history of this entire region.

Winthrop, Beachmont, and Revere Beach.

Boston to Winthrop Centre, by steam car (Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn) 4.7 miles; by boat to the pier at the foot of Perkins Street, 5 miles. Fare, by either way, 15 cents.

Boston to Crescent Beach, by steam car (Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn), 5½ miles; fare, 15 cents. By electric car (Boston and Lynn, from Scollay Square), 6 miles; fare, 5 cents. To Beachmont, steam car, 5 miles; fare, 12 cents.

Walk a [No. 1]. Around and about Winthrop.

Walk b [No. 2]. Over Beachmont, Crescent Beach, and along the length of Revere Beach to the Point of Pines and Saugus River. Return by way of the beach branch of the Boston and Lynn electric railway.

Winthrop was the ancient Pullen Poynt, or Pulling Point, of early Boston. In 1739 it was set off with Rumney Marsh and Winnisimmet to form the town of Chelsea, and remained a part of Chelsea till 1846, when it was taken with Rumney Marsh for the town of North Chelsea (now Revere). It was made a separate town in 1852. Its name was adopted in honor of Deane Winthrop, sixth son of Governor John Winthrop, who lived here many years and here died in 1703-4. It was called Pullen Poynt by the first settlers, "because the boats are by the seasing or roads haled against the tide which is very strong." [Josselyn.] In 1753 it was rechristened Point Shirley, in honor of Governor Shirley, by a party of local speculators, — a syndicate we would say in these days, — who that year established a codfishery station here and "inaugurated" their enterprise with a joyous junket, at which the governor and other Boston worthies were guests. On the sail down and back the party were saluted with a discharge of guns from "The Castle" on Castle Island; the governor was received at the Point "with all the demonstrations of joy that so new a settlement was capable of." [Boston News Letter, Sept. 13, 1753.] There was an "elegant entertainment," much buoyant speech-making, and the formal re-naming of the place with his excellency's hearty approbation. But the enterprise was a dismal failure. Instead of first erecting the workshops and dwellings for their workmen, "they put up houses for their own pleasure accommodation, and a meeting-house for a preacher on Sundays, wholly neglectful of the operatives who were to have carried on the business for them." [Shurtleff.] So the place became a genteel summer resort, some of the "best families of Boston," among them the Hancocks, having their country seats on or near the Point, which still bears the name of Shirley. In more modern days it was made famous by Taft's Point Shirley House, an inn widely renowned for its rich larder and incomparable fish and game dinners; a favorite resort for *gourmets*, between 1850-85. Winthrop remained a rural town by the sea, with a few comfortable mansion-houses, scattered farmhouses and modest cottages, till 1875, when, with the opening of the narrow-gauge railroad, it quickly developed into a miniature watering-place, and colonies of "villas" sprang up like mushrooms in a night. Within its limits of less than a thousand acres are now thickly settled villages, with a loop railroad from the main stem, running frequent trains touching each one of them. It has eight miles of beach.

Revere Beach, originally within the limits of Chelsea, and then known as Chelsea Beach, was given its present name when the town of North Chelsea became Revere in 1871. It extends from the bluff called Beachmont, in Revere, adjoining Winthrop, to the Point of Pines by the Saugus River, a distance of about three miles.

Walk a. To "do" Winthrop and Revere Beach in the quickest and *most complete fashion*, the narrow-gauge railway trip, rather *than that by the steamer* to the harbor side of Great Head, should

be chosen. Of course the former alone is available after the first of November in each year, but during the summer months, if comfort, coolness, and the most picturesque first view of Winthrop be desired, the trip by one of the cosy little steamers which make the "voyage" from Atlantic Avenue through the narrow winding channel east of Fort Winthrop and Apple Island, up to the head of Crystal Bay, at the very foot of Great Head, should have the preference. By the last named route, one gets charming glimpses of the shore all the way along, from the elevators, docks, and shipyards of East Boston, the lofty bluff on Breed's Island, now called "Orient Heights," and the lush meadows and sluggish tideway of Belle Isle Inlet, to the very tip of the peninsula, Point Shirley, which is left on the right as the steamer rounds up into the bay, after having successively passed in review Court, Cottage, Bartlett, and Woodside parks, the alluring shades of Sunnyside and the handsome dwellings of Washington Avenue. The railway will take us by its loop line into and around the heart of the town, or along the beach, according as we take the train via the "Centre" or that via the "Highlands."

The railway proper starts from East Boston, with which connection is made from the Atlantic Avenue Station by ferry, crosses the marshes and flats on the easterly edge of the island, passing Wood Island Park (of the Boston system of public parks) on the harbor front, continues well out to the harbor line to Orient Heights (formerly called Winthrop Junction), thence across Breed's Island, leaving the heights from which the station takes its name, (the former Breed's Hill) on the left, and along the base of the uplands of Beachmont in Revere, to the crest of Revere Beach, which it follows to the end. The Winthrop loop line branches off at the junction station, and in its circuit of 5.3 miles makes ten stops, the stations being only about one-half mile apart.

If we go down by cars and leave the train at Battery station on the loop line, we may first do the most modern and the most ancient features of Winthrop, — the **Winthrop Battery**, constructed by the National government, and the Deane Winthrop house, dating from the seventeenth century. The fortification is a part of the elaborate and costly system of minor harbor and city defences now building, and is to be operated in connection with works on **Grover's Cliff**, the bold headland a mile or so to the north projecting into the bay. In outward appearance it is a steep grassy slope rising to the height of forty feet and fashioned with *such precision* that it cannot be mistaken for a work of nature. *But it has little* the look of a fortification as approached from the *roadway*, and no idea of the magnitude of the work can be gained

from the outside. It is a masked battery of powerful armament commanding the entrance to Boston Bay. The work under construction on Grover's Cliff is a strong battery of three monster long-range guns.

The Winthrop Battery has four nests of batteries in long, broad pits, each nest containing four twelve-inch breech-loading mortars, sixteen in all, each one able with a full charge of eighty pounds of powder to drop a shell weighing six hundred pounds upon a ship's deck six miles away. These mortars average about fourteen tons each, and are mounted on carriages resting on fifteen-ton roller-paths having teeth which represent the full circle of 360°. They are turned by a vertical spindle working in the rack inside. The recoil is taken by two cylinders in each "cheek" of the carriage, one of which contains twelve springs and is ten feet long, the other, five feet in length, is partly filled with oil which escapes through small openings as the piston takes up the slack given down the springs. The lowest elevation for firing purposes is 40° and the highest 80°, with 45° as the maximum range.

Winthrop Battery.

In time of action the battery is worked by charts, upon which the entrance to the harbor is divided into squares, under the direction of the commanding officer standing at Grover's Cliff, from which the situation and movement of a hostile ship or fleet are telegraphed, telephoned, or flagged, and the guns trained accordingly. The interior works embrace magazines for loaded shells and for explosives to be loaded into shells, various store-rooms, quarters for the officers commanding the batteries, rooms for plotting the path and reach of the projectiles, and other apartments.

The old **Winthrop homestead** is on Shirley Street (the road to Point Shirley) just off from Revere Street (the highway to Revere), but a stone's throw from the Battery, which faces Revere Street. The age of the structure is its chief attraction. We see a very plain, two-story, pitch-roofed dwelling, in outline a type of the conventional early New England farm-house. Its front has been modernized by the substitution of clapboards for the shingles that once covered it, and the insertion of large-paned windows, but the back *retains much of the* ancient look. Originally it was without *the leanto, and contained* four large square rooms, with a spacious

attic. Just how old this house is is not definitely known. In the "Book of Possessions" Deane Winthrop is recorded as owning in 1645 one farm at Pullen Point embracing one hundred and twenty acres, and it is believed that he was at that time occupying it. According to Sewall's Diary he "lived there [at Pullen Point] in his father's day," but Sewall adds that "in his father's time his house stood more toward Deer Island." This, therefore, was the second Deane Winthrop homestead. In 1640 — the year of Governor Winthrop's death — he acquired the farm of Bridget and William Pierce, embracing one hundred acres, and from this circumstance, perhaps, the authorities have generally fixed upon that year, or "before 1650," as the date of the house. It bears

The Deane Winthrop House.

its years well. The strength of the frame appears more clearly on the inside than on the outside, in the heavy oak beams crossing the ceiling. It was in 1690 that Sewall was a guest at the house, and wrote about it in the Diary. He went down to the Point with Mr. Willard (then minister of the Old South Church in Boston), evidently to a wedding party in the old farmhouse. "Between 1 and 2," he writes, "Mr. Willard married Atherton Hough and Mercy Winthrop. . . . Between 3 and 4 Major General Nathaniel Higginson and Mr. Adam Winthrop came and many with them, when we had almost dined. Sang a Psalm together." At this time Deane Winthrop was seventy-seven years old. Of his death, four years later, on March 16, 1703-04, Sewall makes this note: "Mr. Deane Winthrop, of Pullen Point, dies upon his birthday just about the Breaking of it. He was taken at eight o'clock the

evening before, as he sat in his chair . . . Hardly spoke anything after being in Bed. Eighty-one years old. He is the last of Governor Winthrop's children. *Statione novissimus exit.*" He was buried on the 20th "by his son and three daughters . . . from the house of Hasey." There were "Scutcheons on the Pall." Sewall was one of the bearers, and "helped to lower the Corpse. Madam Paige went to her Coach. Majr. Genl. and Capt. Adam Winthrop had Scarvs and led the Widow. Very pleasant day."

Deane Winthrop was a son of the governor's third wife, and was born in England in 1623. He was brought to Boston in 1635, then a lad of twelve. When a young man he went to the settlement which became Groton in 1655, named after the old English home of the Winthrops, and is called the founder of that town. His life of forty or more years at "Pulling Point" seems to have been very quiet and prosaic. He was one of the earliest of local "ship-news reporters," for Sewall records that when he was living toward Deer Island he "was wont to set up a Bush when he saw a ship coming in."

The old house remained in the possession of Winthrop's descendants until after the opening of the present century: then it passed to the Floyd family which has since held it. The present owner, Henry Otis Floyd, has lived here for many years.

It is a short walk from the Deane Winthrop house, by way of Revere Street and across the bridge over the railroad by Highland

Winthrop Highlands.

station to the high bluff of which Grover's Cliff is the eastern terminus, and which is appropriately named **Winthrop Highlands.** This is the extreme northerly end of the town, and ascending the steep slope we are rewarded by one of the best of the views from Winthrop bluff-tops — picturesque Nahant at the *north-east; following* round to the north and west, the city of *Lynn, Malden, Melrose,* and the Fells beyond, the near-by Revere

and Chelsea; at the extreme west, Boston and its outlying districts; at the south the harbor, and at the east the ocean.

Back to Highland station, it might be well to take the train, and ride to Ocean Spray station, from which short streets lead directly to **Winthrop Beach.** Here on the crest of the beach is a broad driveway extending from Grover's Cliff to Great Head, thickly lined with summer cottages facing the sea. It is a beautiful beach, and the crest drive is the favorite one of Winthrop folk. On pleasant summer afternoons, especially on Sundays, it is gay with pleasure-teams. The road is well made and well kept, and is protected from the encroachments of the sea by substantial breakwaters. After a summer storm, when a glorious surf pounds the beach, this drive is at its best. The Massachusetts Legislature, session of 1896, embodied in the appropriation for the Metropolitan Parks system a considerable sum for the construction of a sixty-foot boulevard along this crest drive, which is to be accomplished partly by taking land from in front of the houses and partly by building a sea-wall outside the present "bulkheads" and filling out to it. Preliminary surveys have been made and tentative lines established, and it is probable that the autumn of 1896 will see a beginning, at least, made upon the work itself. Its completion is expected to add much to the attractiveness of the drive, and incidentally to the value of property fronting on the Crest.

Great Head looms up majestically at the south end of the Crest, overlooking the long sandy spit which curves away slightly to the westward of south and is known as "Short Beach." This terminates in the bold hillock and flat, sandy plain at its base, famous in history and local annals as Point Shirley. Upon the sides and summit of Great Head are some of the more ambitious of Winthrop summer residences. At the western foot of the bluff, on Crystal Bay, are the house and pier of the Winthrop Yacht Club, off which are moored many dainty yachts during the summer months. A broad road passes over the hill; and the houses along this way, and clinging to the rugged hill-slopes, command far-spreading water views. By the local authorities the bluff has been renamed "Cottage Hill," but it is gratifying to observe that most of the residents ignore this absolutely characterless appellation and cling to the picturesque and most fitting name which the first settlers gave it. Over on **Point Shirley** there is now little of interest save perhaps a single old mansion-*house, which* is pointed out as the John Hancock shore place, set *up perhaps* about 1773, during the period when the Point flourished *as a genteel* summer resort. At that time the remainder of the

peninsula was mostly covered with forests broken by a few scattered farms. Taft's Point Shirley House [see historical note at the head of this chapter, p. 7] which in later times gave the point its widest fame, stood close to the swift waters of Shirley Gut. The faded suggestion of a long past gayety, together with the present desolation and remoteness of Point Shirley, give one a sense of picturesque loneliness not free from uncanny suggestions.

From Great Head we shall find it a pleasant walk by Shirley Street northward to Washington Avenue, which soon opens at the left, thence to Pleasant Street near Thornton station, and by Pleasant Street along the south and west sides of the town. The town bridge by which Washington Avenue crosses Crystal Bay was during 1895 widened and filled solid (except a tide sluiceway) thus making it a causeway which confines the waters of the

Shirley Gut.

upper end of the bay and transforms this into a water park. Along the western or "town" shore is also a pleasant new avenue shaded with fine trees and lined with comfortable permanent dwellings. Continuing our walk, we shall keep close to or within sight of the water most of the way, and pass through or near a number of the many districts, or "resorts," into which the little town is now divided. Very few of the old farm and mansion houses which constituted the Winthrop invaded by the railroad in the seventies now remain, but the names of some of the older estates are perpetuated in the resorts built upon or near them. Thus we have "Thornton's" for the late J. Wingate Thornton, the genealogist and historical writer, whose comfortable old house still stands, though shorn of its generous grounds; "Bartlett Park" for the Charles L. Bartlett estate, in its day one of the largest and *stateliest on the peninsula*, now cut up by "avenues" —*partly parcelled out into lots* for "colonial villas" and partly

incorporated with the adjoining **Cottage Park** property — and the fine old mansion-house which was the birthplace and later the home of the gallant General William F. Bartlett, transmuted into a huge, showy and flamboyant summer hotel; "**Court Park**" for Judge John Lowell, and George B. Loring, whose estates were on the high grounds on the southwest corner of the place, with a fair outlook over the water; and "**Ingall's**" for Dr. Samuel Ingalls, who was one of the pioneers in the development of Winthrop into a modern summer place, and one of the most earnest promoters of the extension of the narrow-gauge system over it. The latter lost his life by the railroad soon after the little old saddle-back locomotive began to draw the trains of toy cars originally run upon the Winthrop branch.

Winthrop Centre, where the town hall, the main school-house, the post office, churches, and the Masonic Hall are clustered, is at the right of Pleasant Street, not far beyond Thornton's. **Sunny Side** is near the Bartlett estate, with a pretty still-water beach. It was for a number of years the summer home of the famous Vokes family, and of other colonies of actors who have occasionally settled on this side of the town. The harbor view from this point, with its diminutive Snake Island in the near foreground, and **Apple Island** just beyond, is extremely pleasing.

At its northern end Pleasant Street crosses Main Street, close to the bridge over Belle Isle Inlet, the dividing line between Breed's Island (Orient Heights) within the jurisdiction of Boston, and Winthrop, and ends at the Pleasant Street station of the railway, the first and last stop on the circuit line. On the East Boston side of the bridge, this country road becomes Saratoga Street, and as such extends to Central Square, in the heart of "the Island Ward," as East Boston is often called.

Having now made the circuit of the town we may take the train at Pleasant Street station, and returning to Orient Heights, thence make the short trip to **Revere Beach**, for our Walk *b*. It would be better, however, to defer this walk to another day, for it is four or five miles in length, and we have thus far covered as many miles on foot. Instead of journeying homeward by rail, we may, if we prefer, ride around from Pleasant Street station to Winthrop Beach station, and thence return by the steamboat, which lands at a new, handsome and commodious wharf right alongside.

Walk b. Beginning at **Beachmont**, the second station beyond *Orient Heights*, on the main line of the Boston, Revere Beach, *and Lynn Railroad*, twenty minutes ride from Atlantic Avenue. *At the Beachmont* station we come upon a symmetrical drumlin

rising forty or fifty feet, and affording fine water views. These views would be finer and fuller were the houses which thickly cover the bluff set with better skill and taste; but neither skill nor taste, probably, entered into the scheme of the development of this popular seaside dwelling-place, which was begun about the mid seventies by land speculators aided and abetted by brass band and auctioneer, who auctioned off the territory in small lots with little or no restrictions upon builders. However, here and there between the houses some exquisite glimpses of the ocean are caught, and occasionally, through an opening, broad sweeps of the beach below, with the rocky outline of Nahant across Broad Sound, delight the eye.

Leaving the station at the foot of the hill our way lies along Atlantic Avenue, opposite the station, into Bellingham Street, just above, which opens at the right and curves around the west side up toward the summit. Following Bellingham Street to its end, then rounding the little park, and taking Bradstreet Street, at the right, which curves along the other side of the hill, we encircle the height, coming out near the station at the point at which we started. The walk is not a long one, — it is accomplished in an easy stroll of less than a half hour, — and it gives us all of the best of Beachmont and its views. The broadest views are had in the first half of the walk as we mount Bellingham Street, and at its end, from which Winthrop Point shows up pleasingly. Between the houses on the outer side of Bradstreet Street the eye courses toward the south over broad marshes to Winthrop Highlands and Orient Heights.

The lower road, Atlantic Avenue, follows the base of the hill to Ocean Pier at the tip of **Crescent Beach**, which makes out from Beachmont, and is in fact the southern finish of Revere Beach. Winthrop Avenue, by the station, is the highway between Winthrop and Revere, and the electric car line from Beachmont, through Revere and Chelsea, to Boston, passes over it.

We can walk over from Beachmont, to the opening of **Revere Beach**, but the road is not as yet an attractive one, and we shall find the cars pleasanter. Crescent Beach station, the first on the beach, is next beyond Beachmont, a ride of a few minutes. Here the railroad originally took the crest of the beach, and in course of time was closely pressed by a hodge-podge of buildings, following the track its full length of three miles; but now the rails are back of the sands, and crest and beach, cleared of all unsightly obstructions, are being transformed, by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners, into a public ocean park, with promenade and *pleasure-driveway. Already* something of this work has been

accomplished in the completion of the esplanade near the Crescent Beach station.

It was a queer colony which here flourished during the twenty years of the occupation of the crest by the railroad line. Up to the close of the season of 1896 it was a place of low-browed, cheap, unlovely structures, in a crowded row on either side of the tracks, with narrow promenade, protected from them by wire fences. It was picturesque, if shabby, and, packed with its unconventional summer population, not uninteresting to the social philosopher. These structures were summer boarding-houses, "hotels" and shops for trade and barter, seaside refreshments, bathing-shanties of various sizes and grades, and photographic "saloons." Prices ruled at the lowest, and all its ways were democratic. "Full fish dinners" were to be had for fifty cents, and for a dollar one might revel in a banquet of chowder, fish, fried lobster, sliced cucumbers, ice cream, cake and other fixings. The fee for bathing-suits for "ladies and gents" was temptingly low, and some houses offered extra large suits for stout people without extra charge.

The beach "village" extended nearly a mile northward from Crescent Beach station, pretty effectually shutting the beach from view. But from that point onward the beachside was clear of it, and the beautiful shore with its sea outlook could, as now, be enjoyed at its fullest. Taking position below the crest, at a point about opposite the opening of Revere Street, and looking back, then beyond, we obtain an unbroken view of the magnificent curve of the strand from its southern boundary of Beachmont to the northern terminus at the Point of Pines, — one of the most graceful stretches of ocean beach on the Atlantic coast.

From the Revere Street opening we have the shore highway running alongside of the shore railway; and at the left of the highway are the freight tracks of the Maine Railroad, with broad expanse of marsh beyond, over which are views of the lovely highlands in the distance. **Oak Island**, with its mass of trees, in the foreground, is a favorite resort for botanists. On the highway-side is the electric car line from Crescent Beach to the Point of Pines; and at Revere Street the branch of the Boston and Lynn electric car line enters. We avoid, of course, the highway, and keep to the beach. The **Point of Pines** at the northerly end is so called from the grove of rugged trees here, which in old times was a favorite family picnic place. For many years a pleasant hotel, with broad piazzas facing the sea, occupied the Point and was a *rather* choice resort, much patronized for its excellent shore dinners, *by pleasure*-parties taking the beach drive. At length the *pleasant hotel fell* upon unprosperous days, and finally gave way

to the more popular resort which developed into a many-featured summer show place. The beach curves toward the Point, and the highway, crossing the railway, brings up abruptly to the gates of the grounds, through which there is no thoroughfare. At the right, however, a way opens to the beach, so that at low tide carriages may turn onto it. The forbidding sign "Danger! No persons allowed on the Marsh," conspicuously placed on the fence of the enclosure, here confronts us, but regardless of it we follow the beach below the grounds and so reach the marsh, or the Saugus River shore, beyond, unmolested, for this is now within the public reservation. It is contemplated to build a bridge from this point to Lynn, bringing the reservation into direct connection with that city and the country adjacent.

If it is desired here to end the walk and return to Boston by the narrow-gauge railway, the Point of Pines private grounds must be entered, and passed through to the station. But by finishing at this point much will be missed, notably the beach and ocean views in the southerly direction. So we retrace our steps, strolling back over the sands to Revere Street, and there take the electric car, which carries us through the town of Revere, Chelsea, and the Charlestown District to Scollay Square, for a five cent fare. The way starts through pleasant parts and passes by the most picturesque of the Revere hills.

East Boston and Chelsea.

City proper to East Boston, by North Ferry, foot of Battery Street, or South Ferry, Eastern Avenue; fare, 1 cent; by Boston, Revere Beach, and Lynn Railroad ferry, Atlantic Avenue, fare, 3 cents.

Boston to Chelsea, by ferry, foot of Hanover Street, fare, 3 cents; by electric car, from Scollay Square, by way of Charlestown or East Boston; fare, 5 cents. By steam car, Boston and Maine Railroad, W. Div., 5 miles, fare, 10 cents.

Walk a [No. 3]. Round about Boston North End to the South Ferry. Along the harbor side of East Boston, over Camp Hill; by the long footbridge to Wood Island Park approaches; about the park; along the Parkway toward Eagle Hill; over to Winthrop Junction and Breed's Island; by Belle Isle to Beachmont.

Walk b [No. 4]. [From Beachmont to Chelsea by electric car; or from Boston to Chelsea by electric car, or steam car B. & M., W. Div.] Over Powderhorn Hill and Mount Washington; back along Washington Avenue; about the Naval Hospital grounds and the site of Samuel Maverick's first house where Winthrop was entertained upon his coming in 1630; across to the ferry to Boston.

East Boston was first called by the colonists Noddle's Island, from one William Noddle, an "honest man of Salem," according to Winthrop's "Journal," settled here about 1629. He may have been one of the colonists sent out by Sir William Brereton, who obtained a grant of this and its neighbor, Breed's Island, from John Gorges, in 1628, but failed to secure a confirmation of his claim. In early papers it is sometimes referred to as Brereton's Island; and efforts were made to fix the name of Brereton's daughter Susanna to the other island. But the latter came instead to be called "Hog Island," which homely appellation clung to it for some time after it was officially known as Breed's Island, from the Breed family which occupied it as a farm from about 1800 to 1870. One of the earlier owners was Judge Samuel Sewall, who in 1687 took possession of it by the ancient formality of "turf and twig." Noddle's Island was granted to Samuel Maverick, gent., in April, 1633, who, erecting a fortified house, occupied it for about twenty-five years, dispensing a generous hospitality to his Puritan neighbors, though himself a Church of England man, and not always at peace with them. From him the island was for a long period called Maverick's. In 1637 it was "layd to Boston," but it remained a rich island farm for two centuries. It became East Boston in 1833, when it was bought by a local land company, — the East Boston Company, — and its upbuilding begun. It was the scene of the "Fight on Noddle's Island," one of the early skirmishes of the Revolution. In the days of wooden ships it was a place of great ship-yards, and between 1848-58 more than 170 vessels were built here, 99 exceeding 1000 tons each, and 9 above 2000 tons each. Among them were famous clipper-ships for the California service, and the "Great Republic," the largest wooden sailing-ship ever built, a three-decker, with four masts, of 4556 tons. East Boston is connected with Chelsea by two bridges across Chelsea Creek.

Chelsea, including Revere and Winthrop (severally called by the colonists Winnisimmet, Rumney Marsh, and Pulling Point) was made a part of Boston in 1634, by order of the General Court, that "Wynetsem[t] shall belonge to Boston." These precincts, in 1739, were set off from Boston as the town of Chelsea. In 1846 the present towns of Revere and Winthrop were set off from Chelsea as North Chelsea, Winthrop was set off from North Chelsea in 1852, and in 1871 North Chelsea became Revere. Chelsea became a city in 1857. Until 1835, beside the present United States Naval and Marine Hospital grounds, it consisted of four great farms, with their farm-houses, and a few others beside those connected with the ferry or the hospital. Winnisimmet was occupied by settlers before the coming of the Puritans, but who the earliest settlers were is not now known, with the single exception of

Samuel Maverick, afterward of East Boston. Maverick had a fortified house which stood on the present Naval Hospital grounds, and was the first permanent house in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1634 Maverick and one John Blackleach, then owners of Winnisimmet, sold the whole of it (except that part now owned by the United States, and occupied by the hospitals) to Richard Bellingham, afterward deputy governor and later governor of the colony. In 1638 allotments for farms were made in the Rumney Marsh, part to a number of the Massachusetts Company, among them Sir Harry Vane, who had not then arrived in the country, Governor Winthrop, William Hutchinson, Edmund Quincy, and Captain Robert Keayne, the latter in his day the wealthiest of the Pilgrim colonists, first commander of the first military company, of which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was an outgrowth, the father of the first town-house in Boston, and the maker of "the longest will ever filed in Massachusetts." The ferry between Boston and Chelsea, touching at Charlestown, set up in 1631, was the first ferry in New England. The development of Chelsea from a place of farms to a flourishing town was, like that of East Boston, the enterprise of a land company, known as the Winnisimmet Company.

Walk a. We take the ferry to East Boston at the North End. The street-car passing through Hanover Street will carry us direct to the North Ferry, which is the further north, and within a few blocks of the South Ferry. It will be more agreeable, however, to walk, for thus we may see more of the historic North End. Although many of the once numerous landmarks of early Boston, which held their places here long after the rest of the old town had been repeatedly made over, are now gone, there remains enough to make this part still unique. We will not attempt its thorough exploration, but simply touch here and there its most interesting features in a roundabout way to the Ferry.

Let our start be at the Old State House, at the head of State Street. Crossing to the left side the site of the "Boston Massacre" of 1770 (which the city has attempted to mark by the circle of oddly set stones in the paving near the corner of Exchange Place), we take Change Alley, the narrow foot-way opening between buildings next below Exchange Place, and reach Faneuil Hall. Change Alley used to be a place of quaint shops and oddities, after the fashion of queer London by-ways, but of late years it has been modernized and its picturesqueness destroyed. Near the end a side "avenue" once opened to Corn Court, in which still stands the battered shell of the old Hancock Tavern, formerly the Brasier Inn, at which Talleyrand and Louis Philippe stopped a short time while in Boston in 1795. This is quite near the site of the first tavern in Boston, — Samuel Cole's "ordinaire," opened in 1634. There is yet a narrow passage-way here, but it is a noisome place, and the better entrance to the court is around from Faneuil Hall Square. At the left of Faneuil Hall Square, entering from Change Alley, in the low wooden structure on the south corner of old Dock Square, is the remnant of the Sun Tavern, the oldest piece of seventeenth century inn now standing in

town. **Faneuil Hall** is open to the public every day but Saturday. From the north side of Faneuil Hall, rounding old Dock Square, we pass across to Union Street, and thence make **Marshall's Lane** (or Street, as the sign will have it), a short cut, at the right, into Hanover Street. In the ancient little yellow brick house on the corner, was once the fashionable dry-goods shop of Hopestill Capen, in which Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford (whose birthplace we shall see in Woburn) served an apprenticeship as clerk, beginning when a lad of sixteen. Within Marshall's

View of the Boston Stone.

Lane we come upon the "**Boston Stone, 1737,**" set in the wall of a building close to the walk, which was brought from England about 1700, and originally used as a paint-mill by a painter who had a shop here. The block of dilapidated buildings in Creek Lane, at the right, was built by John Hancock shortly *after the peace.* The larger house marking the corner was the *dwelling and office* of Ebenezer Hancock, brother of the governor, *and deputy* paymaster-general of the Continental Army during

the war, and, says Drake, its "lower floor has groaned beneath the weight of the French crowns sent us by his Most Christian Majesty, our excellent ally, brought over by the fleet of D'Estaing." In the front of the building on the Hanover Street corner is preserved the coat of arms carved in wood, bearing date of 1701, which the painter who brought the Boston stone set up in front of his shop, giving that the name of the "Painter's Arms." This is presumed to represent the painter's guild of London. Crossing Hanover Street we next take Salem Street, and following that unsavory way through a cosmopolitan quarter, we shortly reach **Christ Church**, where the tablet says the lanterns of Paul Revere were displayed on the evening before the Lexington-Concord affair, but others say not; and the historic old Copp's Hill Burying Ground hard by. In passing we note in neighboring streets a few examples of colonial building, but the best of this pattern have disappeared within the past few years. By side streets making our way to North Square, now the heart of the Italian quarter of Boston, we pass, by the southern exit, what is left of the house in which **Paul Revere** lived at the outbreak of the Revolution. Bearing now toward the water front, by way of North and Fleet Streets, we reach our ferry, — the South Ferry at the end of Eastern Avenue, opening from Atlantic Avenue.

On the East Boston side we land at Lewis Street, which leads directly into Maverick Square, one of the business centres of the island, the other being Central Square, further on. Our route lies along the harbor side, which is the historic part, as well as one of the pleasantest. Before the laying out of the island into streets and house-lots by the East Boston Company in the thirties, there were sightly hills here, interspersed with broad meadow and marshes, known respectively as Smith Hill, Camp Hill, and Eagle Hill, or Upper Farms. Smith Hill lay nearest to the present South Ferry landing, Camp Hill was beyond, jutting into the harbor, and the Upper Farms at the north, toward Chelsea. On the slope of Smith Hill, before the Revolution, was the mansion-house of the tenant farmer, and on Camp Hill it is supposed Maverick's fort and house stood when the island was granted to him by the Puritan Court of Assistants, in 1633.

Turning from Lewis Street into Marginal Street, we follow first the wharf lines. Crossing the railroad track we come to Clyde Street — well named — leading down to the Cunard wharf, which is a bustling place on steamer days. A short tramp beyond brings us to Cottage Street, at the left, the corner of which is marked by *the attractively* designed building of St. Mary's Home *for Sailors, attached to the* Episcopal City Mission. Proceeding

now up Cottage Street we take the right turn into Webster Street, and so approach what was once the stateliest part of the island. The upper corner of Cottage and Webster Streets is the site of the first house built after the plotting of the island. The earlier mansion-house of the tenant farmer and the farm buildings stood a short walk in the opposite direction — near the corner of Sumner (the next beyond Webster Street) and Lewis Streets, toward Maverick Square. While the Williams family were the tenants for seventy years up to the purchase of the island by the land company, it was a great place of resort by Boston worthies as guests of the family.

Prior and up to the Revolution, "Mr. Williams vied with his predecessor, Maverick, in his hospitality; his house was large, elegant and richly furnished for those times, his table was sumptuous, and his cellar well-stocked; a hearty welcome was given to all. Judging from the daily accounts of the family, the boats were continually plying between Boston and the island, carrying to and fro throngs of visitors. . . . As visitors entered the hall they saw the walls ornamented with twenty-four pictures in gilt frames; a dozen black walnut chairs offered comfortable seats, two tea tables with a set of China upon each, and two mahogany dining tables, a mahogany tea-chest, and wine glasses, gave significant evidence of the good cheer within. Six daughters added no small attraction to the mansion; a piano-forte, a rare instrument in this country at that time, stood in the parlor, and the young ladies entertained their friends with music and songs, and were not dependent upon the city for the pleasure of a social dance. Generals Putnam, Knox and Lincoln visited there; Judge William Tudor, also, who is called by one of the family 'Papa's particular friend'; the clergymen of Boston sat at his table; and, if the expression could with propriety be used, the nobility of the vicinity frequented the hospitable mansion." [Sumner's *East Boston.*] After the "Fight on Noddle's Island" in 1775, the fine mansion-house with other buildings was burned, and later, Washington gave Mr. Williams a building used as barracks by the troops at Cambridge, which was removed to the island and reconstructed over the ruins of the old; this was occupied as the family mansion until the tenancy was relinquished and Noddle's Island became East Boston. It was removed in 1835.

Continuing up pleasant, tree-lined **Webster Street**, we shortly come upon fair old houses. The first that arrests attention is the low, out-spreading wooden dwelling, on the right side, with pillared piazza entirely surrounding it, and topped by a cupola. This was one of the earliest houses built in the development of East Boston, and in its prime was for many years the hospitable home of Albert Bowker, a public-spirited citizen of the island. A few steps beyond, on the same side, the row of dignified brick houses set back from the street, with yards behind old-fashioned iron and granite fences, is a type of the Boston "swell-front," peculiar to the town for years, until, unhappily, it was driven out by the mixed domestic architecture which marks the Boston *of to-day.* Opposite, on the left side of the street, Belmont Square *in part covers* the site of the encampment of the British forces, *previous to the* expedition against Canada in 1711, which gave the *name of* **Camp Hill** to this elevation.

In 1776, after the evacuation of Boston, and when it was feared that the British warships, which for some time lay in the lower harbor, might make an attack, or that Howe's fleet would return, a fortress was built at this point for the protection of the town. The work was rapidly pushed, town and country folk uniting their efforts in it. "Both the clergy and laity volunteered their services," says Sumner, the historian of the island, "working with pickaxe and shovel and aiding until the work was finished, while the poorer classes were compensated for their labor." But no hostile move was made by the enemy, and the fortress, though fully equipped, was not brought into action. During the latter part of the War of 1812, when Boston was threatened, and the national government were neglecting coast defences, the place was again fortified. The works consisted of a main fort with a covered way to a water battery. The engineer was Loammi Baldwin, and the construction, like that of the fortress of 1776, was principally by volunteer labor of citizens of Boston and neighboring towns: detachments of local military companies, mercantile and mechanics' associations, and sometimes whole parishes headed by their pastors. One actor in the scene long afterward relates having seen the "venerable Dr. Lathrop, with the deacons and elders of his church, each shouldering his shovel, and doing yeoman's service in digging, shoveling, and carrying sods in handbarrows." This fortress was named Fort Strong, from the governor, Caleb Strong, and its formal naming was the occasion of a dazzling military parade, of speeches, and much gun-firing. Like its predecessor, it was never used, and upon the close of the war it was dismantled and abandoned.

It is possible that **Maverick's Fortress,** mounting "four murtherers," and inclosing his rude castle, was also set upon this height: and perhaps one or more of his immediate successors as owners or tenants of the island, — Sir Thomas Temple, sometime governor of Nova Scotia, afterward long a resident in Boston, whom Increase Mather called "as true a gentleman as ever set foot on American soil," Robert Temple, the latter's son, Sir John Temple, born on the island, who was the first consul-general of England to the United States after the peace in 1783, and Colonel Samuel Shrimpton, in his day one of the foremost and wealthiest of Bostonians, a judge of the superior court, member of the governor's council, and one of the leaders in the revolution against Andros in 1689,— had their dwellings or other buildings in this same locality. One of the finest of the earlier mansion-houses, however, *that of Robert* Temple, was at "ye farr end of ye *farme," at the easterly point* of Eagle Hill.

This house was built about the year 1746, and has been described as a large mansion with brick walls, and handsomely terraced, containing "elegant rooms, suitable for the reception of persons of the first condition." Maverick kept a number of slaves on his estate; and in the inventory of Colonel Shrimpton's estate "fourteen negroes, old and young, £350," were included with stock, houses and other property on Noddle's Island. The island continued in the possession of the Shrimpton family and its connections for more than one hundred and sixty years, until its purchase by the East Boston Company.

Over Belmont Square we have a pleasant bit of water view, and at the right, through the cross streets and occasional openings between houses or blocks, broader harbor views. From the narrow way of Ruth Street, at the right, a walk and series of stone steps lead down to Marginal Street, at the foot of the height, and the East Boston station of the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad, — near by which, across the street, we may observe on a modest little shop the historic name of John Hancock given to trading in old metal and junk.

Following Webster Street to the open space a short distance below Belmont Square, we turn sharply to the left and enter Sumner Street, which we are to follow back to Cottage Street. The way forward from this open space leads to **Jeffries's Point**, and the yacht club house on the water's edge. The walk back along Sumner Street is not so pleasant as that through Webster Street, but it offers variety, and is soon over. At the point where the tunnel of the narrow gauge railroad passes beneath the roadway, — just before we come again to Belmont Square, — there are little views of interest to the right and left, the bare side of Breed's Hill, topped with its yellow water tower, showing up well at the right.

At Cottage Street we take the right turn and shortly reach the end at Maverick Street. Crossing the latter, we now enter the long foot-bridge across the little bay which here makes into the marshes, in the direction of Wood Island Park, at the right, and Breed's Island beyond, toward the left. The bridge-walk, when the tide is in, is breezy and exhilarating. The bridge is for foot-passers only; the warning sign "bicycles not admitted" being conspicuous at either end. It is three quarters of a mile long, and if we keep our eyes turned toward the right side, we shall be cheered, as we walk, by varying water views over and beyond the railroad. The view on the left side is uninteresting, its main features being a jumble of houses in the distance. At the end of the bridge we take the right turn, and so reach the main *way leading* up toward **Wood Island Park**, jutting out into the *water at the* right. The tour of the park will occupy but a few *minutes, if* we do not care to have a turn at the gymnasiums, for

beyond these it is but little developed as yet. After doing the park we take the broad park-way, or the boulevard, as the local residents like to call it, and stroll along in the direction of the jumble of houses until we reach the present end at Bennington Street. The left turn here carries by winding cross streets up toward Eagle Hill, which in some respects is quite as attractive as the Camp Hill region. Our route is to the right, to Winthrop Junction, and we may if we please walk along Bennington Street, passing the old burying-grounds on the shore side, thick with trees, the first called the East Boston Cemetery, and the second, some way beyond, the Hebrew Cemetery, dating from 1844, and containing many quaint stones with Jewish inscriptions. The electric car line runs along Saratoga Street, above and parallel with Bennington Street, and it would be better, perhaps, to ride over to Winthrop Junction, at which the two streets meet.

From Winthrop Junction, where, if we have ridden, we leave the car, we may do Breed's Island, the hill of which, bearing the modern name of **Orient Heights**, is right before us. Taking cross streets, we reach the road on the slope of the hill. Striking across lots, we ascend to the summit, and by the good road-way there reach the yellow tower which has been so conspicuous a mark in the landscape along our way. On the hill-side the ragged worn trees mark the site of the old Breed Farm buildings, which for long years were the only structures here (the main house of stone spreading two hundred feet long, and but one story high, with fine terraced gardens in front) and gave a peculiar attractiveness to the place, which it now lacks. From the bluff top, broad sweeps of water view, on the one side, and built-up hills on the other, are spread before us. Beyond the water tower, the hill is yet bare of houses, and as we approach the end toward Chelsea Creek, which separates it from East Boston, we have in front of us a pleasantly expanding panorama. Standing on the outer end of the bluff, and looking down to the water and across to East Boston, we see the scene of the hottest part of the "Fight on Noddle's Island," in May, 1775, when the Americans, under Putnam, worsted the British marines, and the news of which, arriving in the Continental Congress, just as it was choosing general officers, influenced the vote for Putnam as major general.

This fight was for the possession of live stock on Noddle's Island. A small detachment had been ordered to drive the stock off to the Chelsea side at low tide, and being observed from the British warships in the harbor, a schooner, a sloop, and the party of marines were despatched to stop the work. The Americans fell back to the ditch and lay in ambush, from which they picked off several of the marines. Then they retired across the creek to this island, having meanwhile run off three or four hundred sheep, lambs, cows, and horses. Late in the evening reinforcements of about three hun-

dred men arrived with two pieces of cannon, and the fight was renewed. The British fired from their warships, from barges fixed with swivels, and from Eagle Hill, on Noddle's Island. At length the schooner was abandoned, and grounded toward morning, when a scouting party from the American side, coolly removing her guns and sails, under a fire from the sloop, burned her to the water's edge. Then later in the forenoon of the second day the sloop became disabled and was towed off by the enemy's boats. With a few more shots the firing ceased and the Americans were victorious. They had captured four swivels, and four four-pound cannon, losing not a single man, and with only four wounded, while the British loss was reckoned to be twenty killed and fifty wounded. In this little fight Joseph Warren served as a volunteer under Putnam.

Returning by Orient Avenue, or taking any of the circling streets, at the right, we come around in the northerly direction to Walley Street, — into which Bennington Street makes from Winthrop Junction, — and take the electric road or the narrow gauge line at Belle Isle station, crossing Belle Isle inlet and the marshes to Beachmont. Or we can walk over, if we like, by the marsh roadway on the further side of the railroad. Belle Isle is a little grove of trees, utilized as a picnic place. At Beachmont we take the electric car for Chelsea, passing through Revere, or return to Boston by the narrow-gauge railroad.

Walk b. If we make this walk an independent one we should go out from Boston by electric car marked Chelsea, Broadway,

The Ancient Yeaman House.

and ride through nearly the entire length of Chelsea to Powderhorn Hill, leaving the car at John Street from Broadway. *Entering from* Beachmont, we approach in the opposite direction, *leaving the* car at Webster Avenue, near the Lowe Art Tile Works. *On the* way over we pass the ancient Yeaman house, the oldest

house now standing in Suffolk County. This weather-worn landmark appears in view off to the left across a field, after we make the turn from Beach Street to Broadway (Fenno's Corner) and are nearing the bridge (on Broadway) over the creek. This has been called the "old Yeaman house" for generations, from an early owner; but before Yeaman's occupancy it may have been known as the "Shrimpton house," from an earlier owner, and earlier still, as "Newgate house," from Mr. John Newgate, whose landing place was near by. [See note on Mather's mission, 1688, p. 25.] It is said to have been built about 1680. For some years Parson Cheever, the minister of Chelsea, lived here. The house is within the limits of Revere.

The ascent of **Powderhorn Hill** is pleasing by almost any of the streets rising from Broadway. Taking Webster Avenue, and the first opening at the left, we have as we mount a delightfully expanding view of town and sea line beyond. The Soldiers' Home on the crest occupies a commanding position, its long sweep of piazza overlooking an unobstructed view nearly half way round the horizon. With its attractive grounds, the sloping hillsides in front not too closely covered with houses, and the long flight of steps leading down to the streetways far below, its aspect is most inviting. The main house was originally built for a summer hotel, and has long been a conspicuous landmark for miles around. The mound beyond the house, shutting off the view on that side, is not a fort, as some visitors imagine upon its approach, but an old reservoir. Following the roadway and the path above the reservoir, we reach the topmost part of the hill, and here enjoy one of the fullest views of this region of pleasant hills. The long narrow summit, with rounded edges and precipitous sides, suggesting to some imaginative souls a huge whale-back, stretches out quite a distance. Standing near the coast survey bolt, with back to the harbor, we have from this vantage ground, more distinctly than from any other hill-top within the Boston Basin, the complete outline of its boundary line, beginning with the Blue Hills range on the extreme left, and following round the circuit to the Saugus hills, tapering toward the farther sea-line at the extreme right. Below the sloping city, in the right foreground, lies the broad open of the Mystic marshes, with the river winding through them, and on either side closely built suburban city and town. Rough cuts have been made into the further sides and end of this fine hill in the construction of streets and the laying out of house-lots at the foot and along its slopes, and unless it is made a public reservation, *as some leading citizens* are now urging, within a few years *it will be ruthlessly* hacked, if not destroyed. There is a tradition

that the hill received its peculiar name from the terms of its purchase from the Indians by early settlers, who paid for it a horn of powder.

Mount Washington is the rising ground northwest of Powderhorn Hill, a short walk off. Descending the steep southerly slope to cross streets reaching Washington Avenue, or scrambling down from the westerly tip to Summit Avenue, and thence, bearing to the left through Winthrop Street to Washington Avenue, we follow the curve of the latter around to the right, and, shortly after passing the Lynn car stables, come to pretty **Washington Park** at the foot of the mount. This dainty bit of green, ornamented with trees and shrubs, and inclosed by low, vine-covered, brown-stone walls, invites us to leave the roadway and take its main path across to the street on its left side, which leads up the hill. Before entering this street, however, let us take a few steps at the right along the street marking the upper bound of the park, that we may see from the inscription upon the flat stone set into the park wall that we are in historic parts. This inscription reads:

This stone, once a door-step of the old Pratt mansion visited by Washington during the siege of Boston, stands opposite the barrack grounds of Colonel Gerrish's regiment of 1775-76.

Returning to Franklin Street, at the left side of the park, we make our way up the hill, passing attractive suburban houses and grounds, enjoying the shade of the trees lining the road, and the occasional bits of views on the outer side. At the top let us enter the field across the upper road into which Franklin Street makes, and from its further side look over the landscape spreading out below and beyond. We have at our right Revere, at our left Everett, and glimpses of the sea between. This mass of trees over yonder, to the north, marks Woodlawn Cemetery, which lies in part within the limits of Everett. So also lies most of this Mount Washington, the dividing line between Chelsea and Everett being just back of the estates on the west side of Franklin Street.

Down the hill by the way we came up, and again on Washington Avenue, let us make a short detour around the upper street to the northeast leading over to the Woodlawn road, and take a look at the oldest house in Chelsea, and especially interesting as a landmark of the "Andros usurpation" times. This is the ancient **Way-Ireland house**, and subsequently a homestead of the Pratt family, at which Increase Mather was in hiding before he sailed *for England*, in April, 1688, as agent for the oppressed colonists, to *appeal for* the intercession of the king.

Mather had been selected for this mission by part of the civil and nearly *all* the ecclesiastical authorities. Randolph, determined if possible to pre-

vent his departure, had instigated Dudley to issue a warrant for his arrest, and to avoid service of the court, he went secretly and in disguise from house to house of friends, finally bringing up here, whence he made his way to the water and so reached the ship "President" lying off the coast. The story is told in the "Remarkables of Increase Mather" in part as follows: "Mr. Mather withdrew privately from his house [in Boston] in a changed habit, into the house of Colonel Phillips, in Charlestown; in which withdraw it is remarkable, that a wicked fellow whose name was Thurton, and who was placed as an under-sheriff to watch him and seize him if he stirred abroad, — now saw him and knew him, and yet found himself struck with an enfeebling terror, that he had no power to meddle with him. From thence he was by certain well-disposed young men of his flock transported unto Winnisimmet; and from thence he went aboard a Ketch which lay ready to assist his voyage. From which he was, on April 7, 1688, gladly received aboard the ship (called the President) on which he had at first shipped himself, and so bore away for England." Sewall notes in his diary: "Fri. Mar. 30, 1688. I am told that Mr. Mather left his house and the town and went to Capt. Phillips at Charlestown. Sabbath, Ap. 1. To Aron Way's by Hogg Island. Tuesday, Ap. 3. At night from Aron Way's to the Boat near Mr. Newgate's Landing Place, so through Crooked Lane [Straits of Belle Isle inlet] and Pulling Point Gut to Mr. Ruck's fishing-Catch thence to the President, Capt. Arthur Tanar's ship. Satterday, Apr. 7. Captain Arthur Tanar sails about 10 aclock, a shallop follows quickly after, which 't is said to prevent Mr. Mather's getting on Board: 't is certain all the Town is full of discourse about Mather."

The Way-Ireland House.

Returning to Washington Avenue, our course is now back through the city to the United States Hospital grounds and the site of the fortified house of Samuel Maverick, the first permanent dwelling in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It is pleasanter to ride over this part. So we board any Washington Avenue car bound down town, except such as are marked Winnisimmet Ferry, and in fifteen *minutes reach* the Hospital grounds near the Chelsea *North Bridge connecting* with Charlestown. The building on the

higher hill is the **Marine Hospital**, and those on the hill slopes toward the water constitute the **Naval Hospital**. The grounds are not freely open to the public, but a pass is not difficult to obtain, especially if it appears that the applicant desires merely to stroll about them and not to enter the buildings. It is a fair tract, beautifully situated, embracing upward of a hundred acres of upland and lowland, attractively laid out, with flower beds about the chief surgeon's house, broad fields beyond the principal structures, and pleasant pastures.

The Naval Hospital was established here in 1823, and the Marine Hospital two years later, succeeding the first marine hospital erected in the Navy Yard at Charlestown in 1802. The main part of the naval building, built of Quincy granite, dates from 1836, and the wing was added in 1865. This hospital admits invalid or wounded officers, seamen, and marines from the New England navy yards, and from United States naval vessels or foreign stations coming into the port of Boston. The Marine Hospital admits invalids of the merchant marine, and is supported by a fee required of every seaman entering the port of Boston and Charlestown. The further parts of the grounds are occupied by the ordnance department of the navy.

The site of **Maverick's fortified house** is within the field on the point bordering on the Mystic and Island End River on the west side. Maverick built here in 1624 or 1625, and according to his own narrative, published in 1660 (which was discovered in the British Museum in 1884), the dwelling was then standing "the Antientest house in the Massachusetts Government." It was fortified "with a Pillizado fflankers and gunnes both belowe and above in them which awed the Indians who at that time had a mind to Cutt off the English." "They once forced it," Maverick relates, "but receiving a repulse never attempted it more although (as now they confesse) they repented it when 2 yeares after they saw so many English come over." Maverick could not have chosen a more picturesque spot in his large domain than this. The land lies to-day evidently as it lay in his day, gently sloping up from the shore, with the protecting hill behind. It is conjectured that the house stood on the little knoll back from the rivers, in front, perhaps, of the row of ancient trees, yet vigorous, which add charm to the picture which the place presents. It was in this house that Winthrop and his associates were entertained upon their arrival in Boston Bay, on the seventeenth of June, 1630, and not at the Noddle's Island house as the local historians have held. That house was not built until about 1634. The error was started in Johnson's "Wonder Working Providence" (London, 1654), and other writers repeated it until Judge Mellen Chamberlain, the *historian* of Chelsea, corrected it in a paper based upon the Maverick MS. of 1660, and on various researches of his own, which he contributed to the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1885.

Judge Chamberlain shows that Maverick and John Blackleach were joint owners of all Winnisimmet outside the territory included in the United States Hospital grounds, these grounds apparently being owned by Maverick exclusively, before the coming of the Puritans. That he was still living here in 1631, a year after Winthrop's arrival, as appears by the following record (Mass. Colony Records) under date of August 16 that year: "It is ordered that Mr. Shepheard and Robert Coles shall be fined five marks apiece, that Edward Gibbons Twenty shillings for abusing themselves disorderly with drinking too much strong drink aboard the Friendship and at Mr. Maverick his house at Winnisimmet." That there are reasons which indicate that neither at that time nor for some time after was there any residence on Noddle's Island — among them this record in Winthrop's Journal six months after he is said to have entertained the governor there: "three of his [the governor's] servants coming in a shallop from Mistic were driven upon Noddle's Island and forced to stay there all night without fire or food." That the Winnisimmet estate was occupied as late as December, 1633, when, Winthrop notes in his Journal, "Mr. Maverick of Winnisimmet buried in one day" John Sagamore, the Indian chief, and "almost all of his people" who had died of the small pox at their dwelling-place across Island End River: adding that Mr. Maverick "is worthy of perpetual remembrance: himself, his wife, and servants went daily to them, ministered to their necessities and buried their dead, and took away many of their children." That the Noddle Island house was built not earlier than 1634, and probably that year, as appears from these facts: in July, 1637, Sir Harry Vane and Lord Ley dined with Mr. Maverick at Noddle's Island; he doubtless had a house there at that date: from May, 1635, to May, 1636, he was in Virginia obtaining corn for the Bay colonists, and that this house was built before he took that journey is inferred from the fact that his wife writing to Trelawny dated her letter from "Nottell's Island in Mass. Bay the 20th Nov. 1635." Maverick was a young man of but twenty-two years of age when he first came to Winnisimmet.

Site of Maverick's First Fortified House.

From the fine hill back of the Hospital fields there is to be obtained an interesting view, on the one side, of Chelsea rising toward Powderhorn Hill, and in front, the river.

Leaving these grounds we had better walk back along Broadway to Broadway Square, — the old-fashioned business central square of the city — and there take Winnisimmet Street to the ferry, although we can make the ferry in less than half the distance through cross streets near the water side. Or if we prefer to return to town by the electric car, we can take it at the Hospital gate, close by the new North Chelsea Bridge to Charlestown.

Everett, Malden, Melrose, Saugus.

From Boston to Everett by electric car from Scollay Square, via Charlestown, 4 miles; fare, 5 cents. By steam car [B. & M., E. Div.] to Everett station, 3⅛ miles, fare, 8 cents. Return from Malden Centre.

Boston to Maplewood [Malden] by steam car [B. & M., W. Div.], 5 miles; fare, 13 cents. Return from Cliftondale [Saugus].

Boston to Pine Banks [Malden and Melrose] by electric car, from Scollay Square to Malden Centre, change there to Chelsea and Stoneham line, about 7 miles; fare, 10 cents. By steam car [B. & M., W. Div.], to Middlesex Fells station [Melrose]; 6 miles, fare, 10 cents. Return from Cliftondale [Saugus]; or from Saugus Centre, a mile beyond.

Walk a [No. 5]. Includes the Van Vorhees farm on Mystic Side, and Island End Creek; passes over Belmont Hill to Woodlawn; along the rural road on the easterly side of the cemetery into Revere; by Beach Street through Linden [Malden]; through Salem Street to Malden Centre and the Converse Memorial; finishes in or about Malden Centre.

Walk b [No. 6]. Through Lebanon Street from Maplewood to Melrose; around Swain's Pond; from Lebanon Street in Melrose, to Upham Street; thence by the country road to Saugus; alongside The Ledges, and the brook at their feet; amidst rural scenery and by old houses; Cliftondale.

Walk c [No. 7]. Embraces Pine Banks; Boston Rock and its surrounding woods [Wyoming]; along Main Street, through Wyoming, toward Melrose Centre; passes over Howard Street to North Saugus: by ancient landmarks in seventeenth-century houses; along rural Main Street, Saugus, to the Newburyport Turnpike; across to Cliftondale: from Cliftondale to Saugus Centre: historic houses by the way; "Appleton's Pulpit" and "Pranker's Pond."

What are now the cities of Everett and Malden, and the town of Melrose, formerly, for the most part, constituted the town of Malden: and Malden was at first a part of Charlestown known as "Mystic Side." The petition of "Mystic Side men" to be "a towne by themselves" was granted by the Court of Assistants in 1649, and seventy-seven years later the town was enlarged by a further taking from Charlestown of territory on the northerly side of the Mystic River and on the easterly side of North (afterward Malden) River. Thereafter it held its own until 1817, when a part was lost to Medford. Next, in 1850, the part known as North Malden was taken from it and made the town of Melrose: and in 1870, South Malden, including the territory annexed from Charlestown in 1726, was set off as Everett. Malden was incorporated as a city June 9, 1881. It was named for the town in England from which several of the "Mystic Side" men had come. Although pretty compactly built in its central parts, it has numerous pleasant landscape features. It embraces sightly hills, a beautiful private park free to the public, known as Pine Banks, and a part of the Middlesex Fells Reservation. Its main divisions are: Malden Centre; Maplewood, Linden, and Linden Highlands on the east: Oak Grove and Edgeworth on the west.

Everett is small in territory (2325 acres), in length, 2½ miles, and in breadth, 1¾ miles; and thick with houses in small lots. The Mystic River runs along its southern boundary, the Malden River is on the western, and Island End River on the eastern. The southwestern part is largely composed of salt marsh, and the centre is only about fifty feet above mean tide mark. But from this part the land gradually rises toward the northeast into Belmont *Hill (133 feet)* and Mount Washington (175 feet). The valley between these *hills stretches* northwesterly to Malden, and on its easterly side, as the Malden *end is neared*, is a smaller elevation known as Corbett Hill. In the northwest *part is* Woodlawn Cemetery. Everett was named for Edward Everett.

Melrose marks the eastern boundary of Middlesex County. It covers 2931 acres. It was incorporated May 3, 1850. Its surface is charmingly diversified with valleys, hills, lowland fields and upland woods, ponds and brooks; and it has numerous beautiful landscape features. Within its southern and western borders are the Middlesex Fells, and in other parts several pleasant local hills and rocky heights. L Pond Brook, the outlet of L Pond, runs through the valley in and about which the main part of the town is built, and is joined in the Wyoming district by Spot Pond Brook, the outlet of Spot Pond in the Fells, from which point the united streams flow into Malden River. The town is in five divisions, — the Fells, Wyoming, the Centre, Melrose Highlands, and Morrisville. The name of Melrose was selected at the suggestion of a Scotchman, an old resident in the place, who fancied in it some slight resemblance to the famous village on the Tweed.

Saugus when first settled was within the territory of Lynn, which then included what are now the towns of Swampscott, Nahant, Lynnfield, Reading, and Wakefield. The name of Saugus is from the Indian word Sagus, meaning extended, and was applied by the first settlers to the territory which became Lynn, because, it is presumed, of the broad salt marshes characterizing the shore parts. It was made Lynn in 1637 by an order, remarkable for brevity and directness, — "Saugus is called Lin." It was not till 1815 that the parts comprising the present town of Saugus were set off from Lynn, and the old name restored. The picturesque Saugus River was originally by the Indians called Abousett. Saugus includes about 13½ square miles of pleasant plains and hills, with upward of 2 square miles of salt marsh. Although in the villages manufacturing is pursued to considerable extent, there are yet numerous comfortable farms in the outlying parts, and the town possesses many charming rural features. Old houses and ancient estates also abound here.

Walk a. The inviting parts of Everett, which is most remarkable for its rapid growth, and its thickly built up streets along marshes and over hills, are to be covered in a walk in two sections, with an extended car ride between. Going out by the regular electric car route, — by way of Charlestown and the Malden Bridge over the Mystic from Charlestown Neck, — the first section of the walk is to and through the old Van Vorhees place on the banks of the Mystic and the marshes of Island End River; and the second begins at the end of the street car route to Woodlawn, proceeding past the eastern side of the cemetery, by a rural road into Revere, and thence by Beach Street toward Malden.

If we go out by steam car we leave the station in Everett on the right side, and reach the **Van Vorhees place** by way of Bow Street, bearing to the left. But from the electric car line the walk across is shorter, and a degree pleasanter, although by neither way is the passage fair. Approaching by electric car we have a good distant view of the farm across the river to the right, after the turn from Charlestown Neck on to the Malden road (Broadway by name), and it is with us, growing fuller, as we proceed over the bridge across the Mystic. Alighting at Washburn Street, at the right, about a half mile beyond the bridge, we pass through that short way and over a cross street to Beacham Street, which leads directly to the farm. This is one of the oldest of "*Mystic Side*" *roads*, originally laid out in 1681, as "the Road to

Wormwood Point," the name first given the peninsula upon which the farm lies, and which it bore till it came into the possession of the Beacham family early in the eighteenth century. Thereafter it went by the name of Beacham's Point, till the advent of the Van Vorheeses early in the present century. Beacham Street passes over a marshy territory, built up on either side, but not so closely as to shut off all view of the wide extending marshes, and the distant uplands at the left.

A walk of not more than fifteen or twenty minutes brings us within sight of the old Van Vorhees mansion-house by a grove of stately trees, a conspicuous and agreeable feature in a neighborhood of cheap modern dwellings: and presently we are at the entrance of the farm. The mansion-house stands here on the bend of the road, occupying a slight bluff, set well back from the hedge extending along the roadside wall, and approached by a broad flagging from the hedge-arched gateway. It is a typical mansion-house of early nineteenth-century fashion, broad, square, spacious: of block-wood front, rounded two-storied vestibule, and flat roof with extra story. Although worn somewhat by time and not in the fine condition of its prime in the old Van Vorhees days, when the farm was well kept up and the house occupied by the owner of the estate, it is yet a picturesque, serene, dignified homestead, with a little of the "grand air" yet left. Round the curve of the road, screened at the approach of the farm by the mansion-house and grounds, is the large stable with fine herds of cattle and horses, on one side, and on the other, below the mansion-house, the farmer's house, dating from an earlier period. Following the road, which becomes a rural lane, circling round to the right, we may explore the entire peninsula: and enjoy a pleasant walk along the marsh side and by a sightly bluff, from which good river views are to be obtained. It was here, perhaps, on this sightly bluff, that the little fortification was thrown up after the battle of Bunker Hill, when at the same time earthworks were also built at the junction of Main and Bow Streets, further back on the mainland. During the battle, a company was stationed on this point, under the command of a Malden man, and we may imagine that its position was taken on this same bluff. The peninsula is interesting, moreover, as the dwelling-place of Sagamore John, with a remnant of the once powerful tribe of Pawtuckets, whom the Puritans found upon their coming decimated by the "plague" and tribal wars. Here the chief, Sagamore John, and the greater number of his people were stricken with the small-pox, and dying, were buried by Samuel Maverick, then living across the creek (or *Island End* River, as it is called), on the present Naval Hospital

grounds. [See Walk No. 4.] We find this indeed a beautiful place, and we echo the suggestion of Mr. Sylvester Baxter, that it should be reserved for Metropolitan park purposes, connected by pleasant routes with the centre of the population of Everett, and with Chelsea by bridge sprung across the creek.

Returning by the way we came, or, at the end of Beacham Street, taking Bow Street around to the right, we reach Broadway again, and here board an electric car, marked Woodlawn Cemetery via Chelsea and Ferry Street. This carries us through the centre of Everett, by Belmont Hill, passing the Fred E. Parlin Memorial or Public Library building (given to the city by Parlin, long a resident of Everett, as a memorial to his son), on the left side of the way, and through Everett Square to Chelsea Street, at the right. Thence the ride is an agreeable one, with views along Chelsea Street, at the right over the marsh-lands toward the Van Vorhees place, and an occasional outlook from the road up the hill beyond. Finally turning into Elm Street, well named from the lines of fine trees at its entrance, we reach the beginning of the second section of our Everett walk — along the rural road past the easterly side of **Woodlawn Cemetery.**

This road we reach by a short walk up the hill beyond the entrance gate. It comes over from Chelsea, and is a pretty country road a large part of the way. Following it along toward Revere, we pass occasionally a comfortable farm-house, full of years, with the conventional two elms before the entrance door. Such an one, and most attractive, is observed on the right side of the road, just after the cemetery is passed. On the right also, and beyond, are shapely drumlins, from which are extensive views over marsh and coast scenery. The road, with its grassy sidewalks, makes its pleasant way along by broad meadows, lowlands, and fields. Some distance beyond the farm-house which we have remarked, the road curves to the right and again to the left, offering a pleasing view over swamp-lands, with a brook marked by lines of willows, making off through them, and in the distance, around to the north, the boundary hills of the Boston Basin. Further along, beyond the second bend, we come to a refreshing clump of willows, with a brook on the opposite side of the road, a favorite resting-place for bicyclers, who much frequent this way. Our road ends at **Copeland's Corner**, where it makes a junction with Beach Street coming over from Malden, and continuing to the right, to Revere Beach, according to the guide-post two and a half miles distant. Here we may take an electric car passing along Beach Street *Malden-ward*, west, and make return to Boston *from Linden station, on* the Saugus Branch [B. & M., E. Div.]. It

would be pleasanter, however, since the walk, as our walks go, has been a short one, to continue on by car, or part of the way afoot, through Maplewood by way of Salem Street, which the car line enters from Beach Street, to Malden Centre. The rural parts of Salem Street are pleasing, and it curves around and over hills as a country road should. On the right side at, and for some distance beyond, the entrance of Beach Street, are abrupt rocky steeps, fringed with trees: while on the other side, as we stroll or ride along, we have refreshing views, now and again, over broad meadows and an open country in the foreground to distant hills. As Malden Centre is approached the way becomes more urban, and indeed some distance before we are well into Maplewood the rural features of the road disappear.

From Malden Centre, after a look into the Converse Memorial or Public Library building, which we should not miss, we may continue southward, down Main Street by car to Madison Street, and thence afoot to the ancient burying-ground near Bell Rock, returning to Boston from the Bell Rock station [B. & M., E. Div.]. But if it is preferred to return direct from the Centre we may take the electric cars in Malden Square here, having choice of two or three routes, or the steam cars from the Malden station [B. & M., E. Div.], a short walk down Ferry Street.

The Converse Memorial Building is one of the richest pieces of architecture in the country round about Boston, the design of H. H. Richardson, and one of the last of his beautiful works, having been completed shortly before his death. It was erected, as the tablet in the porch informs us, by Elisha S. and Mary D. Converse, in memory of their son, Frank Eugene Converse (who, a lad of seventeen, when clerk in the Malden Bank, was killed at his post of duty in December, 1863, by one Green, a villager, in the latter's attempt to rob the bank when the boy was alone in charge) and presented to the city of Malden for use as a free Public Library and Art Gallery. The library contains an admirable collection of books, and in the Art Gallery are notable paintings by Albion H. Bicknell, George L. Brown, William E. Norton, H. Winthrop Pierce, Frank H. Collins, W. T. Robinson, H. W. Herrick, and other well known artists, with some fine sculpture, and a number of etchings, engravings and photographs. The paintings include Bicknell's "Lincoln at Gettysburg," on the occasion of the dedication of the National Cemetery, in 1865, with its twenty or more excellent portraits in the group of statesmen *and soldiers* surrounding the President. The bronze bust of Mr. *Converse,* placed on the wall opposite the entrance hall, is by *Samuel Kitson.*

This is a building of brown sandstone in the Provençal Romanesque style of architecture. The feature of the main wing, fronting on Salem Street, is the colonnade of mullioned windows across nearly all the front. The sky line is broken by two towers, the central one octagonal, its upper portion pierced with arched windows, the corner tower round and unbroken by apertures. The wall of irregular height surrounding the court yard on two sides, of the same material as the main building, forms two sides of an equilateral, the other sides being formed by the wings of the building. The entrance porch called the Memorial Porch, from the tablet which it contains, is the most elaborately ornamented of any part of the building. The open side is formed of four arches supported by carved pillars, each pillar consisting of a cluster of four columns about a massive block of stone. The delicate carvings of the capitals represent a cutting of vines interwoven with geometrical forms. A marked feature of the exterior ornamentation of the building is that upon the octagonal tower. On each of the corners between the windows is the sculptured head of a laughing boy, wearing a cap drawn close over his curling hair. The west gable is pierced by a large mullioned window, its arch rising into the second story. The south gable shows mosaic work cut and built into the wall, of three colors of sand and green stone. An arch for forming a part of the Memorial Porch, a large window below, and a smaller one above, break the surface of the gable. At the corners, carved out of solid stone, is a huge dragon. Throughout the building the caps, cornices, finials, crockets, and the beads of the arches are all carved from full sized models. The interior is marked by richness of color, and simplicity of treatment. Memorial Hall, the first entered, is wainscoted in oak panels, the walls of rough sand finish, and colored in Pompeian green and ochre. A high arch divides it from the Library proper. There is no break in the high carved ceiling. The alcoves of the Delivery room are formed by ten clusters of fluted columns with elaborately carved caps and bases, upon which the curved gallery runs around three sides of the room. The finish here is in quartered white oak. The northern wall of the Reading Room is nearly all taken up by an immense fireplace.

Walk b. We reach our starting-point for this walk by the steam cars to Maplewood station. From the station we take Maplewood Street to Salem Street and here cross to Lebanon Street, practically the beginning of the walk. The way now lies the length of **Lebanon Street** into Melrose. Shortly after passing from the village, and beyond the shops marking the beginning of the street, we come into a pleasant country which grows pastoral as we proceed. With sweeping curves, on the one side cliffs and hills, and on the other more or less open country, the road makes its peaceful way. We pass picturesque, weather-worn houses, here a modest homestead, the big chimney denoting good old age, with brilliant garden patches, and blooming rose-bushes; there a cottage on the edge of woods to which a worn foot-path through the grass leads: — a quarter which the enterprising real-estate operator has not yet seized upon for development, and is yet delightfully unimproved.

At the fork made by Mt. Pleasant and Swain's Pond Avenues (they should be called roads) at the right, and our road bending toward the left, we may, if we like, and are ready considerably to extend our *walk, take the* Swain's Pond Road and make a large *circuit, coming back to* Lebanon Street by way of Grove Street,

near Melrose Post Office. This detour will carry us around **Swain's Pond** (so named as early as 1660) and through a charming rural region, with few habitations in the earlier part, and these of ancient make. The road opens invitingly, suggesting a lane-like way. If we follow it, at the first bend toward the left, we shall come upon a pretty brook, whose music we shall have with us for quite a little distance. From this bend it is a short walk to the pond side. The roadway follows the water's edge to the hill beyond, where it turns sharply to the left and, leaving the pond, continues in a long sweep around to Grove Street. At the point where it leaves the pond side and makes the bend up the hill, a cutting straight ahead leads by a left turn into a narrow way, not much more than a cart road, which invites exploration, but it has an uninteresting finish in a little hillside quarter occupied by small farms. After completing its circuit of the pond, Swain's Pond Road broadens and becomes less picturesque, as its sides appear cleared and cut into house-lots. The walk through Grove Street, however, though a well built up thoroughfare, is cheerful. From the central square, where the roads meet, we continue by Lebanon Street to **Upham Street** (in early times Upham's Lane, named for the Uphams first settled here about 1650) into which we turn and follow to the eastward over to Saugus.

The walk to Saugus, after the thickly built portion of Upham Street is passed, and we step from the hard asphalt sidewalk, of which Melrose is over-fond, into the grassy roadside path, is full of rural delights. The road passes all the way through a charming country, with varying views on either side; and when it gets fairly off from the town it develops into the pleasantest of country roads, fringed with thick grass, and vines, and bush, and often well shaded by handsome trees. In June it is in many places lined with masses of buttercups, clover tops, daisies, wild strawberry blossoms; and in autumn it makes a rich display of color in its ripening roadside growth. We pass occasionally a prosperous-looking country-seat, but more frequently fair farms, with orchards and meadows, and pastures stocked with fine cattle. As the road enters Saugus, down a sharp hill, it passes a remarkably picturesque line of ledges, beautifully draped with ferns, and a brook babbling at their feet, a bit of charming scenery that should be preserved in the custody of the Trustees of Public Reservations; and from this point on for some distance its charms are *many. It* approaches the village with a series of curves, and *gives us pleasant* views of the serene old town.

On the Saugus side of the line the name of our road changes

from Upham to **Essex Street**, and as such it continues through the quarter known as Cliftondale. Beyond the Newburyport turnpike, which branches off at the left on the outskirts of Cliftondale, the way becomes less interesting, but only so by comparison with the delightful section through which we have been passing. Of the houses in this neighborhood one at least invites special attention — the large old-fashioned structure with broad two-story columned veranda supporting the roof, standing back from the road, near the little grassy triangle. This is known as the Dr. Cheever Place. It was built in 1808, by Dr. Cheever, who had served as a surgeon in the Revolutionary War, and in its prosperous days was a famous mansion-house, surrounded by a little forest of handsome trees, and the centre-piece of an extensive estate. A quarter of a mile or so beyond we come to the railroad which the highway crosses, and a little way further on turn toward the Cliftondale station [Saugus Branch, B. & M., E. Div.], at the right, where our walk finishes, our return to Boston being made by steam car.

Walk c. For this walk, beginning at Pine Banks, on the line between Malden and Melrose, and finishing in Saugus, we take the steam cars to Middlesex Fells station, or we may ride out by electric car, making change at Malden Square. If we take the steam car out we have a walk of a few minutes to Pine Banks: if we go out by electric car we come directly upon the main entrance to the park. The walk from the steam railroad station is a pretty one, the roadway, at the right, passing by expansive fields and up to Main Street in front of Pine Banks. On the other side of the track — the left — we see the Fells spreading back from the Cascade Entrance [see Middlesex Fells, Walk No. 8]. At the upper corner of the station road and Main Street we have in the broad old dwelling, with the two rugged elms before the portal, an admirable specimen of the combined farm and mansion-house of the early eighteenth century. This was one of several Lynde homesteads, within the territory of Melrose, built about a century and a half ago, when this beautiful valley was embraced in the extensive Lynde Farm. The interior has all the characteristics of the well-ordered house of its period — the large low-studded rooms, the broad hall extending through the middle of the house, the big chimney and the massive oven, chimney closets, corner closets, and quaint cupboards. The Lyndes were among the earliest settlers here, Ensign Thomas Lynde moving from old Charlestown very soon after the incorporation of Malden. He was a son of Thomas Lynde, of Charlestown, who was made a freeman in 1634, and from him the numerous family

of Melrose Lyndes descend. In early times the Lynde holdings included nearly all the southern territory of the present town.

The Lynde House, near Pine Banks.

Main Street crossed, we enter **Pine Banks** by a side roadway, and at the summit of the slight rise come at once into the thick of the woods, near by the swamp which has been transformed into a little mirroring pond. The main entrance is some distance below, or Malden-ward, by way of Pine Banks Road, passing a pretty lodge; the road skirting the entire park, coming out on the Melrose side. This park, by the way, it should be stated, is not precisely speaking a public park, but a private pleasure-ground loaned to the public by the Hon. Elisha S. Converse, who has done so much for Malden in various ways, and under whose direction this preserve has been laid out. It is as free to the people, however, as any of the regular public reservations; and the only rules laid down for the observance of those who enjoy it as a resort simply prohibit the plucking of any flower, wild or cultivated, or the disfigurement of any tree or shrub. We find it a region of noble pines, covering a beautifully undulating surface, with shaded walks, and charming drives winding picturesquely over and around hills and into dales. It is much resorted to by picnickers, while it is daily used largely by workmen and women passing between the factories of Mr. Converse across the railroad and their homes beyond. Excursionists are attracted hither, from a *wide circle* of country, by means of the electric cars which pass *along Main* Street, connecting Chelsea with Stoneham and *Woburn.*

In the open space about the little pond to which paths and driveways lead from the skirting road, public meetings are sometimes held on Sundays. Here are also conveniences for picnickers.

From this pleasant park our way lies across a broad plain or field toward **Boston Rock**, the elevation next beyond Pine Banks lying in the Wyoming section of Melrose. Coming out by the Pine Banks Road, we should bear to the right and take the roadway across the middle of the field. We must avoid the cross path, toward which we wistfully look when once into the midway road, for the reason, as a sign here proclaims, that it is not a public path. Entering the main road on the farther side, we should take the right turn toward the cemetery. We can, indeed, reach the Boston Rock region, which now is just in front of us, by a pretty direct way, if we are ready to indulge in some hard scrambling; but it would be quite as well to take the wood paths, approaching the height by a circuitous way around its base. These wood paths are to be reached from the road into which we are turning, just beyond the bend by the entrance to the cemetery. We shall observe, on the left side of the road at about this point, if we look sharply, a narrow opening in the bank: and thence, easily passing under the slight rustic fencing, we may enter the side path. Following this path in an easterly direction we quickly strike the slightly beaten way running along the base of the hill to a rocky quarter beyond, where is a broader wood path, leading northward. The broader path we next follow for a short distance till we come to a fork; and from this point, taking *the left branch, our* way is upward through the splendid woods,

Spring Path, Pine Banks.

largely of pine, differing from Pine Banks only in being wilder. The path from the roadway is, in parts, rather faint, but we shall find little difficulty in keeping to it, if we mind our bearings. Reaching the summit of this finely wooded hill, we come upon the Rock, or cluster of rocks, with a bare, treeless surface. Making our easy way to the topmost of the ledge, suddenly a magnificent view bursts upon us.

Facing Pine Banks, we have directly beneath us the lovely intervale of the field over which we have crossed: beyond the Banks, the hill crowned with the black tower of the Malden Water Works. At the right of the latter, on the distant horizon line, we discern the shadowy range of the Blue Hills: in nearer view, Boston, and nearer still, Malden; and around to the right, the grand sweep of the Fells Hills. At the left lie mingled woods and town. In the distance is seen the yellow tower of Breed's Island, and the sea line beyond: then, nearing the Malden water-tower, the massed house-tops of Everett. Back of us are the small woods, close up to the ledge. From the lower rock line, or gallery, on the edge of the precipitous sides, fringed with tree-tops, we have a closer view of the valley below, which has a peculiar charm.

Leaving Boston Rock, we strike into the little woods, taking a northerly direction, and make our way toward Wyoming. The path is broad nearly all the way down, passing a part of the distance beneath lofty pines, and carpeted with soft pine needles. The air is sweet with rich pine odors. Now and again the melodious piping of birds is heard, and other pleasant wood sounds mingled with the noise of builders' hammers, for this is a narrow copse and the town is pressing close upon it. The down path covers about half a mile, at length emerging in an open by the roadway, — the Main street which we crossed further down to enter Pine Banks. Upon reaching the open we turn to the left and come out on to the road by way of the hillside avenue leading to the little cottage-house at the left, backed against the trees.

Let us now take the electric car and ride on to Melrose, for this part of Main Street is not especially interesting. The earlier section in Wyoming is the prettiest, being well adorned with trees and picturesque side-hill slopes. Wyoming Avenue, which we soon pass on the left, leads down to the Wyoming station of the steam railroad, and goes on to the Fells, ultimately joining *Main Street* above Spot Pond. We should leave the car in *Melrose at the head* of Emerson Street, which makes up from the *Melrose station*, a short walk to the left, passing by several old estates

among them that of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the well known lecturer.

Now again afoot, we start for the walk around to Saugus. Continuing up Main Street we pass, on the left, placid L Pond, which has borne this name since 1638. At the fork in the roads which is soon reached, we take the right, Green Street, following the electric car tracks. Main Street, making off to the left, goes on to Wakefield and Reading. In Green Street we are treading one of the older roads. Following it to the finish at the little park with its centre fountain, we here enter **Howard Street** at the right turn. The turn in the other direction bends toward Main Street, and is to be taken for Melrose Highlands. Howard Street was

Ancient Lynde House.

originally part of the county road between Stoneham and Lynn. For the first part it is commonplace, although good views are now and again disclosed on either side: but after the sidewalks are left, it becomes a country road with the pleasant characteristics of the old time thoroughfare, which the monotonously straight street so much beloved by modern town roadmakers lacks. Occasionally, we pass a farm-house with blooming front-yard garden; while near-by fields with distant hills make pleasing pictures for us as we stroll onward. The loftiest of the hills, in the right distance, which keeps us company for a considerable part of the way, is known as **Pine Hill**, and is used, as the signal pole on its summit denotes, in State survey work.

As we approach the end of the road we come upon a rare old landmark — *a seventeenth*-century house with overhanging second *story, and leanto, set close* to the road line. This is one of the

Boardman houses, occupying a part of the old Boardman farm, which was one of the earliest cultivated in this region. The house is said to be upward of two hundred years old, built perhaps between 1670 and 1680. Within, the old-time finish is fairly well preserved, the hewn oak beams showing in the ceilings of the low-studded rooms, and the great chimney containing the commodious oven, though long since closed up. In the back yard is yet found the old well sweep, but no longer in use, a slim pump taking its place. Beyond, across the farm way, the big barn stands invitingly open, and here are found the roomiest of quarters for cattle and other farm stock, with great hay-lofts. A little way beyond, another ancient house appears, slightly more picturesque in look because of its setting, back from the roadway into which ours enters, and on a slight rise, presenting a side with the leanto to our view. This is another Boardman homestead, built, we are told, about two years after the first one. It is somewhat smaller than the first, but with similar interior. We find the same low-studded rooms, with stout oak beams protruding, the huge chimney extending through the middle of the dwelling, the large "living-room," the quaint chimney, side and corner closets, the cosy kitchen. Outside, the ancient shingling remains, attached with hand-wrought nails; and the rugged frame seems yet strong and durable. The present occupant of this rare old homestead displays its curious features with genuine pride, and with them shows the old spinning-wheel used by his mother, with the yarn still on it which she spun on the celebration of her golden wedding day years back. At the opening of the Revolution the house was occupied by Samuel Boardman, who hurried off to Bunker Hill with other minute-men of Saugus and never returned, being among the killed of that fateful June day. The other house was the home of Aaron Boardman during the Revolutionary period, and afterward that of his son Abijah, who lived here until his death, well into the present century.

Now still following the electric railway track, we continue our walk southward along Main Street, in which our road from Melrose ends. Northward Main Street leads toward the sightly eminence called Castle Rock, between Saugus and Wakefield, and into a pleasant country well worth a visit. Just beyond our turn into Main Street we cross the brook coming down through the broad meadow on our right, which used to flow cheerily in front of the old house on the knoll, when the county road was further over to the westward. From this point on, the way is charmingly rural for quite a little distance. On the left we shortly reach a handsome-looking estate screened from the roadway by a thick line of

trees, but as we turn into the inviting avenue entrance, we are confronted by the sign "No trespassing" with this added courteous appeal:

> These are private grounds
> and it is hoped all persons will have
> the courtesy to avoid trespassing without
> further notice.

A request so politely worded cannot be ignored, — indeed we are careful in all our walks to avoid the slightest trespass on grounds not free to the public, without permission to enter, — and so we take again to the road. We are, however, rewarded slightly for our virtue further along the way, near the Forest Street corner, by a good view across the grounds and of the mansion-house within them. This is an old-time country-seat, now known locally as the Saunders Place. Forest Street, making off to the left, thickly wooded on either side, is a delightful way to the woodlands some distance beyond; and leads to the Phillips Place.

After a stroll of perhaps half a mile, we reach the old **Newburyport Turnpike**, and here make our turn to the right. Thence we cross over to Essex Street, and taking here the right turn, traverse the route followed at the finish of Walk *b*, bringing up at the Cliftondale station, from which we return by steam car to Boston. The substantial old-fashioned white house which we pass on the turnpike, a little way below the turn from Main Street, and marked by the front lantern signs, "Saugus Poor Farm," was once a fair mansion-house, and still preserves a dignified air despite its present use. This farm was originally the **Tudor Place**, and the house, now sheltering the favored poor of Saugus, was erected in the first year of the present century by William Tudor, known to the neighborhood as Judge Tudor. It took the place of a venerable farm-house, the homestead which Judge Tudor inherited from his father, John Tudor, and parts of the old structure were used in building the new. Frederick Tudor of Boston and Nahant, eminent among Boston merchants of his day, was a son of William Tudor.

This walk, if not already too long, might be continued beyond Cliftondale to **Saugus Centre**, and "Appleton's Pulpit" in the valley of the Saugus River, a distance of about a mile and three quarters. The way would take us by a number of interesting old houses, and bring us into the neighborhood of picturesque "**Pranker's Pond**," a basin formed in the river by the dam for Pranker's Mills, below which the stream courses tranquilly through meadows bordered by wooded slopes. Part of the distance — as far as Saugus Centre — can be covered by electric car, but by a round-

about course. On Essex Street, near the Cliftondale station, is the first of the series of old houses to which we refer. This is the Eustis house, considerably remodeled, originally built in 1807 by Jacob Eustis, brother of Governor Eustis, for the Eustis family country residence. Beyond, on Chestnut Street, which is entered from Essex Street, is a quaint old house, picturesquely set, with an elm at the rear spreading its branches over the roof, and thick bushes bordering the path from the gate. This is the Danforth house, dating from before the Revolution. On Central Street, into which turn is made from Chestnut Street, is a house built upward of a hundred years ago, originally a road-side inn. But the "Iron-works house" in Saugus Centre, on Central Street, is the most famous of all the older houses of the section. This was built in 1643, by projectors of the first iron-works successfully established in the country, the site of which is marked by a heap of slag opposite. It is a wooden house, with two stories front, a long leanto, and massive chimney upon which the date is marked. "Appleton's Pulpit" is reached through Central Street, and is near the corner of Appleton Street. It is a picturesque rock or ledge, well covered with trees growing from the crevices. It acquired its name from the story of its use as a rostrum by Major Samuel Appleton, of Ipswich, in September, 1687, at the time of the Andros usurpation, to stir the yeomanry to action. The tradition runs that in "resisting the tyranny of Sir Edmund Andros," Major Appleton "spoke to the people in behalf of those principles which later were embodied in the Declaration of Independence." An inscribed tablet marks this pulpit.

Middlesex Fells.

Entrances. In *Malden:* at Bear's Den Hill, reached by the Middlesex Fells Parkway from Pleasant Street. Nearest steam railway station, Oak Grove [Boston and Maine]. Electric car line by Main and Pleasant Streets, to the Parkway. In *Melrose:* at the Cascade, near the Fells station [Boston and Maine], and short walk from Main Street along which the electric car line from Boston runs; further north, at the Ravine Road, reached by a half mile walk through Wyoming Avenue from the Wyoming station [Boston and Maine]; and at the northeast point, from Emerson Street, a short walk from Melrose station [Boston and Maine]. In *Medford:* at Pine Hill, reached by the Fells Parkway and Forest Street from Medford Square, through which the electric cars from Boston pass, and within a stone's throw of the steam railway station [Boston and Maine]; or by Woodland Road reached by Fulton Street. In *Winchester:* by side streets from Washington Street, a short walk from the railway station. In *Stoneham:* from either Main or Pond Streets. Fares from Boston: to Malden, Oak Grove station, 11 cents, by electric car 5 cents: to Fells station, 12 cents, by electric car 5 cents; to Wyoming station, 13 cents; to Melrose station, 14 cents; to Medford station, 10 cents; to Winchester, 16 cents; to Stoneham, 25 cents.

Walk a. [No. 8.] Melrose (Fells station) to Medford, beginning at the Cascade Entrance, and ending on the southwest border of the reservation west of Pine Hill: thence across to High Street and Medford Square, from which return by electric or steam car. Covers the lower half from east to west, and southwest, and embraces the Cascade, the summit of Black Rock, Shilly Shally Brook side, Cairn Hill, Hemlock Pool, the groves along the southern border of Spot Pond, with fullest views of the pond, old Silver Mine, and Silver Mine Hill, and the southwestern woodlands. Distance, about five miles.

Walk b. [No. 9.] Medford to Wyoming (Melrose), beginning at the Pine Hill Entrance (Forest Street) and extending from the extreme south of the reservation to the northeast side, finishing at the junction of Wyoming Avenue and the Ravine Road, about a half of a mile distant, by Wyoming Avenue, from the Wyoming station, from which return. Covers the southeastern parts, and embraces Pine Hill and woodlands, the Wright's Pond region, the southeast corner of Spot Pond, Woodland Road, Ravine Road, and Virginia Wood. Distance, about four miles.

Walk c. [No. 10.] Winchester to Melrose, beginning at the Winchester Entrance, and ending at the northeast corner of the reservation, within fifteen minutes' walk of Melrose station, from which return. Covers northern part, and embraces Squaw Sachem Rock, the Tower, the Causeway and the borders of the Winchester Reservoirs, Bear Hill, and Cheese Rock, Doleful Pond, and the woody region on the northeast corner. Distance, about five miles.

Walk d. [No. 11.] Malden to Melrose Highlands, beginning at the Parkway, by Fellsmere, in Malden, and extending across the eastern side of the Fells to the northwestern corner. Ends by Whip Hill, one mile from Melrose Highlands station [Boston and Maine]. Embraces Bear's Den, Boojum Rock, Jerry Jingle Notch, Hemlock Pool, Shiner Pool, (Langwood Property,) Virginia Wood, (the Ravine,) Saddleback Hill, Whip Hill, and the way to Melrose Highlands. Distance, about five miles.

The Middlesex Fells Reservation lies within the limits of Malden, Melrose, Medford, Stoneham, and Winchester, and embraces the region known from Colonial days as "The Five Mile Woods." Its present name was adopted at the suggestion of Mr. Sylvester Baxter, one of the earliest advocates of its preservation and setting apart as a public forest park, and whose graceful pen was most effective in securing this result. The larger part of the territory was acquired by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners in February,

1894, and by later takings the domain has been increased to its present dimensions of 1163.11 acres. The holdings by the water boards of Medford, Malden, Melrose and Winchester, which municipalities draw their water supply from its valleys (the first three named using Spot Pond), amounting to about 1600 acres, are also in the care of the Metropolitan Commission though not formally transferred to it. As described by the landscape architects employed by the Commissioners, the reservation consists essentially of a broad plateau thrust southward from Stoneham between the valleys of the Aberjona and Malden Rivers, the surface of which is minutely broken into many comparatively small hills, bowls, and vales. Bear's Den in Malden, and Pine Hill in Medford, both less than 5½ miles distant from the State House, form the two southernmost corners of the reservation. It includes much charming woodland, ragged cliffs, picturesque crags, ponds, and pools, and in its landscape are mingled many types of scenery. "Here is a cliff and a cascade, here a pool, pond or stream, here a surprising glimpse of a fragment of the ocean, or again a faint blue vision of a far distant mountain." The commission in charge has improved the old roads through the preserve and constructed new ones, opened up bridle paths, linked together old wood paths, and slightly defined new ones, but in all this work has endeavored carefully to preserve in the greatest degree its natural wildness. A few hitching-places for horses, and stands for bicycles have been provided, and more will be added; and ultimately it is hoped occasional refectories will be established, for at present there is no place within the entire domain where lunch or refreshment of any sort — beyond the waters of the springs — can be obtained. A system of Metropolitan Parkways directly connecting the Fells with the surrounding municipalities is devised, and at the present time two of these are in part under construction; a section of the Fells Parkway connecting Bear's Den Hill and Pine Hill, the cityward terminus of which is ultimately to be Broadway Park, foot of Winter Hill, Somerville: and the Mystic Valley Parkway in West Medford and Winchester.

Walk a. The lower Melrose Entrance, or as we call it the **Cascade Entrance**, is close by the Fells Station, near the Malden boundary line, and within ten minutes' walk of Main Street from Malden, over which the electric car line out from Boston passes. This is a natural entrance, between two bold elevations — Black Rock (243 feet) and White Rock, of a nearly equal altitude — the "Twin Sentinels," as they have been called, — rising abruptly above the valley on either side of the steep and narrow passage thick with trees; and is to be made only by foot passers. The carriage approach at this point is by Washington Street (a thoroughfare from Malden west of the railroad) skirting White Rock, the further of the "Twin Sentinels," and entering beyond at the top of the hill.

If we go out by steam car we take the road just above Fells station west of the track, by the side of the extensive buildings of the Boston Rubber Works, turn into Washington Street at the right, and a few rods beyond the Converse School-house, strike the wood paths at the left, and so enter by way of Cascade Rocks on Black Rock side. If we make the outward trip by *electric car*, we leave the car on Main Street at the Pine Banks *nearly opposite* the upper entrance to this beautiful park [see *Walk No. 7*] and take the street to the left, by the side of the old

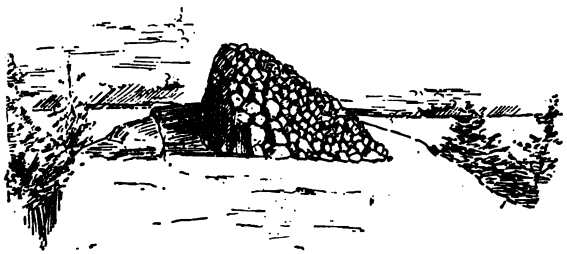
Lynde house [see same walk], which leads down to the railroad, and across the track to the road from Fells station. The fields on either side of the short way from Main Street to the railroad are remnants of meadows of the old Lynde farm which once spread the full length of this long valley.

The Twin Sentinels.

Of the several entrances to the reservation this is the wildest and in some respects most striking. Between the slopes of the "**Twin Sentinels**" is the beautiful Cascade, or series of cascades, in which **Shilly Shally Brook** falls from the precipitous ledges above, over masses of picturesque rocks fringed with pine trees, and clusters of flowers and ferns; and from the hillsides as we ascend vistas open through the woods, often of extreme beauty. The cascades are seen to the best advantage in the springtime or late autumn, when the hill streams are full, and the waters dash and bound down the rocky way; but they are not without many, if gentler, charms in the drier midsummer season. We reach the **Cascade Rocks** by a path along the base and north slope of **Black Rock**, and as we approach the cliffs, bear around to the left, push along the foot-path in this direction a short distance, then turn sharply to the right, and soon, by a scramble up the rough natural steps in the bush-clad steep at the right, ascend to Black Rock tip. Here we have our first full view of the valley from which we entered, with Melrose town to the north of us, Malden to the south, over the valley the hills on either side of Pine Banks, Revere and the waters beyond, and back of us the Fells wilderness.

From this point our walk continues direct south, then west, with ***Shilly Shally Brook*** at the right of us. Then crossing the ***brook the path we follow*** bears northward, and then eastward, to

Cairn Hill (300 feet). This hill is the culmination of the largest area of continuously high land in the Fells, nearly a square mile in extent, which Professor William O. Crosby, the geologist, refers to in his "Notes on the Geology of the Reservations," as "a singularly well-preserved portion of the original peneplane" bordering the Boston Basin on every landward side; and from its summit of heaped-up small stones we have an interesting view of consid-



The Cairn.

erable extent and variety. Leaving the Cairn on the north side, and threading the path bearing slightly northward, then toward the southwest, the next feature reached is **Hemlock Pool**, a beautiful sheet of water with fringe of fine hemlocks, and deciduous trees all about it. This is an interesting region, especially for the botanist. Taking now the carriage-road striking northward, an eighth of a mile beyond Hemlock Pool, we round Shiner Pool on our left, and, bearing westward, then northwestward, come out on Woodland Road, the main thoroughfare between Malden and Medford roads entering this side of the Fells from the south, and Wyoming Avenue at the north. **Shiner Pool** is a pretty little pond formed by the excavation of muck and by damming. Near by, to the north of this pool, are fine old white pines with tall shafts, and nearer Woodland Road, a grove of pines which forms an important element of the landscape as viewed from the southern hills.

From Woodland Road our course is westward along the southern shore of **Spot Pond** under noble hemlocks and pines, to Forest Street, the main highway through the heart of the Fells between Medford and Stoneham. This fine pond-side grove is *most attractive* to picnic parties, and several distinct groups are *often met* in the long walk through it, enjoying its kindly shade *and pleasant* surroundings. One of the fairest views up the pond

is from **Pickerel Rock**, a short distance beyond the Medford Pump. Turning near the end of the pond side toward the south, we strike Forest Street upon a curve, and crossing the street enter a cart-road leading west and southwest toward the Spring by the **Old Silver Mine** ruin. The "mine" is worth a brief visit, but more interesting is **Silver Mine Hill**, to the south, for the fine view to the northward which it affords. The hill is of the ridge separating the eastern and western north-south valleys, beginning at Pine Hill at the extreme south, and culminating in Bear Hill at the north.

Spot Pond.

Returning to the Spring we take the path west of the Silver Mine and follow it to **East Dam** on the South Reservoir (Winchester Water Works), and thence continue directly south. On the east, some way below East Dam, we have **Wenepoykin Hill**, beyond which is probably the most interesting region of limited extent in the Fells. This is bounded north by the hill, **Straight Gully Brook** on the south, and **Intervale Brook** on the west, and embraces Panther Cave, Cudjo's Cave, Flagg's, Owen's, and Quarry Walks, Wright's Pines, and Pine Hill, which are covered in our Walk *b*. Southwest of Wenepoykin Hill is an interesting short cut between ledges. The flora of this region is a very rich one.

We leave the reservation in the neighborhood of Straight Gully Brook and end our walk through a long lane-like rural way, west of and nearly parallel with Forest Street, which brings us ultimately *to High Street, from* which, turning to the left, we reach *Medford Square, and the* electric cars or steam car station for the *return trip.*

Walk b. The **Medford Entrances** are by way of Forest Street, one of the finest of avenues in the neighborhood of Boston [see Walk No. 14], beginning at Medford Square where the electric cars from Boston turn, and within a few steps of the steam railway station, and continuing through the Fells to Stoneham; or by Fulton Street, leading from Salem Street, which starts out from Medford Square, to Woodland Road and the sections south and east of Spot Pond. We enter for our Fells walk from south to east, by the Forest Street way, about one mile beyond Medford Square, turning from the street at the left, first to cover Pine Hill (240 feet) the southmost point of the reservation. As we near the Pine Hill gateway the street begins an easy ascent, narrows slightly, and curves gracefully to the right, becoming more rural as it proceeds, and its side trees more varied. We note along this part some noble ash and fine sycamore trees, with the elm which characterizes the road from the square. Charming views please the eye on every side and at every turn.

The entrance to the **Pine Hill** region, marked by the familiar sign-board of the reservation, is found at the second turn at the left beyond the curve in the street, by a lane bordered by shrubs and vines along the hill-side. Bearing around shortly, to the northwest, the path climbs the hill over the westerly side, to a fork where, taking the right turn, it strikes a narrower path which leads up to the summit. This is a group of rocks, the topmost long familiar to old Medfordians as "**Lover's Rock**," "one of those register-surfaces," as the first historian of Medford described it, "where a young gentleman, with a hammer and nail, could engrave the initials of two names provokingly near together." The diversified view which here "fills the eye with pleasure and the mind with thought," includes, to the south and east, a good part of "Greater Boston," the harbor and islands, and over the city proper the Blue Hills with the observatory on the Great Blue plainly visible: to the westward, the hills of Arlington and Lexington; and north and northwest the vast expanse of woodland embraced within the Fells. Below us the Mystic coursing through its broad marshes appears in full outline, and in the mass of cities and towns beyond, familiar features are clearly discerned, — the towers of the Old South Church and of Trinity, the State House Dome, the towering Ames and Exchange buildings above the house-tops of the city proper; the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea; Bunker Hill Monument; Memorial Hall, Cambridge. The finest groups of pines *which gave* the name to this eminence are along its westerly ridge *and slope.* The hill was once covered, the historian Brooks tells *us, with* as dense a forest as the thin soil of its rocky surfaces

could sustain, but in quite early times the wood was burned off: and later, in 1775–76, when the American Army was stationed in the neighborhood of Medford, the renewed growth was cut off, in part, for its supply. After that the forest grew up, and in the forties was thick woods again, but in the early fifties the whole hill was denuded and, as Brooks says, "much of its poetry lost," adding quaintly, "the earth looks best with its beard." In later years the growth was again renewed.

From Pine Hill our way lies in the northerly direction, or north by east, through picturesque parts of the woodlands, back to Forest Street, about half a mile above the point at which we started, and across the street to a roadway leading around the lower end of Wright's Pond near by. The most direct way is through the bushes, regardless of paths, down into the valley and through **Wright's Pines** (named for Elizur Wright, of Medford, who did much for the establishment of the Fells) about midway over; but as the chances of getting lost by this route are more than even, and the way by paths being far prettier, it would be better to follow Quarry Path, the old road around the hill which skirts the west side and continues on toward Forest Street, taking the west side of the Pines where it becomes Owen's Walk (named for John Owen, littérateur of Cambridge, whose favorite walk it was). This road is reached from the north side of the summit by foot-paths fairly well marked bearing to the westward. We can follow it to the second fork beyond the Pines and there take the right turn, which brings us out into the street nearly opposite the part of Wright's Pond region for which we are aiming: or at the first fork by the Pines take the right path, which leads into the brook valley, and curves around in the direction of the old road again, to a path connecting with and crossing that, from the second fork to Forest Street. The path just mentioned leads westward to the lovely Flagg's Walk (for Wilson Flagg, the naturalist).

The walks along Owen's Walk, through Wright's Pines, and along Flagg's Walk are among the loveliest and richest in any of the reservations of the Metropolitan district. This section, Mr. Warren H. Manning suggested, would fittingly commemorate the services of those three grand old men who labored so earnestly and unselfishly to preserve the Fells, but who all passed away before the result was accomplished. Taking **Owen's Walk** from the beginning at the southwest base of the hill, we pass the best group of native sugar maples, and the finest grove of beeches, in the reservation, then *go by an interesting* old quarry in which there is a *fine spring, thence through* a wood road overarched with a great

variety of splendid trees, thence past a profile rock, and so into **Flagg's Walk**, which borders a beautiful glade, also overarched with many fine trees, among which the yellow birch takes a conspicuous place. Other varieties of trees in this enchanting region are the locust, red oak, black oak, elm, willow, hemlock, poplar, of large size and in finer specimens than are usually found. The region is also rich in ferns.

Entering the **Wright's Pond region**, and crossing the cleared tract on the southeast side, our course now lies through the brush and small woods in a northerly then easterly direction toward Spot Pond. We are to follow the path, but vaguely outlined, over the aqueduct of the Medford Water Works, our best guide line being the telegraph overhead. In the wet run which we cross on the way note the interesting colony of swamp white oak, a larger number here grouped than elsewhere in the Fells. As the Medford Pump, on the southern cove of the pond, appears in sight, we turn sharply to the right into a lovely stretch of woods, oak and pine predominating, and shortly come out on **Woodland Road** near the old-fashioned stone mansion-houses originally built by the Copelands, for many years well-known confectioners in Boston. Along our way we get fair glimpses of the fine group of very large white pines and hemlocks bordering the south shore of the pond, which is a notable element of the landscape in the view, from many points.

A short walk over Woodland Road, which here follows the southeast bank of the pond, with its attractive estates, brings us to the Langwood Hotel grounds, on the right. Here let us pause a moment to enjoy the extensive view over the pond at our left, and the charming surroundings of this beautifully placed woodland inn. We may continue along Woodland Road to the **Ravine Road** opening from it a little way beyond the Langwood estate, at the right: or cross the Langwood estate to the back of the inn, thence enter the Ravine Road, and cross to the Virginia Wood.

The Ravine Road extends in graceful curves from Woodland Road east to Wyoming Avenue, beyond the Fells line, a distance of about three quarters of a mile, with the **Virginia Wood** lying along its northern border. In a region of evergreen, with magnificent pines and hemlock, their branches occasionally meeting high above the roadway, and yet rich in sylvan scenery, it is one of the most delightful rural roads of the northern suburbs; and before the ruthless tree-cutter had swung his devastating axe into *its hillside* groves, it was distinguished as the "grandest in the *vicinage of* Boston." The beautiful tract of the Virginia Wood, *however,* called by experts one of the best groves of pines and

hemlocks near Boston, remains intact; and its preservation for public uses is due to the generous act of its former owner, Mrs. Fanny Foster Tudor, who transferred it to the care of the Trustees of Public Reservations. The name of "Virginia" was given it in memory of Mrs. Tudor's daughter Virginia. Instead of following the Ravine Road through to Wyoming Avenue, we shall find it a pleasant short cross walk along Washington Street, taking the left turn, over to Wyoming Avenue at the junction of the latter with Pond Street. From the corner along Wyoming Avenue to the Wyoming station, whence we return to town, is a walk of about three quarters of a mile.

Walk c. The **Winchester Entrance** is within ten minutes' walk of the railway station in Winchester by way of Pleasant Street, — the first street above at the right, across the tracks, — and Mt. Vernon Street, the right of the fork just beyond the handsome Town-hall and Library. [See Walk No. 18.] This is the direct way, especially for carriages; but the walker had better make the approach a little higher up, taking Washington Street, the left of the fork; following Washington to Webster Street, the third opening on the right; and Webster Street, crossing Highland Avenue, to the wagon-road opposite, which bearing to the left leads to one of the prettiest of the entrance-paths here. This shall be our way.

The path upon which we enter leaves the wagon-road at the right, and makes up the steep hill. Bearing to the right, and then to the left, we shortly come to a ledge, south of **Squaw Sachem Rock**, the first "outlook" on the route. From this ledge is outspread a full view of the lovely Mystic Valley, of town and village, backed by hills against the distant horizon, the gray outline of far away Wachusett appearing to the right. Looking from left to right we see all of Winchester with the line of the Aberjona River and the ponds beyond, further toward the right, Woburn, and at the extreme right, Wakefield. Continuing from the ledge by the path which strikes out in a southerly direction, we shortly reach **Cranberry Pool**, formerly a bog-hole, now a serene, almost somber, piece of water bordered by small woodlands. It was created a few years ago by placing a dam across its outlet, and was called Cranberry Pool on the Commissioner's map because of the abundance of cranberries which were formerly found on it. At the first fork in the path beyond, we take the left, with the pond on our right, and following this mossy way, down the hill and straight ahead, we soon reach a wood road, into which we turn sharply to the right, continue along to the fork, here take the left turn, and so on to the second fork,

beyond which, to the right, appears the Observatory or Tower. Taking the left turn we soon come to a foot-path which followed leads to the Tower. This was for a while after the Fells had become a reservation closed to the public because unsafe: but it has since been strengthened and is now in satisfactory condition. The view from the top embraces, in the northeast and south foreground, the picturesque **Winchester Reservoirs** constructed from ancient Turkey Swamp, once a meeting-place for many varieties of birds, and a favorite hunting-ground for local sportsmen: in the distance to the northeast, Lynn; eastward, Boston Harbor; southeast, the range of Blue Hills; the near northwest, Horn Pond and Mt. Misery, Woburn; and southward, the mass of Fells woods.

From this point our walk continues over to **the Causeway** between the Middle and South (Winchester) Reservoirs, through one of the loveliest of the many lovely regions of this reservation. Taking the wood path making off in a southeasterly direction, we enter the white and red oak woods which extend over quite an extent of territory. Keeping this path for about half a mile we come at length to the open, at the right, where the carriage-roads meet, — the main road being that from the Winchester Entrance at Mt. Vernon Street, and the other, coming from the West Dam further south, there connecting with Governor Avenue, or Rural Lane, which leads from West Medford. Along the way through the oak woods, we pass **Nanepashemet Hill** (295 feet) at the right, about midway from the Tower to the open: and near the latter, also at the right, a path leads to a cliff which affords a pleasant view over the South Reservoir and the opposite peninsula, with the Causeway at the left. If one is thirsty, it is but a short distance to Molly's and Indian Springs on the carriage road to the right. **Molly's Spring**, the nearest to the road, was named for Molly Connors, an elderly daughter of Erin, who for some time lived alone in a hut by its side and demanded tribute from those who partook of its cool waters. About and near Molly's Spring are fine pines, birches, and maples which are in themselves well worth a visit.

From the open we follow the carriage-road to the left, over the Causeway, passing **Basswood Shore**, so called because it is one of the few localities in the reservation where the basswood tree grows, and northward for about a mile, to Bear Hill (320 feet). This is the highest point in the Fells, and embraces Governor Winthrop's historic **Cheese Rock**, distant about two miles by the carriage-road *from Winchester* station, or three miles by the way we have come. *The road runs* along the shores of the reservoirs for the greater *part of the* distance, crossing **Little Neck** between South and

Middle Reservoirs, with **Old Tony's Ledge** to the right, and **Hannah Shiner's Ledge** further over, thence over **Great Neck** between Middle and North Reservoirs, bearing at this point to the right, and then beyond North Reservoir following **Dike's Brook**; with thick woodland and frequent heights on the opposite side. On the brink of Middle Reservoir near Little Neck, when this was Turkey Swamp, was the hut of Hannah Shiner, the last Indian who lived within the reservation. She was an herb-gatherer, a basket-weaver, and "a lover of rum," and lived here some years with "Old Tony," whom the historian Brooks called "a noble-souled mulatto man," and a little dog her constant companion. Hence the name of the ledges near this spot. Between Little and Great Necks and about Great Neck is **Spring Pasture**, named after one Spring who was settled here with the Parkers, Hunts, Holdens, and others at a quite early date. There are evidences of an ancient settlement, in the old cellars and walls still to be seen in the neighborhood: and we are told that the old Provence rose clung about the Parker house-site up to within a few years. The carriage-road between these Necks passes along the old road from Stoneham to Medford, the first road in this region, over which great quantities of ship-timber were in ship-building days teamed from the Fells to Medford ship-yards. For a part of its length the old road is covered by the South Reservoir, but at the East Dam it again appears and runs into Rural Lane toward West Medford. The old road is also used along Dike's Brook at the north, and a piece of it is also here covered by the east bay in the North Reservoir. At this point a stretch of corduroy was dug up when the reservoir was constructed. This whole section is full of interest to the student of local history.

The road branching off to the right from the triangle near by the Hannah Shiner's Ledge leads over to Forest Street, the main road cutting through the heart of the Fells between Medford and Stoneham, by Spot Pond. About a quarter of a mile beyond Great Neck, another road branches to the right, which also leads to Forest Street, skirting **Winthrop's Hill** (formerly Taylor's Mountain), the elevation at the right of our road, on the way. Soon after passing this branch road, **Bear Hill** looms up before us, distinguished by the State flag flying above the trees. A walk of about a third of a mile beyond the North Reservoir, in part through cultivated fields, brings us to the path up the hill. The ascent has been made easy by the well constructed roads, for carriages, bicycles, and walkers, and on the plateau of the summit a good place for *hitching* horses has been provided by the Commissioners. *In the* cedar groves covering the hill top are also *pleasant picnic grounds.*

As we ascend the hill the prospect broadens, and as the summit is approached becomes magnificent; but its full glory is only to be seen from the top of the **Observatory** on the summit, the erec-

Observatory, Bear Hill.

tion of which was the work of the Appalachian Mountain Club before the Fells as now constituted became public ground. It is a view not unsurpassed, as some critics have observed, in eastern Massachusetts, — for the country round about Boston, as we have seen, or shall see, in making the circuit, abounds in magnificent views from its higher elevations, — but one to be ranked with the richest. Taking it in detail, with the Blue Hills at the *south*, rising over and beyond Somerville and Cambridge, as the starting point: we have College Hill and the group of Tufts College buildings to the right with South Reservoir fringed with woods seem*ingly just below* it, and Arlington and Arlington Heights beyond; *turning toward* the *southwest*, Wellesley Hills across the reserva*tion with North* Reservoir in the near foreground and the other

observatory a conspicuous object; Winchester and the hills beyond to the *west*, with the pumping station of North Reservoir just over the pastures below us; following further to the right, Wachusett in the distance; still more to the right, Woburn, with several peaks in New Hampshire rising above the stretch of woodland, dotted with houses here and there over cultivated fields, in the foreground below; to the *north*, Reading, the standpipe and church spires of the village of Stoneham occupying the "goodly plain" of Winthrop pasture, appearing in line to the *northeast;* Danvers Insane Asylum conspicuous among the hills further along in the circuit; *easterly*, over Doleful Pond and Melrose woodlands, Lynn and the open ocean beyond Nahant; toward the *southeast*, with Spot Pond in the foreground, the Langwood Hotel on the opposite shore and the green mass of Virginia Wood, Malden and its neighboring cities with the expanse of water beyond; *southeast*, the twisting Mystic, Bunker Hill Monument, Boston State House, the Harbor, and Bay, with Boston Light plainly visible in clear atmosphere; and back to our starting point, Winthrop Hill in the near foreground, with the splendid sweep of Fells forest.

Cheese Rock, where Governor Winthrop and his little exploring party on a February day of 1632 rested and lunched, and which with this hill was so named by them "because when they went to eat somewhat they had only cheese, the Governor's man forgetting for haste to put up some bread," lies close to the Observatory, north. The party had come to this hill, or, as Winthrop expressed it, "to the top of a very high rock," from **Spot Pond** which they had discovered and named, — "a very great pond having in the midst an island of about an acre, and very thick with trees of pine and beach" and with "divers small rocks standing up here and there in it, which they therefore called Spot Pond" — and had gone "all about it on the ice." They found the prospect fair, though not distant, for it was at that time "close and rainy," and the country round about was then an "uncouth wilderness full of timber;" but they observed beneath the rock "a goodly plain," where now, as we have seen, is Stoneham town, "part open land and part woody." They had come over from "Mistic River at Medford . . . N. and by E. among the rocks about two or three miles" to the "very great pond," and we may fancy that they came into the Fells by Rural Lane, and were turned east by Turkey Swamp. The name by which the hill now goes, we are told, "originated with one of the early settlers who had an unpleasant meeting with a bear," on the hill pasture, "when *looking* for his cow." Clearings were early *made in this neighborhood*, and on the south slope of the hill was

probably the first house in Stoneham, built by Richard Holden in or about the year 1640. On this slope appear the bayberry, lambkill and privet, barberry and buckthorn, a marked example, Mr. Warren H. Manning observes in his "Notes on the vegetation of the reservations" [Commissioners' Report 1895], of the presence of these introduced plants on the site of old habitations. Where

Roadway, Middlesex Fells.

a large colony of old plants of two or more of these varieties appears, he remarks, it is reasonably safe to assume that there was a settlement of some kind. About half way down the hill on the southwest side, **Cedar Spring**, delightfully situated, is a spring of the purest water.

We leave Bear Hill by the northeast side and make our way down the picturesque paths coming out on Forest Street, or Main Street, Stoneham, as this thoroughfare has now become — the dividing line between Medford and Stoneham passing by the south end of Spot Pond. Taking Main Street at the left, to South Street, we follow the latter in the direction of Melrose, with Doleful Pond beyond on the left. Reaching Pond Street we may strike into the northeastern section of the reservation at a point a few paces this side of the headquarters farm opposite, by a cart road leading to a long stretch of rolling pasture-land made picturesque by scattering evergreens and a sparkling pool. By this way we follow the right side of the pasture, skirt the southern side of a swamp at

its northerly end till we come in sight of the boundary line of the reservation, then proceed for half a mile along the boundary line in a southeasterly direction, passing through rough woods, to a path making toward Emerson Street, in Melrose, where the town is entered within a short walk of Melrose station. Or, if we prefer, we may continue along Pond Street in a southerly then easterly direction, past **Old Pepe's Cove** (named after "Old Pepe" Gould, a blind man who lived with his daughter in an old house near by, of which only the cellar remains), through Virginia Wood to Wyoming Avenue, and thence to Wyoming station. It would be still more interesting to go as far south as **Spot Pond Brook**, the outlet of the Pond, on Woodland Road, which opens from Wyoming Avenue by Old Pepe's Cove, and walk through the heart of Virginia Wood, along the banks of the stream past the site of the old mill, joining Wyoming Avenue further on, by its junction with Washington Street. Another portion of the Virginia Wood is traversed in Walk *b*.

Walk d. The *Malden Entrance*, by way of Fellsway East from Pleasant Street, is about a mile and one half from the Malden station [B. & M.]; by way of cross streets and the Boundary Road, about three quarters of a mile from the Oak Grove station. Three quarters of a mile of the distance from the Malden station is the stretch of Pleasant Street between the station and Fellsway East, which may be covered by electric car (Medford line going west). Pleasant Street is the thoroughfare crossing the track a few rods south of the station. If it is not cared to take the full length of Fellsway East from the Pleasant Street junction a cross cut may be made through Summer Street (north of the station) and Maple Street from the left of Summer, to a point just above Fellsmere Park. But by this way a pleasant section will be missed: and the distance is not materially shortened. **Fellsmere** is a local Malden park notable for its woods, landscape features, and lakelet.

Fellsway East passes on the right side of Fellsmere, fringed by noble trees, cuts through rocky ledges, and sweeps onward in broad curves opening picturesque vistas. About three quarters of a mile out from Pleasant Street it crosses Highland Avenue, which leads to the left in the direction of the southern Spot Pond region. Next it joins the Fells Boundary Road, and, crossing, finishes in **Jerry Jingle Notch**. From this entrance point the now well known features of this section of the Fells — Bear's Den, Boojum Rock, and Pinnacle Rock — are within easy reach, the first two at the left, or west of the notch road, being nearest, and the latter more *distant, to the east.*

The Bear's Den path opens just beyond the notch road entrance,

near the granite bound-post, marking the line between Malden and Melrose which we see through the trees on the hill-slope. Instead of entering this path at once, we proceed a little further along the winding road, noting the rich growths in the dell, on the right side, and then plunge into the woods at the left toward the cliff back from the road, beyond which is Boojum Rock. There is a path here, but it is slightly defined: still, whether we keep to it or not, we cannot go far astray, for the cliff is in plain sight among the trees. Scrambling to the top of it we have a pretty view southward, through the tree openings, of Boston and the background of Blue Hills, while immediately below, in the foreground, the winding line of the parkway through which we have come is disclosed. But this view is not to be compared with the prospect from the higher cliff of **Boojum Rock**, a stone's throw to the westward. The way across is a little rough and pathless, but by winding along the rocky slope, and in a roundabout course through bush and tangled undergrowth, we may make it comfortably. The mount of Boojum Rock is easiest made along the southwest side. A sharp scramble up brings us to a fairly smooth summit and a fine vantage ground for the view. Facing south, as from the lower rock, we have as before, over the Mystic marshes, but in fuller sweep, Boston with the full line of Blue Hills on the horizon: following to the right, from south to west, Parker Hill, in the Roxbury district, Corey Hill, the hills of Brighton and Brookline, College Hill, more in the foreground, with the chapel tower and the college buildings in fine relief, Watertown and Belmont Hills, Arlington Heights, beyond, and slightly to the left of the Heights, the dome-like mound of Prospect Hill, in Waltham: west, the stretch of Fells woods toward the Winchester side: northerly, a mass of woods shutting off the distant view: easterly, the thickly built village of Wyoming in a frame of trees; to the right of the Dutton observatory, Nahant and the ocean: northeasterly, Orient Heights, Winthrop, and Boston Harbor.

We strike down on the south side of the rock, and a few minutes bring us in sight of the Bear's Den path from the notch road, running along the hill-slope below. Now joining this path we swing round toward the front of **Bear's Den**, getting a good view up the hill of the picturesque cliff, or series of rocks piled upon each other, with the crevice at its base marking the opening of the Den. The well beaten path bends round to the northwest, next passing the front of Boojum Rock, and we follow it to this point, here taking *the path to the* left, which is ultimately to be broadened into the *Boundary Road*. We have now a pleasant walk before us through *the "fire guard,"* an open, which the engineers of the park com-

missioners have cut out to check the spread of wood fires. It is a region of luxuriant undergrowth and bush, with fair woods on either side. We proceed along the path, now broad and well worn, now narrowing through bush and shrub, with mossy turf, to the first fork where we take the right turn, the left making a loop toward Highland Avenue. Passing through an opening in a stone wall our winding path enters the woods and gradually ascends higher ground. At the first fork we keep to the right (the left path goes westerly over toward **Interval Brook**). Hereabouts the trees are exceptionally fine: at the fork a noble specimen of the yellow birch, and, in neighboring groups, the red maple and the red oak.

We are now tending toward **Hemlock Pool**. Through the woods to our left runs a valley brook. Our path goes on up and down, bearing to the left at the next fork, alongside of masses of fruitful huckleberry and blackberry bushes. We reach the pleasant pool on its southwestern side, and tarry here a moment in enjoyment of the sylvan scenery in which it is set. Following our path a little way further, we emerge upon the roadway. We have covered to this point about half a mile from Bear's Den. Now we keep to the picturesque road, northward, until we come to the bend by **Shiner Pool**, an eighth of a mile or so beyond, on the left, where we leave the road and strike into the broad wood path opening at the right, opposite the pool. This path leads through another pleasant region toward the Langwood Hotel estate. As we approach the hotel grounds, we turn to the right, cross the open field, and enter the picnic grove on the further side, through which, bearing to the left, we reach the cart road running across these grounds. In the extended view to the right of the cart road we see in the distance the Danvers Hospital appearing like a line of toy houses. A few minutes' walk brings us to the end of this road, where we bear ninety degrees to the left and then shortly the same distance to the right. Passing the stable in the rear of the hotel we continue in the same direction down a foot-path to a junction in the road.

To the right the **Ravine Road** leads through the famous drive between stately evergreens to Wyoming Avenue and Wyoming. A bridle path also leads from this junction into the **Virginia Wood**, which, followed, would take us through to the old Mill site. But our pleasant pilgrimage is toward the northwest, and we accordingly take the right fork of the road. This brings us shortly into Woodland Road just above the Malden pumping-station. We may well linger here a bit and feast our eyes on the beauty of Spot Pond as it stretches to the west and south with gentle grassy mead-

ows and abrupt wooded slopes rising beyond. We have turned to the right and are now on Woodland Road with the pond on our left. Soon we reach the junction of Woodland Road and Pond Street. Here at the head of **Old Pepe's Cove** was in years past the headquarters for boating on the pond, a popular pastime until the water board issued its mandate against it. And now, the Spot Pond Spa, which survived the decrease of boating, and, with dance-hall attachment, furnished a wayside resting-place for wheelmen, has also succumbed to State authority and faded away. This junction is one mile from Wyoming, and, by the paths which we have followed, about three quarters of a mile from Hemlock Pool. Down Pond Street there is a delightful short walk to a spring in an attractive dell surrounded by fine specimens of white pine, which completely shut out the sun's rays. Suppose we take it as a "by-walk." The trail is along Pond Street a few hundred yards toward Wyoming and then over a cart path opening at the left direct to the spring, hardly an eighth of a mile distant. Returning to the junction we now take a foot-path leading up through the trees, on the north of Pond Street. A short scramble brings us to a higher level. Following the path around to the left, alongside of a fine growth of young hickory on the right, then, just before reaching a broader path, turning to the left and breaking through the under-brush, we come out upon a ledge where we are rewarded with a prospect of much beauty. As a point of view of Spot Pond this has scarcely an equal, for though we are high above the surface of the water we seem quite near to it, and can follow its numerous bays and inlets with the spectacle of the hills beyond. This ledge can be reached direct from Pond Street below.

Going back to the point at which we left the path, we take the right hand turn at the fork which winds through a scattering growth of young trees and bushes. We pass two branch paths on the right, and then proceed onward through the sag between **Wamoset Hill** and **Whip Hill**. On our right is a dense thicket of undergrowth, the successor of heavy growth which was cut off a few years ago. Just before we reach the northerly end of the sag we come to a four-corner junction of paths. To climb Whip Hill we must take the path leading back to the westward. It is less than a quarter of a mile by this way to the top of the hill. The last half of the distance must be traversed without path and through thick growth until the ledge of the summit is attained. The interest of the view centres mostly in the wilderness of the *surrounding* woods. This is an unfrequented retreat, and by a de*scent of the steep* face of the rock to the southward one may plunge *suddenly into* as wild a thicket of undisturbed brush and bramble *as the most* ardent lover of nature could desire.

Back to the four-tined fork we bear off to the right and follow the boundary of the reservation for a little way to another cross path which, bearing to the left, leads outside the Fells. At this point we are over half a mile from Woodland Road by Spot Pond where we lingered, and nearly a mile from Melrose Highlands, the end of our walk. Taking the right fork a little way beyond the cross path, we follow the path leading in the same direction to Perkins Street which (to the left) leads to the electric cars, connecting with Boston lines, a short half mile off. To reach Melrose Highlands we take the first turn from Perkins Street on the right, follow the latter road to Franklin Street, and thence to the Melrose-Highlands station.

Charlestown and Somerville.

Scollay Square to the Navy Yard, by electric car, 1½ miles; fare, 5 cents. Charlestown Neck to Davis Square, Somerville, 3 miles; fare, 5 cents.

Walk a [No. 12]. Embraces the Navy Yard, Bunker Hill Monument grounds, the old graveyard with the John Harvard monument, and Charlestown Heights.

Walk b [No. 13]. In Somerville; includes a tour over Prospect Hill; Central Hill: site of the "French Redoubt" of 1775; headquarters of General Lee; West Somerville; Nathan Tufts Park and the Old Powder House; Tufts College grounds and a willow lane.

Charlestown was settled in 1629 by men from Endicott's colony at Salem. As to the exact date of settlement authorities differ, but Frothingham, the historian of Charlestown, fixes it at July 4, 1629. The first white settler was Thomas Walford, blacksmith, one of the Robert Gorges colonists, here perhaps as early as 1623. The regular settlement was begun by Thomas Greaves and the Rev. Francis Bright with a small company. A few months before, the brothers Ralph, Richard, and William Sprague, on an expedition from Salem, had "lighted on a place situate and lyeing to the north side of the Charles River," by the natives called "Mishawum," which is presumed to have been this place, and they agreed, with the approbation of Endicott, that it should "henceforth, from the name of the river, be called Charles Town." The settlement was hastened by Endicott under instructions from the Massachusetts Company in England "the better to strengthen our possession there against all or any that shall intrude upon us," conflicts having arisen over rights in the region through too free giving of grants by the English companies. Winthrop's company coming in 1630 first selected Charlestown for the chief place of settlement, but after a season of much suffering the dispersion of the colonists took place, the larger number moving across the river and founding Boston. Charlestown originally embraced a far-reaching territory, including what are now the cities of Malden, Everett, Woburn, and Somerville, the towns of Melrose, Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Burlington, Winchester, and parts of Medford, Arlington, Cambridge, and Lexington. At the time of the Revolution it retained of this outlying territory only what is now Somerville. When it became a city [1847] it had lost this part also. It now contains but 586 acres. It was annexed to Boston in 1872, and then became the Charlestown District. In the burning of the town during the Battle of Bunker Hill nearly all of its four hundred houses and buildings were destroyed. The Navy Yard was established here in 1800. Bunker Hill monument was begun in 1825, and completed in 1842. On the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone, when Lafayette assisted, and again at the dedication of the finished work, Webster was the orator. In the ancient burying-ground is the monument in memory of John Harvard, for whom Harvard College was named. Of the distinguished natives of the town was Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph, son of the equally distinguished Rev. Jedediah Morse, minister of the First Church, who has been called the "father of American geography." Time was when Charlestown was an important town, with "large and elegant buildings;" but since annexation to Boston it has lost, with its individuality, most of its "elegance," and its attractions, certainly to strangers, are now mostly confined to its historic features. It yet, however, retains a number of comfortable estates occupied by old families identified with the earlier town-life, a few pleasant tree-bordered streets, and here and there a landmark of passing interest.

Somerville was set off from Charlestown and made an independent town *March 3, 1842*. It then had a population of about 1000, and was a pleasant *rural place* largely of milk and general farms. It was made a city in 1872, *when its inhabitants* numbered 16,000, taking rank as one of the largest of *the suburban municipalities*. Within its limits are Prospect and Winter Hills *which the Americans* fortified at the beginning of the Revolution, the Ten

Hills Farm of Governor Winthrop [see Walk No. 14], and the Old Powder House, earlier a windmill, dating from about 1700; and on its northern border are the grounds of Tufts College. It covers four square miles of territory. The name of Somerville has no special significance. It was first proposed to call the town Warren for General Joseph Warren, or Walford for the first white settler in Charlestown, but Somerville seemed to please the fancy of the town-makers and so was selected. The city is divided into a number of sections — East Somerville, Union Square, Prospect Hill, Central Hill, Spring Hill, Clarendon Hill, West Somerville, Winter Hill, North Somerville, and College Hill. It is traversed by four railroads with numerous stations, and half a dozen electric lines, the most direct to the central parts of the city being by way of Cambridgeport, or East Cambridge.

Walk a. We leave the car in Charlestown at or near Wapping Street, two or three short blocks beyond City Square, and visit first the Navy Yard, that being, of the several Charlestown sights, the nearest to the city proper. City Square and the slopes of **Town Hill** rising back of the Public Library building (formerly the City Hall), on the left side, were the parts occupied by the first settlers. Here was the palisaded house of Walford, the pioneer settler, perhaps at about the point where Main Street starts out from the square. On the site of the Public Library building was the "Great House" built for Governor Winthrop in which the Court of Assistants met on September 17 (or 7 O. S.), 1630, and ordered "that Trimontaine shalbe called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and ye towne upon Charles Ryuer, Waterton." On the summit of Town Hill was the fort with "pallisadoes and flankers," built in 1629, which stood for half a century or more. Near by, at the head of the present Henley Street, was the first meeting-house set up in 1636, for the First Parish organized in 1632, the site now covered by the Harvard Street Church, built in 1834. On the easterly slope was the "Great Oak" under which the First Church, which became the First Church of Boston, was organized, in 1630. Near the foot toward the square was the first burying-ground, all traces of which were long ago obliterated; here the young minister John Harvard was probably buried. A few interesting old houses are still found in this quarter. The house on Harvard Street, third from the square, left side, was occupied by Edward Everett while he was governor of the Commonwealth, 1836–40.

The **Navy Yard** covers Moulton's Point, where the British troops landed for the battle of Bunker Hill. The yard is open daily between sunrise and sunset, and visitors are freely admitted, passes being obtained for the asking (apply at the office at the Wapping Street gate). Its massive granite walls on the land sides inclose ninety-one *acres, with* a water frontage of a mile and *three quarters, the original* area of twenty-five acres having been *increased from time to* time by additional purchases and the

filling of marshes and flats. Entering by the lower of two broad avenues which run parallel across the yard, and once beyond the sombre fortress-like entrance we are in a place of pleasant aspect. Handsome trees, many of them almost as old as the yard itself, shade the walk; on the left is the wide green park with lines of pyramids of shot, rows of cannon, and old-time mounted guns; and across the park, the upper avenue, along which are the commandant's house setting back from an old-fashioned garden, the commandant's office, the marine barracks by a parade-ground, with other early nineteenth-century buildings. Paths at regular intervals through the park connect the avenues, the stateliest one leading to the commandant's quarters. The granite rope-walk, 1630 feet long (built in 1836, enlarged 1856), is one of the most interesting of the older buildings in this quarter. But the dry dock, at the right of the lower avenue, is the most popular feature of the yard. This dock was six years in building, 1827-33, under the direction of the eminent engineer, Loammi Baldwin, 2d, of Woburn (son of Colonel Loammi Baldwin, distinguished in the Revolution), who also built the dry dock of the Norfolk yard. Its walls are of hammered granite, and the floor of oak rests upon thickly planted piles. It measured originally three hundred and five feet in length, eighty-six feet in width, and thirty feet in depth; and in 1857 was extended by the addition of sixty-five feet. The granite head-house was built in 1832. The first man-of-war docked here was the frigate "Constitution," — "Old Ironsides," — on the 24th of June, 1833, and the event was celebrated with much ceremony. "Commodore Hull," says Drake, "appeared once more on the deck of his old ship, and superintended her entrance within the dock. The gallant old sailor moved about the deck with his head bare, and exhibited as much animation as he would have done in battle. The Vice-President, Mr. Van Buren, the Secretary of War, Mr. Cass, Mr. Southard, and other distinguished guests graced the occasion by their presence, while the officers at the station were required to be present in full uniform." The receiving ship "Wabash," moored near the battery, in the immediate neighborhood of the dry dock, might next be visited. It is open to the public under certain slight restrictions, and the officer of the day courteously assigns a sailor guide to visitors who express a desire to be shown over it. No fees are exacted for this service, — indeed fees are *frowned* upon by the ship's officers, — but Jack Tar expects a trifle, *and ought to* have it, for he is most obliging. Other features of *the yard*, several of which, however, are closed to visitors, are the *great machine-shops*, ship-houses, store-houses, the magazine and

arsenal, building-ways, and the Naval Museum. The lower ship-house marks the site of the landing of General Howe's troops.

The tour of the yard should end with the visit to the Naval Museum, which occupies the second story of the oldest of all the buildings in the inclosure (built in 1803), near the main gate at which we entered. The unique collection here was begun in 1843 with the founding of the Naval Library and Institute.

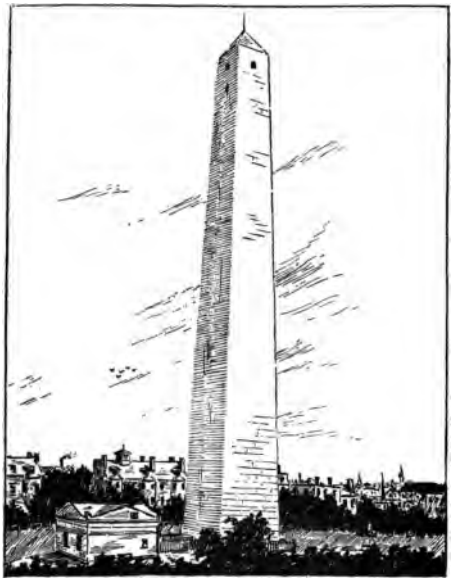
Work of one sort and another is constantly going on in this Navy Yard, but in these days it has a dull air compared with its appearance in the Civil War period, during which six thousand men were here employed, or in the earlier wooden ship-building times when famous men-of-war were launched from it. The list of vessels here constructed is brilliant with the names of the "Frolic;" the "Independence," the first seventy-four of the Navy; the "Boston;" the "Warren;" the "Falmouth;" the "Cumberland;" the "Vermont;" the "Merrimac," the first screw steam frigate of the Navy; the "Hartford," afterward the flagship of Farragut; the "Narragansett;" and, during the Civil War, the "Marblehead," the "Sagamore," the "Genesee," the "Monadnock," and the "Guerrière."

From the Navy Yard to **Bunker Hill Monument** and Breed's Hill, by way of Wapping, Henley, and Park streets, Winthrop Square, and Chestnut Street, is a walk of about ten minutes. **Winthrop Square** was the Colonial training-field and has been a Common since the early days of the settlement. The soldiers' monument here is the work of Martin Milmore, and was placed in 1872. The central figure is the "Genius of America" represented as in the act of crowning with laurel the Union soldier and sailor on either side. The memorial tablets near by, bearing the names of the Americans who fell in the Battle of Bunker Hill, were placed in 1889 and dedicated on the 17th of June that year. The late John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish poet, lived for many years at No. 34 Winthrop Street, on this square. By Chestnut Street we approach Monument Square and the Monument grounds on the southeast side.

The gracefully tapering obelisk measures thirty feet square at its base, and rises to the apex two hundred and twenty feet. It is customary to say that it stands in the middle of the old redoubt, and that the lines of the base are parallel to the sides of the fortification. But this is not quite correct. It actually covers only the southeast corner. It was supposed when built to be on the exact lines, and the deviation was due to following an imperfect map.

The redoubt was eight rods square with some angular formations for entrance on the southerly side, which was nearly parallel with the street. The embankment of about four hundred feet, called a breastwork, extended down the slope of the hill toward the Mystic. The stone wall and "rail fence," behind which the *forces of Stark*, Reed, and Knowlton poured their hot *fire on the enemy and covered* the final retreat of Prescott, was in a general *way an extension of the* breastwork toward the shore of the river, and was

designed to prevent the enemy from outflanking the force in the redoubt. This extension work was in part where the cemetery near Elm Street, four blocks north of the Monument Grounds, now is. It was about nine hundred feet long and composed chiefly of parts of two rail fences placed together with hay filled in between them, that part nearest the river being filled in with rocks and stones from the beach. These various works, hastily thrown up in a night and half-day, were mostly effaced after the British obtained possession of the hill, when their engineers planned fortifications of some magnitude in place of them.



Bunker Hill Monument.

The spot where Warren fell was not where the memorial stone is fixed on the path-edge near the monument, but further north, now covered by the Methodist Church at the head of Pleasant Street. The Tuscan pillar of brick and wood erected in Warren's memory in 1794 — the model of which is now within the monument — stood here before the church was built. The spot where Prescott stood at the opening of the fight is correctly marked by *the Prescott statue* in the main path, which faces, however, in *the opposite direction*, presenting his back instead of his front to *the enemy*. This is an excellent portrait statue and the costume

is exact as well as picturesque. The fight preceding was very hot, and the commander, who had worked side by side with his men, had thrown off his heavy outside uniform and put on a long loose "seersucker" and a broad-brimmed farmer's hat, and in this easy dress entered the contest. The pose of the figure is spirited and dramatic. The sculptor has chosen the moment when the words of warning were uttered: "Don't fire till I tell you! Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" The body seems vibrant with emotion, the eyes gaze eagerly on the close approaching foe, the left hand is thrown back (in a repressing motion) as if restraining his impatient men, and the right grasps nervously the unsheathed sword ready to be raised as the signal for action. The statue, of bronze, cast in Rome, is one of the best of William W. Story's works. It is nine feet in height, and raised on a pedestal of Jonesborough granite seven feet high, the base of which is Quincy granite. It has but a single inscription; the words on the front panel: "Colonel William Prescott, June 17, 1775." It was placed by the Bunker Hill Monument Association, the custodian of the grounds, in 1881, and was dedicated on the 17th of June that year. Robert C. Winthrop was the orator of the occasion.

It is every visitor's duty, and possibly pleasure, to ascend the monument by the spiral flight of stone steps — two hundred and ninety-five of them — winding round the hollow cone inside to the observatory at the top. This is seventeen feet high and eleven feet in diameter, and the windows on either side command a truly magnificent view of great extent. Either before or after the ascent the museum in the lodge at the base should be visited. It contains various memorials of the battle, an excellent statue of General Warren, in marble, executed by Henry Dexter in 1857, and a model of the first monument.

The Bunker Hill Monument was designed in part by, and built under the superintendence of Solomon Willard, the architect (in conjunction with Alexander Parris) of St. Paul's Church and of the old Court House, Court Square, Boston. In response to the proposal for designs for the obelisk, Horatio Greenough sent in a model in wood which was selected by the committee, although the prize offered by them to the successful competitor was never bestowed upon him. [Tuckerman's Life of Greenough.] Greenough's biographer adds, "The interior arrangement of the work was planned by another, but the form, proportions, and style of the monument were adopted from Greenough's model, and the simple, majestic, and noble structure . . . is thus indissolubly associated with his name." It is constructed of Quincy granite, from a quarry which is still pointed out in Quincy as the old "Bunker Hill Quarry;" and to which the first railroad constructed in New England was built. The monument was seventeen years in building and was finally completed largely through the patriotic exertions of women in Massachusetts. The last stone of the apex was raised on July 23, 1842, the event being announced by the firing of cannon. Edward Carnes, Jr., rode up on the stone to the top, waving an American flag. For some time after the completion of the monument, the elevator used in hoisting the stones was

employed in carrying venturesome sightseers to the top, at a fee of a quarter of a dollar a head. The formal dedication occurred on the 17th of June, 1843. The occasion was a memorable one. President John Tyler with the members of his cabinet were among the men of distinction present, and Mr. Webster, the orator, "was himself that day. His apostrophe to the gigantic shaft was as grand and noble as the subject was lofty and sublime. Waving his hand toward the towering structure he said, 'the powerful speaker stands motionless before us.' He was himself deeply moved. The sight of such an immense sea of upturned faces — he had never before addressed such a multitude — he afterward spoke of as awful and oppressive. The applause from a hundred thousand throats surged in great waves around the orator, completing in his mind the parallel of Old Ocean."

We leave the Monument Grounds by the main path, walk up High Street a short distance, take Green Street at the left and descend the hill to Main Street, follow Main Street to Phipps Street, at the left, and thence reach the ancient burying-ground. At the turn into Main Street from Green Street, we pass the Harvard Church (Unitarian) which covers the site of "Wood's bake-shop," where the fire kindled by Burgoyne's hot shot from the Boston side during the fight on the hill was arrested, and which was subsequently used through the British occupation as the commissary's office. About a block above, on the opposite side of Main Street, we may get a slender notion of the first dwelling built after this "burning," but most distinguished as the birthplace, sixteen years later, of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, in the remnant of the **Edes house.** This was originally a large three-story mansion-house built by David Wood, on the site of his former dwelling destroyed in the "burning," and remained in the possession of his descendants for nearly a century.

This house was known as the Edes house from the time of Thomas Edes, who married a daughter of David Wood. The estate had been in the Wood family since 1676. Morse was born in the front chamber of the second story at the right of the front door entrance (then on Main Street), from a porch opening directly upon the sidewalk. At the time, his parents, the Rev. Jedediah and Madam Morse, were guests of Thomas Edes, a parishioner and near friend of the minister, while a new parsonage was building by the church, the old First Parish, on Town Hill.

The **ancient graveyard** is closed to the general public, but the gate key may be obtained by any visitor upon application at the apothecary shop on the Main Street corner. This is a much more picturesque spot than the unlovely, almost squalid, surroundings would indicate. It occupies a knoll originally on the margin of a bay in the west bank of the Charles River, now filled in, and is crowded with tombs and graves well shaded by aged trees. Although the first reference to it in the town records is found under *date of 1648*, the oldest slab is marked 1642. This bears the name *of Maud* Russell, wife of William Russell. The **Harvard monument, a granite** shaft, four feet square at the base and fifteen feet

high, occupies the highest point in the inclosure, and is the most conspicuous object here. It dates from 1828, when it was erected by alumni of the University with fitting ceremony, President Walker, at that time pastor of the Unitarian church in Charlestown, making a prayer, and Edward Everett delivering an oration. The inscriptions, now almost entirely obliterated, are in these words : —

(On the eastern face.) On the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1828, this stone was erected by the graduates of the University at Cambridge in honor of its founder, who died at Charlestown on the twenty-sixth day of September, A. D. 1638.

(Western face. In Latin.) That one who merits so much from our literary men should no longer be without a monument, however humble, the graduates of the University of Cambridge, New England, have erected this stone nearly two hundred years after his death, in pious and perpetual remembrance of John Harvard.

The Harvard Monument.

Near *the Harvard Monument* is the tomb of the ministers of the *First Parish*. *In some* of the slabs on the brick tombs which line *the outside path* around the ground family arms are cut.

The walk from the old graveyard to **Charlestown Heights**, as the park on Bunker Hill is called, is not an interesting one, and we might cover this distance by car. If we ride, we should leave the car at Mead Street, and ascend the hill at the right. Charlestown Heights embraces four acres of highland and of flats on the river front below, and is laid out with much skill and taste in circling paths around the broad green which spreads out from the picturesque "Shelter" near the entrance. The view from the "ramparts" to the east, north, and west, includes a sweep of suburban cities and towns, with the line of the Middlesex Fells in the distance, and the placid Mystic, twisting through the marshes, in the foreground. The view further east and to the south, more urban and in its way quite as interesting, is to be obtained from the old Catholic burying-ground, near by, occupying the highest point of the hill, by the side of the Catholic church. This church, by the way, a massive structure of blue stone, the tall spire of which, reaching one hundred and eighty feet above the hill, is a landmark for miles around, occupies the site of the redoubt which the British built after the occupation, over the rude fortifications thrown up by Putnam at the time of the battle. The church was built in 1860–62 and dedicated to St. Francis de Sales.

Walk b. Returning to Main Street we may now take our car for Somerville, — a car marked Highland Avenue. Other Somerville cars turn into Cambridge Street by Jackson Park, at the left, and proceed to Union Square, and others continue from Charlestown Neck to the top of Winter Hill. Somerville, once an extremely pretty rural town, with country roadways, and lanes on its hillslopes, sometimes lined with barberry-bushes and generally with trees, is now a great suburban residential city, thick with houses, detached and in blocks, with city ways and airs. Although it has numerous historic spots, which thoughtful folk have marked with tablets, its attractions to the visitor in search of landmarks are few, since its most noteworthy ones, which once gave it a special interest, have been swept away for house-lots and streets. It still possesses, however, one of the most picturesque of ancient structures, in the Old Mill, or Powder House, especially interesting as the place against which the first hostile demonstrations of Gage were made. Being a city built on several hills, Somerville is in the enjoyment of extended views in various directions, and in lieu of landmarks *these* are among the features which most invite the visitor.

The car proceeds from Main Street in Charlestown where we *board it, over* "the Neck," and along Broadway [see Walk No. *14] to Cross* Street at the left, through Cross Street to Medford

Street, thence by Highland Avenue over Central Hill, to Davis Square, West Somerville.

At the left of Medford Street is the remnant of the long, broad, easterly summit of **Prospect Hill** (of which Central Hill is, strictly speaking, a part). Of the several historic eminences in this region it has an interest second only to that of Breed's Hill, and ought to have been preserved as a public reservation. For on this summit Putnam fixed his quarters after the retreat from Breed's Hill: here was built the "Citadel," with its outworks, one of the most important parts of the American investments, of which General Nathaniel Green was subsequently put in command: here, a month after the Breed's Hill battle (on the 18th of July), Putnam raised his Connecticut flag, with its motto "An Appeal to Heaven," and in January following the Union flag of the Confederated Colonies was first hoisted with a salute of thirteen guns. Then, later on, during the winter of 1777–78, in the barracks which spread over the hill-top, were quartered the English portion of Burgoyne's army taken at Saratoga. These facts are in part rehearsed on the tablet which stands, twenty or thirty feet below the original height of the summit, at the head of Prospect Hill Avenue, the street starting toward the hill from Central Square, at the junction of Cross and Medford Streets. The inscription reads:—

On this hill
The Union flag with its thirteen stripes
the emblem of the
United Colonies,
first bade defiance to an enemy
Jan. 1, 1776.

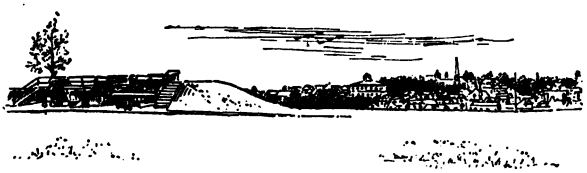
Here was the Citadel
The most formidable works in the
American lines
during the Siege of Boston
June 17, 1775, to March 17, 1776.

On the southerly slope of the hill, toward Washington Street, (the ancient "Milk Row"), at a point opposite Rossmore Street, another tablet records that, "On this hillside James Miller, Minute man, aged sixty-five, was slain by the British, April 19, 1775.—'I am too old to run.'"

Some of the hottest fighting below North Cambridge on the British rout of that day was along this part of Milk Row, and Miller, with another minute-man, was taking an active part in it, firing from behind a stone wall, when the two were attacked by a flanking party. His companion urged him to escape, but, with the remark quoted on the tablet, he continued firing at the approaching foe "until he fell pierced by thirteen bullets."

On **Central Hill**, *over which* our car runs, are the city buildings, —*the High School*, the English High School (built in 1895), the

Public Library (1884), and the City Hall (the old Town House), — well set, with agreeable surroundings, and beside the public park occupying the highest point of the summit and extending over its steep northern slopes. The miniature fortress near the middle of



Central Hill.

the park marks the French Redoubt of the fortifications of 1775, which was connected with the Citadel on Prospect Hill by a rampart and ditch. Traces of the line of connecting earthworks, indeed a considerable portion of it, were visible until after the town became a city. Between this redoubt and the Winter Hill Fort, on the most northerly hill of the city [see Walk No. 14], was the "Star Fort" in the valley north of Medford Street and east of Walnut Street, the eastern boundary of the park; and further on other redoubts. The bronze tablet set in the wall of the little battery bears this inscription: —

This battery
was erected by the city in 1885
and is within the lines of the
"French Redoubt,"
which was thrown up by the American troops
under Gen. Israel Putnam,
immediately after the Battle of Bunker Hill:
and later became
a part of the besieging lines of Boston
in 1775-76.

The guns were donated by Congress
and were in service during
the late Civil War.

On Sycamore Street, the second on the right beyond the City Hall, extending to Winter Hill, is the old John Tufts farmhouse, which was the **headquarters of General Charles Lee**, commanding the left wing of the army, during the investment of Boston, after his removal from the more sumptuous, but more remote, *Royall house* in Medford. [See Walk No. 14.] It stands in the *valley* between the hills near the corner of Medford Street, a

plain, comfortable dwelling considerably modernized, but still preserving the eighteenth-century stamp. Opposite the house was a strong redoubt connected with the works on Winter Hill.

Headquarters of General Lee.

Central Street, crossing Highland Avenue a short distance beyond Sycamore Street, leads to **Spring Hill** at the left, where are some of the older estates of the city. On the northwesterly spur of this hill Lord Percy planted his cannon on the British retreat, and for a short time cannonaded the minute-men, while the main body of the exhausted troops hurried on. Beyond Central Street the avenue extends through a region formerly known as "Polly Swamp," once covered with small trees and thick bushes, a gruesome place shunned o' nights because "haunted," but now packed with houses, and treeless, not one preserved for shade or street adornment. Willow Avenue, near the end of the ride along Highland Avenue, leads to a spot marked by a tablet relating that "a sharp fight occurred here between the Patriots and the British, April 19, 1775. This marks British soldiers' graves." The tablet stands on Elm Street on the corner of Willow Avenue, a short walk from Highland Avenue, to the left.

Leaving the car at **Davis Square** we turn sharply to the right into Elm Street, follow this wide curving thoroughfare to its junction with Broadway, College Avenue, and Harvard Street, a short walk beyond, and so reach the **Old Powder House**. Here we find a public park with the ancient relic as the centre-piece, crowning a slight eminence, to which carriage-ways as well as footwalks lead. *The tower is thirty feet* high to the top of the conical roof, *and sixty and three quarters* feet in circumference at the lower part.

The walls are from two to two and a half feet thick, with an inner lining of brick, and curve in slightly toward the top. Until well into the last quarter of the present century much of the interior woodwork, great oaken beams supporting three lofts, remained, but now it is an empty shell, having been cleaned out when it was acquired by the city for preservation. At this time the granite blocks framing the barred doorway and window opposite were inserted to strengthen the wall at these points, — good masonry, but poor art. A bronze plate set high up in the wall, but at easy reading distance, gives these statements: —

This old mill
Built by John Mallet on a site purchased in
1703–4 was deeded in 1747 to the Province of
The Massachusetts Bay in New England
And for many years was used as a public
Powder House.
On September 1, 1774, General Gage seized
The 250 half-barrels of gunpowder
Stored within it and thereby provoked the
Great assembly of the following day, on
Cambridge Common,
The first occasion on which our patriotic forefathers
Met in arms to oppose the
Tyranny of King George III. In 1775 it
became the magazine of the
American army besieging Boston.

This tablet was placed by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution. The plate over the barred entrance bears simply the name of the park, — the Nathan Tufts Park, from the long-time owner of the farm adjoining, — with the date of its establishment, 1889, and the names of the persons who happened at that time to occupy the mayoralty and other city positions. The structure was erected before 1710, some historians say, and the blue stone for its massive walls was taken, presumably, from the quarries at the base of the hill, which were opened some time before it was built and gave the little eminence the name of "Quarry Hill." In the early days the region between Quarry Hill and the present Charlestown line was known as "Stinted Pasture" or "Cow Commons." Each inhabitant in Charlestown at that time had the right to pasture a certain number of cows here. An hour after sunrise the cattle were collected by a herdsman by the blowing of his horn, and were driven to the best grazing places. The original lot conveyed with the tower to the Province in 1747 was a quarter of an acre square, with the right of way to the high road, and this is *now embraced* in the Public Park.

The Old Mill remained in the family of its builders, the Malletts, for nearly *half a century*, and for a good part of this period did a thriving trade as a *grist-mill*, being widely known and well placed at the meeting of the high

roads from Cambridge, Medford, Menotomy (Arlington), and the interior. But for some years before it became the Provincial Powder House its use as a windmill had ceased. It remained the principal storehouse for powder in the near neighborhood of Boston from the time of its purchase from Michael Mallet by Provincial Treasurer Foye, until about 1830, when the magazine at Cambridgeport was built by the Commonwealth.

The seizure of its store of powder by Gage's soldiers, which gives the tower its special distinction as a monument of the first openly hostile act of the Revolution on the part of the British, is thus described in the Essex Gazette of the 6th of September, 1774: . . . "on Thursday morning [September 1], at half-past four, about 260 troops embarked on board 13 boats at the Long-Wharf and proceeded up Medford [Mystic] River, to Temple's [Ten-Hills] Farm, where they landed and went to the Powder-House on Quarry Hill, in Charlestown bounds, whence they have taken 250 barrels of powder, the whole store, and carried it to the Castle [Boston Harbor]." At the same time a detachment went on to Cambridge and there seized two field-pieces which were also conveyed to Boston. These proceedings roused the men of Middlesex, and the next day hundreds of them from the surrounding towns flocked to Cambridge ready for action. It was immediately after this raid that the powder and guns of the Provincials were removed to Concord and other distant parts and the watch on all the ways out of Boston, both water and land, was established by an organization of thirty patriots, to detect any movement of the King's troops and alarm the country.

Old Powder House.

From the Powder House we turn toward College Hill, rising near by at the northwest, the finishing feature of this walk and, in respect to attractive surroundings, one of the pleasantest. We may approach by way of College Avenue, the main thoroughfare between Somerville and Medford, and turn to the left at Professors' Row, which crosses the southern slope of the hill; or we may follow Broadway *westward to* a point opposite Wallace Street, *where a well-worn footpath* crosses the broad fields of the college

property, passes a small pond, and brings us to Professors' Row farther to the west and close beside Metcalf Hall, the home of some of the women students of the college. Following Professors' Row from College Avenue we first pass the President's house, then the dwellings of several of the professors. Just beyond Metcalf Hall, on the right, the old "college walk" leads up over the terraced hillside, under arching trees, to Ballou Hall, the original college building. At the right of Ballou Hall stands the beautiful Goddard Chapel, a famous bit of architecture, with its hundred-foot campanile, which has been pronounced by experts the finest example of its type in the country. The chapel was erected by Mrs. Mary T. Goddard of Newton, as a memorial of her husband, Thomas A. Goddard, who was prominent among the founders of the college. At the left is the Barnum Museum of Natural History, built and endowed by the famous showman, Phineas T. Barnum. If we pass along the Row, beyond the "college walk," we may turn to the right at Packard Avenue and ascend the hill to the Reservoir [Mystic Water Works], passing on the way the old campus, the Goddard Gymnasium, another gift of Mrs. Goddard, and Dean Hall, a dormitory, all on the left; and the Barnum Museum on the right. Ascending the steps to the concrete walk surrounding the Reservoir banks we may enjoy a panoramic view embracing the tidal flats of the Mystic River, Malden, Medford, the thick woods of the Middlesex Fells, Winchester, Arlington, Cambridge, the Brookline hills, and Somerville, and in the far southeast the Blue Hills. Here, too, are to be seen especially beautiful sunsets. Leaving the Reservoir and crossing the summit of the hill, with the Museum on our right, we pass in succession on the left West Hall, a dormitory, the Library, with a pump beside it yielding excellent spring water, and East Hall, another dormitory. On the eastern brow of the hill are the two buff brick buildings of the Divinity School, Miner Hall, the gift of the late Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., and Paige Hall, the dormitory of the school, named for the late Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D. D., of Cambridge. Three college buildings are on the eastern side of College Avenue — the Commons Building, containing the post-office, dining-hall, and rooms for students, the Chemical Building and the Bromfield-Pearson School, admirably equipped for the technical work of the engineering courses. The college estate comprises about one hundred acres. Before the establishment of the college this hill was known as Walnut Hill from the walnut-trees which once covered it; but when it was given for the institution not one was left. Since that time, however, a new growth has been cultivated and the place is now rich in trees of many varieties.

Tufts College was chartered in 1852, the result of a movement begun among Universalists about ten years before. The selection of the site was due to the gift of land on the summit of the hill by Charles Tufts of Somerville, for whom the college was named, and of adjoining lots by citizens of Medford. The corner-stone of the first building was laid on the 23d of July, 1853. The college was formally opened in 1855, and the first class graduated in 1857. The college is co-educational (since 1892); it has, besides the College of Letters, with courses on a liberal elective basis leading to the degree of A. B., and technical courses for which the degree of D. B. is given, a Divinity School (founded 1869), and a Medical School (in Boston, founded 1893). The corps of instructors in all departments numbers about 80. The endowment is over $1,800,000. The list of alumni and students numbers (1896) over 1700. The presidents have been: the Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D. D. (1854–1861), the Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D. (1862–1874), and the Rev. Elmer H. Capen, D. D. (present president, installed in 1875).

The return to Boston may be made by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.] from the College Hill station, at the northeast foot of the hill; or if we are not too fatigued, and have plenty of time, by the Medford electric cars, reached by a half-mile semi-rural walk along the willow-lined lane starting from the farther side of the railway bridge, to Stearns Street, and thence to Main Street. We may also return from the south side of the hill, by either of two lines of electric cars from Davis Square, West Somerville, or by lines along Massachusetts Avenue (reached by a somewhat longer walk) passing through Cambridge.

Medford.

Boston to Medford Square by electric car, from Scollay Square, by way of Charlestown and Winter Hill (Somerville), 5½ miles. By steam car [B. & M., Med. Br.], 5 miles. Fare, electric car, 5 cents; steam car, 10 cents. Boston to West Medford, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 5 miles; fare, 10 cents.

Walk a [No. 14]. On the way by electric car: embraces Ten-Hills on Mystic side, and other historic points; in Medford, beginning at the Old Royall mansion-house, follows Main Street, skirts the Mystic, covers High Street, Pasture Hill, Forest Street, pleasant ways centring in the Square, the old burying-ground with the Governor Brooks monument, the river road over to the ancient Cradock house, East Medford, and beyond to Wellington. Return from Wellington by steam car (fare 8 cents).

Walk b [No. 15]. In West Medford. From the station along Harvard Avenue to the river: follows the river side back in the direction of old Medford; continues along Prescott Street and the lane to Hastings's bluff; cuts across to High Street; follows High Street toward West Medford centre again, passing numerous old estates; crosses over to Mystic Mount; takes cross streets to the railroad track, re-enters High Street on the farther side of the railroad; passes by the Brooks estate, embracing the arch over the old canal bed, and the Indian monument, to the Weirs. Return by steam car, West Medford station.

Medford dates from 1630, when, in June, a number of colonists sent out from England by Matthew Cradock, merchant (the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who remained in England), came from Salem, where they had arrived with Governor Winthrop's company, and began a settlement on the northwest side of the Mystic River. They were artisans, "selected for their fitness to engage in the business of the fisheries and shipbuilding," and several of them being "coopers and cleaners of timber." Under the contract made in England, they were to work one third for Mr. Cradock, and two thirds for the Bay Company; and Winthrop doubtless interested himself in their settlement. They built their first log house on a promontory nearly opposite his Ten-Hills Farm on the other side of the river, and at this point "at once addressed themselves to the work which they had in hand." In 1632 they built their first ship, a craft of one hundred tons (the second built on the Mystic, Winthrop's "Blessing of the Bay" being the first), and in 1634 erected the "Cradock House" still standing. From that early time until the opening of the Civil War ship-building was the leading industry of Medford. Between 1850–60 some of the finest of the clipper-ships of that period were built in Medford yards. From 1800 to 1873, when the last vessel was launched, 567 ships of various kinds, with an aggregate of 272,124 tons, were built here at a total cost of upward of twelve and a quarter million dollars. The greatest number constructed in any one yard was 185, and in any single year 30 (1848). In place of ships the river craft are now pleasure-boats and canoes. The making of "Medford rum," for which the town was long widely known, was begun about the year 1735. The name of Medford, or "Meadford," as it was first written, was possibly chosen from the resemblance of the broad rich river-marshes of the region to sweeps of English meads. Medford lies along the valley of the Mystic and on the rising ground above, between College Hill on the north and the highlands of the Middlesex Fells on the south. It became a city in 1892. It is sub-divided into Old Medford, West Medford, Medford Hillside, and East Medford, the latter including Glenwood and Wellington.

The electric car line to Medford proper, or Old Medford, is by *way of Main* Street, Charlestown, to the "Neck;" Broadway, *Winter Hill*; and Main Street from the summit of the hill, direct

to Medford Square. The ride becomes most interesting after Charlestown Neck is passed and the ascent of Winter Hill begun. The jagged mounds on the right as Broadway is fairly entered are relics of Ploughed Hill, afterward Mount Benedict, once a bold eminence, where, in 1775, during the Siege of Boston, the Americans took an advanced post, bringing them in range of the enemy's guns on Bunker Hill; and where later, in 1826, the Jesuits established the Ursuline Convent, which was burned by a mob in 1834, its picturesque ruin remaining a striking landmark for nearly half a century after.

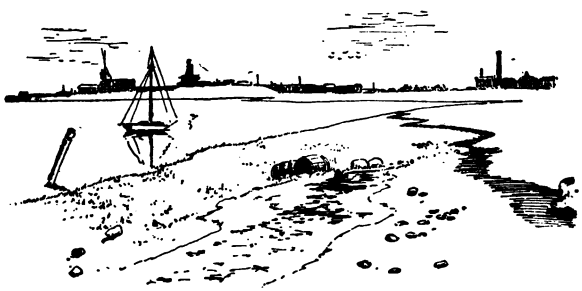
The fortification of Ploughed Hill was directed by General Sullivan under a severe cannonade, and his picket line was pushed out "till it confronted the enemy within ear-shot." "The place became the scene of much sharpshooting, chiefly conducted by Morgan's Virginia riflemen." [Winsor.] This post was the extreme left of the American advanced line which continued back to Cobble Hill in Somerville (afterward occupied by the McLean Insane Asylum, now in Waverly), and thence to Phips's farm at Lechmere's Point, in East Cambridge, where the County Court-House now stands.

The Convent of St. Ursula, which gave the name of Mt. Benedict to the hill, was first established in 1820 in Boston, occupying a building adjoining the old Cathedral, which stood where the Cathedral building now stands, on the corner of Franklin Street and Winthrop Square. Thence it was removed to this eminence. The convent house, an extensive structure of brick and stone, stood on the summit of the hill surrounded by cultivated grounds, laid in terraces from the highway, with fine orchards, groves, and gardens. The mob who fired it (on the night of August 11, 1834), was composed mostly of men from Boston, who had been stirred by idle tales of ill treatment of inmates, notably one Rebecca Reed, a pupil, and Sister Mary John. The act was generally deplored by orderly citizens. In Charlestown (within the limits of which the hill was at that time), a meeting was held at which condemnatory resolutions, drawn up by a committee headed by Edward Everett, were adopted, and a vigilance committee was appointed. In Boston similar action was taken in Faneuil Hall, Harrison Gray Otis, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and others speaking, and such men as Charles G. Loring, Charles P. Curtis, Henry Lee, Horace Mann, Robert C. Winthrop, and Thomas Motley, being named as a committee of investigation. Thirteen of the attacking party were arrested and tried, but only one was convicted, and this one being the least guilty was subsequently pardoned. The affair was the subject of numerous pamphlets and books. After the burning of their house, the Ursulines were for a while established in Roxbury, and early in the forties they moved to Canada.

On the river side a short distance above the remnants of Mount Benedict is **"Ten-Hills,"** which Governor Winthrop selected for his farm when he "went up to Massachusetts to find a place for our sitting down," as he chronicles in his Journal, and made his first exploration of the "Mystick." On one of these hillocks he built his farm house and then wrote to his wife, yet in England, "My dear wife, we are here in a paradise." In front of him was the winding river narrowing from the little bay below where the Malden River joins it; round about him, a cluster of hills of varying sizes, and wide meadows; behind him a dense forest stretching back to the *Winter Hill* top in which he once lost his way and *spent an anxious night.* Now this is a region far from fair. The

river still winds picturesquely, and something yet remains of the hills which gave the farm its name; but it is for the most part a barren waste, a place of hacked mounds, of clay-pits, and brick-yards. It has an interest, however, from its historic associations, and for the good river and marsh views its few remaining elevations afford. To reach it we should leave our car on Broadway by Broadway Park, near the spared elm in the grassy parkway through which the tracks here pass. A short and dusty walk through Chauncy Street, at the right, across Mystic Avenue (the old Medford turnpike), and along the road through the brick-yard, which extends to the hill beyond, brings us to Middlesex Avenue. Taking the left turn into the avenue, and following its curve to the right, in a moment we are at the bridge crossing the river. In the little group of rugged and ragged trees on the low bank sloping toward the water, at the right of the roadway, we discern a rude board sign which suggests a roadside advertisement, and approaching read this inscription upon it: —

Ancient Wharf
Here Governor Winthrop launched
The Blessing of the Bay
The first ship built in Massachusetts
July 4, 1631.
The British landed here in the raid
on the Powder House, Sept. 1774.



Ancient Wharf.

This now dilapidated sign was placed some years ago, and if it accurately marks the spot of the launching, and of the British landing a hundred and forty odd years later (which is to be *doubted*, the true site probably being further up stream), it should *be replaced* by an enduring stone tablet. So the courteous and *communicative* occupant of the little house across the way, who

takes an honest pride in showing off his neighboring landmarks, also thinks. Embedded in the shore he will show us pieces of long-seasoned lumber, which are said to be remnants of the "ancient wharf," probably, however, the leavings of an old but not the most ancient one. On the bank the grass-grown hollow, close to an aged arbor-vitæ tree, suggesting an ancient cellar, is pointed out as the site of the governor's house; it is more likely that of a structure which was here some years ago, and known to the neighborhood as the "wharf house." Winthrop's house was further on, occupying probably one of the hills now partly cut away near the point where we are to turn back to Winter Hill. Let us now retrace our steps a stone's-throw from the bridge (which carries Middlesex Avenue over to Wellington, whence it goes on to Malden), and take the cart-road, from the avenue, which cuts through and up the hill. Mounting in the direction of the two solitary trees which occupy the otherwise bare top and sides of the hill, we may enjoy one of the pleasantest of the river views of this region. This was the promontory which Sullivan fortified in the summer of 1775 to protect his position at Ploughed Hill from attack on the river side. The line of the projected Middlesex Fells parkway (The Fellsway), which is to cross the river parallel with the present bridge, passes over this hill, and when the boulevard is finished these now dreary parts will become more cheerful.

From the hill top our course is to Temple Street, which we see beyond the clay-pits opening from Mystic Avenue toward Winter Hill; and we may make it by rough cross lots, or more comfortably by footpaths around the pits to the avenue. Temple Street was once a narrow lane thick with trees leading down from Winter Hill to the mansion-house of the Temples, who occupied Ten-Hills between 1740 and the Revolutionary period, which is supposed to have stood, if not exactly upon, very near to the site of Winthrop's farm-house. It occupied a sightly point on the hill now largely dug away, back from Mystic Avenue at the foot of Temple Street, and was one of the finest of country-seats in the neighborhood of Boston.

The house was of generous proportions, with a spacious hall, numerous large square rooms, and a snug little apartment at the back of the first landing of the stairs overlooking the river. [Drake.] The Temple living here at the opening of the Revolution — Robert Temple, formerly of Noddle's Island [East Boston], elder brother of Sir John Temple, Bart. [see Walk No. 3], — was a royalist, and in May, 1775, set sail for England. But the ship being obliged to put into Plymouth, he was taken off and brought to Cambridge Camp. His family, however, continued to reside in the Ten-Hills house under the protection of General Artemas Ward.

A later owner of *Ten-Hills, Colonel* Samuel Jaques (born 1776, died 1859), *occupied the house, — in his time* described as a square, two-storied wooden *house shaded by a few elms, — for* twenty-eight years, and the family main-

tained the place some time after his death. "He was in his habits and manners the type of an English country gentleman," says Drake, and, Hunnewell adds, dressed somewhat in the quaint fashion of the English squire of his period. He impaled a deer-park and kept his hounds, "and often wakened the echoes of the neighboring hills with the note of his bugle or the cry of his pack." He raised fine stock of horses, cows, and sheep, the fame of which was wide-spread. Henry Clay was once an interested visitor of the place, and Daniel Webster was not an infrequent guest. At an earlier period, about the opening of this century, Elias Hasket Derby occupied the farm and stocked it with fine breeds of sheep. He is said to have been the first to import merino sheep into this country. The old manor-house stood until 1877, but some time before it disappeared it had fallen from its high estate to a tenement for the families of laborers in the neighboring brick-yards.

Winthrop's domain at Ten-Hills embraced 600 acres granted to him by the Court of Assistants in September, 1631, after he had built his house here and had launched the "Blessing of the Bay." The farm remained in the Winthrop family till 1677, when it was sold to the widow of Peter Lidgett, merchant of Boston. Her daughter married Lieut.-Governor Usher of New Hampshire, to whom the farm seems to have passed after his wife's death in 1698. At his death it was estimated at 500 acres worth £10,000. From the Usher heirs it passed in 1740 to Robert Temple, and from him to his son, Robert. The latter mortgaged it in 1764–65 as 251½ acres. In 1780 Nathaniel Tracy, merchant of Cambridge and Newburyport (who fitted out the first privateer in the Revolutionary War), acquired the estate from the Temple family, and in 1785 he mortgaged it as 300 acres with buildings. It came into the possession of Colonel Samuel Jaques and others, in 1830. In 1852–58, when the heirs of Col. Jaques mortgaged it, its dimensions had dwindled to 80 acres, 25 rods, all between the river and Medford turnpike. [Hunnewell.]

Again on Broadway at the head of Temple Street we take another Medford car — they run at frequent intervals — and continue our ride. On the summit of the hill our road — the old Medford road, now Main Street — diverges to the right. At this point, on the right side, a stone tablet set against the picket fence on the sidewalk line bears this inscription: —

Paul Revere
Rode over this road in his
Midnight ride
to Lexington and Concord
April 18, 1775.

Site of the "Winter Hill Fort,"
A stronghold built by
the American forces
while besieging Boston
1775–6.

The fortification here was directly across Broadway, inclosed on all sides except at the entrance from the Medford road.

As described by Drake, this fort was in form an irregular pentagon, with bastions and deep fosse. A breastwork conforming with the present direction of Central Street beyond (from Broadway), joined the southwest angle. A hundred yards in advance of the fort were outworks in which guards were *nightly* posted. The works marked the extreme left of the American interior *line of defense*. They were erected immediately after the Battle of Bunker *Hill, and* were garrisoned mainly by New Hampshire men. After the sur*render of* Burgoyne in 1777, the Hessians of his troops were cantoned here, *while the* English were quartered on Prospect Hill. [See Walk No. 13.]

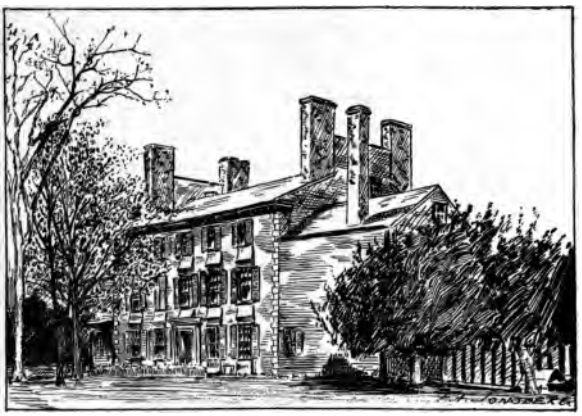
The square flat-roofed house occupying the exceptionally fine situation at the junction of Broadway and Main Street dates from 1805, and was long known as the Odin House. Edward Everett lived here in 1826–30, while he was a member of Congress. One of the later owners was John S. Edgerly, in his day a prominent citizen of Somerville.

From the summit Main Street makes a rapid descent, and at the right a fine view of the Mystic and its meadows is soon disclosed. After passing Tufts Square, at the foot of the hill, we may catch a glimpse, on the left, of the Old Powder House, upon which Gage's soldiers, whose supposed landing-place we have seen, made their raid, and a full view of the Tufts College buildings spreading over College Hill. [See Walk No. 13.] On the right again, we pass the **Mystic Park** racing track, and the Mystic House, with its whitewashed tree-trunks; and, ascending a slight elevation, enter a region of pleasant houses marking the outskirts of the thickly settled portions of the suburban city. Stearns Street, opening by the side of the old, well-conditioned brick house on the left, leads into a willow-lane crossing over to College Hill. This way was named for the late George L. Stearns, a leading Free-soiler and anti-slavery advocate, and helpful during the Civil War in enlisting negroes in the United States army. He was a steadfast friend of John Brown, who more than once was secreted in his house. The Stearns estate, back from Main Street, on the left, was for many years one of the pleasantest in Medford.

We should leave the car at the George Street corner, next beyond Stearns Street, on the left side, and begin our Old Medford walk at the ancient **Royall mansion-house**, which, though shorn of its grandeur, still stands a rare relic of Provincial days. Approaching from the main street we pass through the avenue with only a remnant now of the beautiful trees which once lined it, and over the narrowed grounds which originally spread in ample proportions to the present front.

In plan and finish the house is one of the best examples of pure colonial architecture in the country. It is of three stories, the upper line of windows smaller than those below; with brick walls rising at either end above the pitched roof; three sides sheathed with wood, the west side, facing the old-fashioned paved courtyard, being the most highly ornamented. The brick structure near the porch on the south side, and fronting upon the courtyard, was originally the quarters of Colonel Royall's "parcel of slaves," twenty-five or more, which he brought with his family in 1737 from *Antigua*, where he had made a fortune as a merchant. *Until comparatively recent years* these quarters remained un-

changed, "with the deep fireplace where the blacks prepared their food, the last visible relics of slavery in New England." [Drake.] The interior of the mansion-house still preserves much of its original arrangement and ornamentation. The lower story is finished in the Doric order, the parlor paneled from floor to ceiling, with pilasters and wooden cornice; and the parlor cham-



The Royall House.

ber in the second story is in the Corinthian order, with paneled dado. The rooms are generally large, and the detail throughout is carefully elaborated. The leather hangings which enriched the walls of the grander rooms remained till about twenty-five years ago. On one of the embossed fire-backs was a representation of an ape with an inscription in Latin, which, translated, completely refutes Darwin — "An ape can never be a man." The staircase, rising from the broad hall extending through the house from the eastern to the western side, is with twisted newel-post, a fine example of this style. Wide paneling ornaments the side of the staircase, and the woodwork of the hall is embellished with fine carvings.

The grounds about the house in the Royall days, when the estate comprised several hundred acres, were ambitiously adorned. There was a large inclosed garden, with pleasant walks, shrubbery, and fruit orchards. The chief feature was the summer-house on a terraced elevation approached from the courtyard on the west side, through a formal garden path, bordered with box.

There is yet here an outline of the path which we may follow to the elevation still left with remnants of the terrace. Three short flights of brownstone steps, on the east and west sides, led to the summer-house. This was a building in the form of an octagonal temple, with pilasters and all the other features, thoroughly constructed, every joint carefully protected with lead; and surmounted by a wooden image of Winged Mercury. The important detail of the structure is said to have been ordered in England, and every nail used in its construction, from spike to shingle nail,

Interior of the Royall House.

was wrought by hand. This unique affair was demolished only about ten years ago — given away for taking down; and the person executing this commission took five hundred pounds of lead from the roof and protected joints. The locality suffered a great loss in its removal, for it was treasured as one of the widest known and most curious of Medford landmarks. The original approach to the courtyard from the highway was by a broad sweeping avenue between rows of great elms, and this was the formal entrance to the estate, the west front of the house being the main one.

The Royall house dates from 1738. A house, built by Lieut.-Governor John Usher, which had long stood on the site, was utilized by Colonel Royall in its construction. Colonel Royall purchased the estate in 1732, and its original dimensions exceeded five hundred acres. He did not long enjoy his country-seat, for he died in June, 1739, and was buried in his marble tomb in the old burying-ground in Dorchester. [See Dorchester walk.] His son Isaac Royall, 2d, succeeded him, and lived here till the outbreak of the Revolution, when he fled the country. The women of his family remained a short time in the mansion after his departure, and when the New Hampshire men pitched their tents in Medford, Colonel John Stark was asked to make it his headquarters, "as a safeguard against insult or any invasion of the estate the soldiery might attempt. A few rooms were set apart for the use of the bluff old ranger, and he, on his part, treated the family with considerate respect." [Drake.] Subsequently the house was occupied as headquarters by General Lee, who called it "Hobgoblin Hall" from its echoing corridors; and later by General Sullivan. At length it was taken under the confiscation act, and put in care of the Medford Committee of Inspection. For the next 27 years all rents and incomes from it went into the treasury of the Commonwealth. Early in the present century the house was used as a seminary for women. About the year 1808 a claim to the estate was presented by Royall's granddaughter, and allowed. In 1810 the place was purchased by Jacob Tidd, whose family held it for about half a century. In later years it has had different owners.

Isaac Royall, 2d, was an amiable person, a generous host, — "no gentleman gave better dinners or drank costlier wines," — a leading citizen, and a large-hearted benefactor. He was long a member of the General Court, for twenty-two years in the Governor's Council, and was appointed a councilor by mandamus in 1774, but declined to serve, — from timidity, Gage wrote. He was the founder of the Royall Professorship of Law, in Harvard College, the foundation of the present Law School, giving over two thousand acres of land in Granby, Mass., for this purpose. One hundred acres in the same town were also given by him to the town of Medford, "for the use and better purpose" of the common schools. The town of Royalston was named in his honor. One of his daughters married George Erving, a merchant of Boston, and another married Sir William Pepperell; and his sister, Penelope Royall, became the wife of Colonel Henry Vassal of Cambridge. He died of small-pox in England in 1781.

From the Royall house to Medford Square is a short walk of six or eight minutes. Instead, however, of going direct by Main

The Mystic Marshes, looking from South Street.

Street and the Cradock bridge spanning the river, let us make a détour through South Street, at the left, by the old Medford House (an old-time tavern), passing along the river side to Winthrop Street, thence, at the right, over Winthrop bridge, — or the long bridge, as the natives call it, — to Winthrop Square, and again at the right into High Street. Thus one of the pleasantest views of the serpentine stream coursing through the outspreading marshes, with the town rising on the banks above them, is had, and the square approached on the other side through a fine old-fashioned thoroughfare rich in stately elms. South Street was originally Fish Lane, one of the early roads, and **High Street** was the third high road laid out by the town, connecting it with Menotomy, now Arlington. It yet retains something of the colonial look, a few of the old mansion-houses of the style of that period being preserved; while its beautiful trees are its glory.

A few hundred feet east of the turn from Winthrop Street, or Square, into High Street, we come to the **Episcopal Church**, on the south side, designed by the late H. H. Richardson, one of the early efforts of this master architect: a building of rubble-stone, with Medford granite trimmings, in the style of the conventional English church, pleasing in effect and finish. It occupies the site of the old Bigelow mansion-house, from which, for nearly a dozen years early in this century, Timothy Bigelow, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives (1805–6, 1808–10, 1812–20), drove to the Boston State House to preside over the deliberations of this branch of the General Court. Next of note on this side of the street is the older **Thatcher Magoun house**, built by the pioneer of the Mystic ship-builders who made Medford famous. Adjoining this estate is the unfinished St. Joseph's Catholic Church. On the northerly side of the street, at the junction with Winthrop Street, formerly stood one of the most picturesque houses in the vicinity — that of Parson Ebenezer Turell, for fifty-four years (1724–78) minister of the First Parish. It was removed within the past ten years, to the keen regret of many old citizens. The square, old-fashioned house, with ornamental railing over the gutters, is known as the **Train house**, from the family long occupying it. It now contains the valuable Masonic library of its present owner, General Samuel C. Lawrence, which is said to be the most complete collection of its kind in the country. The next house is distinguished as that in which General Brooks, afterward Governor Brooks, entertained Washington upon the occasion of his last visit to New England. The church next beyond is the ***Unitarian Church*** (successor of the First Parish), replacing in a *style far less happy* the old meeting-house, a noble feature in the

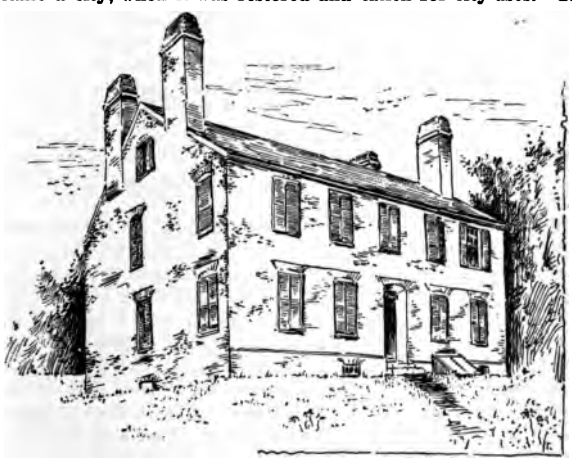
landscape, which was destroyed by fire about three years ago. Adjoining the church edifice, across Highland Avenue, is the present parsonage, also an old house which was long occupied by Dr. David Osgood, the third minister of Medford.

The second Thatcher Magoun mansion-house, next east, which was long distinguished as the finest place on High Street, has been the home of the **Public Library** since 1875. It was given to the town by Thatcher Magoun, 2d, for a library building, together with a generous plot of land and five thousand dollars in money. In remodeling the structure for library purposes care has been taken to preserve its general outlines and interior arrangement, and its appearance to-day is but slightly changed from that which it bore in the days of its prime as the hospitable dwelling of one of the worthies of the town. Within, with an excellent collection of books, and a cabinet of minerals, fossils, relics, especially rich in Indian curiosities, are several interesting portraits and pictures, — portraits of the two Thatcher Magouns, of Governor John Brooks, of William H. Burbank, and Samuel M. Stevens, the last two Medford men who fell in the Civil War; a painting of the old Cradock house (which we shall see in East Medford), by George S. Wasson; a crayon head of Whittier, by a local artist, and a large painting of Chocorua.

The Medford library originated in the Medford Social Library founded in 1825. It became the Town Library in 1856. Its name was then changed to the "Medford Tufts Library," in honor of Turell Tufts, who left by his will the sum of $5000 for its benefit, the income to be expended annually for valuable books only. In 1866, the town voted to call it "The Medford Public Library," and so it has since been known. It contains about 12,000 volumes. It has received numerous gifts in books as well as in bequests. The portraits, with the exception of that of Thatcher Magoun, 2d, were also gifts from individuals: the Thatcher Magoun, the elder, made from an old painting, coming from his son; the Governor Brooks (dating from 1818, by Frothingham of Charlestown), coming from Mrs. Dudley Hale in 1868; the Burbank and the Stevens from General Samuel C. Lawrence. The Thatcher Magoun, 2d, was ordered by the town and painted by Harvey Young of Boston. The crayon of Whittier was by William A. Thompson. Wasson's "Cradock House" was given by Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, and the Chocorua by John E. Richards.

The Savings Bank at the approach to the Square occupies the site of the house of Governor John Brooks, where he lived for many years, and died in 1825. **Medford Square** was originally the market-place, the centre of the town. It is yet the centre where the early public roads, the great highways to the surrounding country, unite, and where the municipal offices are established; but no longer the common centre for all Medford. Nearly all of *its long-cherished* landmarks have disappeared. There are still *standing*, however, one or two interesting structures of the *Provincial period*, and within its immediate neighborhood is an an-

cient garrison house dating from the earliest days of the Colony. The old brick mansion-house on the north side of the Square, with side walls rising above the roof after the fashion of colonial times, dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. This was originally the dwelling of Thomas Secomb, who is memorable as the founder of the first fund for the benefit of the poor and needy of the town, which became the basis of the substantial "Secomb Charities," now administered by the city authorities. In after years the house was transformed into a tavern, long known as "Simpson's;" and it suffered varying fortunes until the town became a city, when it was restored and taken for city uses. The



Old Garrison House.

old **Garrison house** in Pasture Hill lane, near by, was the third house in the plantation, built before 1640 by Major Jonathan Wade, and was first called a fort. It was originally but half its present size, the addition having been made in the latter part of the last century. The brick walls of the older part, exceptionally thick and stout, are pierced with "port-holes;" and it is strongly built throughout to resist attack. Fortunate in its owners, it is well preserved, and is yet a comfortable dwelling. The interior is most interesting, and its occupants courteously open it to appreciative *visitors.*

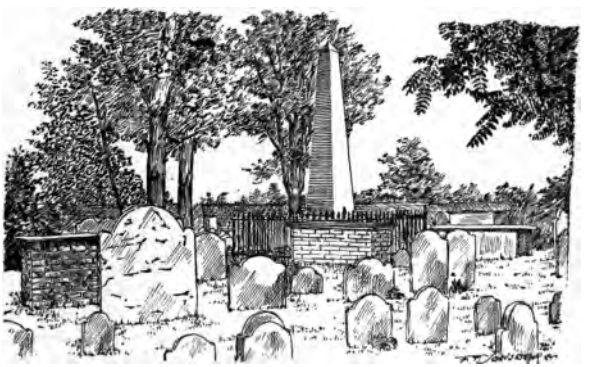
The Main Street approach to the Square from South Street,

where we turned to walk around the river and enter by High Street, is the old business thoroughfare upon which are the principal shops, mostly in quaint old buildings. Main Street was the first public road laid out in the settlement, and at first led from "The Ford" to Boston. The present **Cradock Bridge**, which carries over the river an arch of stone, bearing the dates 1638–1880, is near, though not directly on the site of the first bridge built by the settlers and the only bridge in the place over the Mystic for public travel until 1754. The view up and down the river from its side walls is pleasing. Salem Street, starting from the northeast side of the Square, and leading to Malden, was the second highway laid out by the town; High Street to Arlington, as already stated, was the third; and Forest Street, opening from the north side, leading to Stoneham "through the woods," the fourth. Forest Street, with its long lines of majestic elms and border of attractive estates, the stateliest of these old roads, is the Medford entrance to the Middlesex Fells by way of Pine Hill. [See Walk No. 9.] This hill is the highest elevation in the range known as "the Rocks," about a mile from the Square, and marks the northern boundary of the city.

Leaving the Square by **Forest Street** we soon get a good view, across the fields on the left, of Pasture Hill, the sightliest point of which, overlooking the lovely valley of the Mystic, is occupied by the picturesque club-house of the Medford Club. Continuing along Forest Street until Water Street, at the right, is reached, we may turn here, take Ashland Street at the right, follow this street back toward the Square, and come out on Salem Street, a stone's throw above the Square. By this course one of the fairest of the older residential sections of the place is traversed, and an excellent idea obtained of what Medford was in the old days of town-life, for here, notably on Ashland Street, is a delightful mixture of ancient and modern in the style of the houses and of their grounds. Beyond Water Street the way along Forest Street soon becomes more rural, the roadway presently narrowing and making picturesque turns, and the walk may be extended, if we prefer, to Pine Hill on the one side, and Wright's Pond on the other. There is no more inviting region in these parts, but it should be reserved for the outing in the Fells, to which a full day may with profit be devoted.

On Salem Street just below Ashland Street, on the opposite side, is the ancient **burying-ground**, the earliest known in the town, a *picturesque* though neglected spot, inclosed by a low stone wall *under which* the tombs extend. It contains the graves of a number of the early settlers and of old Medford families. Here are

entombed Governor John Brooks, distinguished as soldier and civilian; the Rev. Aaron Porter, the first settled minister of Medford; Deacon John Whitmore, one of the earliest settlers, and other members of the Whitmore family; Simon Tufts, the first physician of the town, and numerous members of the Tufts, the Willis, and the Wade families. The oldest gravestone bears date of 1684. One ancient stone, six inches thick, records the death of George Willis, aged ninety, in 1690. He was one of the early settlers near Cambridge, where he lived for sixty years. One stone in the Whitmore group is dated 1685, — that by the grave of Francis Whitmore, who died at the age of sixty-two. Deacon John Whitmore reached eighty-seven years of age. There are few epitaphs in this graveyard, and but a single monument, — the granite shaft over the tomb of Governor Brooks. Its modest inscription



The Governor Brooks Monument.

recounts in the simplest form his military and civic services and his distinguished virtues: —

Sacred to the memory of John Brooks, who was born in Medford in the month of May, 1752, and educated at the town school. He took up arms for his country on the 19th of April, 1775. He commanded the regiment which first entered the enemies' lines at Saratoga, and served with honour to the end of the war. He was appointed marshal of the district of Massachusetts by President Washington, and after filling several important civic and military offices, he was, in the year 1816, chosen Governor of the Commonwealth, and discharged the duties of that station for seven successive years to general acceptance. He was a kind and skillful physician; a brave and prudent officer; a wise, firm, and impartial magistrate; a true patriot, a good citizen, and a faithful friend. In *his* manners he was a gentleman; in morals, pure; and in *profession and practice*, a consistent Christian. He departed this life *in peace, on the 1st of March*, 1825, aged seventy-three. This monument to

his honoured memory was erected by several of his fellow-citizens and friends in the year 1838.

In addition to the public service recorded in this inscription Dr. Brooks was an influential delegate in the State Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution; after his term as marshal, he was inspector of the revenue, also by Washington's appointment; he served in both branches of the General Court and in the Executive Council of the State; and during the war of 1812 he was Governor Strong's adjutant-general. He was the second president of the Society of Cincinnati, president of the Washington Monument Association, and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Of Medford, he was esteemed the foremost citizen and was idolized by the inhabitants. "They referred to him all their disputes; and so judicious were his decisions, that he had the rare felicity to satisfy all parties, and to reconcile them to bonds of amity. It was observed by an eminent lawyer who resided there that he had no professional business in Medford; for Governor Brooks prevented all contentions in the law." [Drake.]

The oldest of the tombs along the front of the enclosure were built in 1767, long after it had come to be called the "old burying-ground." In the southwest corner was the slaves' quarter, in which a number of bondmen were buried in unmarked graves.

From Salem Street, near the burying-ground, we may proceed by way of Riverside Avenue to the ancient Cradock house in East Medford. The walk is about three quarters of a mile in length, and is uninteresting except on the river side of the avenue, where the marshes spread out magnificently. On Salem Street, just above Cross Street, at the corner of Fountain Street, is the site of the old Fountain Tavern, dating from 1725, long a familiar landmark. This was a famous inn in its day, and the most ambitious in the town. It was first called the "Palaver Tavern," from the picture on its great sign which represented two men who were called "palaverers" shaking hands; and it became the "Fountain House," when a new sign was swung out displaying a rude painting of a fountain pouring punch into a large bowl. Two great elms stood in front of the house, and in their branches were platforms, connected with each other and the house by wooden bridges, which were used in summer as places of resort for drinking punch and cordials. [Brooks.] Tea-parties were also sometimes gathered there. On Cross Street is another interesting old house, on the left, beyond the railroad bridge, in which Lydia Maria Child, the famous anti-slavery writer, attended school when a girl. She was a native of Medford, born in 1802. The house in which she was born is the Francis house, on the corner of Salem and Ashland streets, now occupied by the Medford Historical Society. Riverside Avenue was formerly Ship Street, so called from the shipyards here in the flourishing ship-building times. At one period, within a short walk along the river there were ten large yards in active operation. Here also, in the near neighborhood of

the Cradock house, were the first brickyards, the earliest opened in 1630, the first year of the settlement. The ship-building industry ceased in 1873 with the launching of the last Medford-built ship, from Foster's yard, near the point where the first ships built by Cradock's men took the water in 1632; but brick-making still continues.

The **Cradock house** stands on the left side of the avenue in an open field by the corner of Spring Street, just beyond two old-fashioned estates — that on the waterside the Foster homestead, — and a refreshing line of shade trees along the roadway. It is

The Ancient Cradock House.

believed to be the oldest house in the country now standing which retains its original form. The supposition is that its building was begun in the spring of 1634, immediately after the grant of land by the General Court to Cradock, which was subsequently defined as extending "one mile into the country from the riverside in all places." It was designed for a house of refuge and defense as well as for a dwelling, and long went by the name of "The Fort." Its walls of large-sized brick, Medford made, with a band of masonry projecting for ornament between the first and second stories, are eighteen inches thick, and the massive beams are of rough-hewn oak. The large arched windows in the back side, near the ground, were originally protected by heavy iron bars. It

had close window shutters, port-holes, and a lookout in the back wall of the western chimney commanding the shore approach, while the main door was incased in iron. The roof is double pitch, the top, six feet on each side of the ridge-pole, nearly flat. The interior was divided into large apartments, the walls lined with wainscot or hung with arras; and we are told that at one time an "elegant staircase, with rails and posts richly carved," ascended to the garret floor, which was one large apartment nearly sixteen feet high. In the brick-work are cupboards for the safe deposit of valuables, and elsewhere are several strong fireproof closets. There are three great fireplaces; one with heavy crane, in the back room on the west side, being quite deep. The house as it now stands is forty feet in front by thirty-two feet deep. But at first, it is conjectured, there was a large wing on the east side, where early in the present century the partly decayed wall was taken down and rebuilt. It was doubtless also surrounded by groups of outbuildings for farm and domestic purposes and by other structures; for the heirs of Cradock (who died about the year 1641), in a deed of this property given in 1652, mentioned houses, barns, and numerous other buildings. The field which the house occupies, slightly elevated above the marshes, was inclosed by palisades, and its only approach was by a private road through gates. It was included in the park impaled by the order of Cradock, to which Wood refers in the "New England Prospect," written in 1634, — "where he keeps his cattle till he can store it with deer." From time to time during its long life the venerable structure suffered numerous changes through the action of the elements and of man, and in 1882 its complete demolition was threatened. But at this juncture, happily, a number of gentlemen started a movement for its preservation, which resulted in its purchase by a public-spirited citizen, General Samuel C. Lawrence, and in its restoration by him to very nearly its original appearance. Ultimately it is General Lawrence's purpose to place this veritable treasure in the hands of the local historical society, to be maintained, under proper restrictions, as a public cabinet for historical relics.

Spring Street leads to the Glenwood section of East Medford, and Riverside Avenue continues to Wellington, the easternmost part of Medford city, about a quarter of a mile beyond. Following the avenue, which now onward winds as the river courses, the old Wellington farm on the waterside is reached; and about sixty *rods southeast* of the ancient farm-house on the promontory here, *we come to* the site of the first house built by Cradock's men, and *the first* one in Medford. This was set up in July, 1630, on the

highest point of the promontory, directly opposite Governor Winthrop's Ten-Hills farm on the north side of the river. It is supposed to have been a large log house, with a small deep cellar walled with stone, and a chimney of bricks laid in clay. It had attained a venerable age before it disappeared, and the cellar remained undisturbed until the third quarter of the present century. So late as 1855 some of the bricks of the old chimney were collected as souvenirs and are now preserved by Medford antiquarians. The discomforts of the walk from the Cradock house to this point will be forgotten in the enjoyment of the extensive view of river and marshes which it affords, and of the picturesque remnant of the ancient farm with its modern surroundings.

Wellington, the suburb which lies between the farm and the Maine Railroad on the east, is one of the most attractive of the newer quarters of the city in situation and finish, with pleasant roadways and suburban homes of modern type. From the station here we can make the return to Boston by steam cars (a short ride), or taking Middlesex Avenue we may cross the river and return by way of Ten-Hills, and the electric car lines down Winter Hill. An electric line along Middlesex Avenue is contemplated, and the Fens Parkway when finished will afford a choice of ways to Boston.

Walk b. Our West Medford walk will be a short one. The quarter lies somewhat removed from Old Medford, with which it is connected by an electric line along High Street, and is directly approached from Boston by the main line of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Southern Division.

Upon our arrival by the steam cars, we should pause at the station a moment and examine this structure. It is something unique in railway stations; not in respect to its architecture, which is conventional, but on account of the peculiar material entering into its composition. In the outside walls, the foundation of which is local stone, are imbedded a great variety of minerals, some jewels, many rare and numerous oddly shaped stones, shells, horns, billiard balls, polished marbles, coral, and other curious things, contributed by townspeople at the time of its erection, in 1885. In the interesting mixture are several specimens of tourmalines, agates, onyx, amethysts, garnets, jasper, pyrite, geodes, slag, syenites, basalts; quartz crystals from Hot Springs, Arkansas; rose quartz from the Bad Lands of Dakota; Amazon stone from Pike's Peak; a section of the mouth of a geyser, from Washington (State); malachite from Siberia; agalmatolite from Japan; an Indian *pestle; a whale's tooth*; a column of basalt from Giant's *Causeway, Ireland;* a stone profile of a woman's bust; and a

curious natural bust of Washington: a water-worn drift-rock found in Medford. A catalogue of the minerals in this novel public cabinet has been prepared by a mineralogist resident in the town and issued in a little "Souvenir" of the station.

Let us first strike for the **riverside**, taking Harvard Avenue, which leaves the square back of the station at the left. Following this way for a third of a mile or so, under the refreshing shade of its trees, and by pleasant suburban houses, — rather too thickly set, however, — we reach Arlington Street as the river is approached. Turning into the latter street, taking the left turn, we now follow the curving lines of the river back in the direction of Old Medford. Arlington Street is itself far from picturesque; but if we keep our eyes turned toward the waterside, we may, occasionally, in spite of the forbidding structures which man has raised, get pretty glimpses and sometimes open views of the river country. At the first sharp turn in the road we may look across to the pumping-station of the Mystic Water Works, with the grove about it, and College Hill rising beyond. Here is an inviting footpath leading down to the marshes, which we may take for a closer view. On the road again, we shortly reach Boston Avenue, which leads to Boston by way of College Hill, and, taking a turn down this way to the bridge, we have here agreeable views both up and down the river, notably up, taking in the arch of the railway bridge and the pleasant country rising beyond to the left. Back to Arlington Street we continue to its end at a junction of streets. Taking the left turn and crossing the railway track, we come to **Prescott Street**, the first on the right. Turning here we enter at once a neighborhood of fine roadside trees, which grows pleasanter as we proceed. On the right we pass the house in which the Rev. David A. Wasson, — the essayist and sometime minister, settled for a few years over the society formed by Theodore Parker in Boston, — lived during the latter part of his life, and where he wrote the most important of his works; and beyond, on the other side, we get glimpses of the fine estates of the brothers Hallowell, — Colonel Richard P. and Frank W. Hallowell. Through the side streets at the left we have pleasing vistas; while on the right, now and again, the river and its marshes display their charms.

Prescott Street formally ends where Mystic Street, one of Medford's fairest tree-lined thoroughfares, makes off at the left, over the high ground toward Winchester, but it drifts into a grassy *lane with* regular lines of trees on either side as if it were *intended to continue* the road when somebody's mind changed. It *is a lane* which we cannot resist, although its finish is indefinite.

The most traveled footpath is the well-beaten one down at the right toward the water's edge starting out along a slight mound. This continues onward around the base of the height which our lane approaches and crosses the marshes beyond to Winthrop Street leading to Old Medford. [See Walk *a*.] Keeping to our lane we stroll on toward the wooded hill ahead; and at its finish, either clambering over the stone wall at the left, or passing through the wires of the slender fence in front of us, we take footpaths to **Hastings's Bluff**, the rocky promontory, with fringe of trees on the waterside, which overlooks the marshes and Old Medford toward the left. The way from the wall or fence at the lane-bound is over private ground; but if we avoid the cultivated parts we may pass peacefully, for the estate owners here are generous-minded folk. Still, if we wish strictly to observe the rules against trespassing, — as every good citizen, we must admit, should, — we may approach this sightly bluff by the footpath below, and mount it on the further side. All along our lane and the hillside beyond, is to be found in its season a variety of spring flora. From the promontory, we go back to the footpath on the marshes, and turning to the left take the path across the field and down the slope to Hastings's Lane, leading over to the main roadway or High Street, by the eastern end of which we entered Old Medford on Walk *a*. This lane is also a private way, but we have the permission of the estate owners to cross it if we do so directly, and refrain from trespassing on either side. The place on the right, with mansion-house of smooth finish in the style of 1840, and yellow in color, is the homestead estate of the late Edmund T. Hastings, Sr. Standing back two hundred and fifty feet from High Street, on a knoll overlooking a broad view of river and valley, shaded by noble elms, with an old orchard near by, the house of comfortable proportions occupies one of the most charming natural situations in the county, and with its surroundings makes a pleasant picture.

Hastings's Lane meets **High Street** opposite the opening of Woburn Street, the old highway to Woburn, by way of Winchester. We are here to take the left turn and proceed through High Street, back in the direction in which we came on the other side. But first let us take a look at the quaint old houses on either corner, westerly. That on the south side was built long prior to the Revolution, and in 1775 was owned by John Bishop, in his day a leading townsman. The yellow gambrel-roofed house opposite, facing Woburn Street, is an excellent representative of late eighteenth-century architecture, known as the old Jonathan Brooks house. Jonathan Brooks was a tanner, and a second cousin of

Peter C. Brooks (the eminent Boston merchant of his time whose country-seat, now occupied by descendants, we shall later reach on this walk). The old style house next west is said to have been built by Peter C. Brooks for Jonathan, and the latter moved into it in 1837. Accordingly this is locally known as the second Jonathan Brooks house. Continuing along High Street west, the second house on the right, by Mystic Street, of brick covered with mastic, was built in 1851, by the Rev. John Pierpont, the distinguished Unitarian clergyman, reformer, and writer, for a brief period pastor of the First Parish of Medford, and later for twenty-four years minister of the Hollis Street Church in Boston. He died here at an advanced age in 1866. This house was unroofed in a remarkable tornado of the summer of 1851, the roof being carried into the front end of the house on the southeast corner of High and Mystic streets. The gambrel-roofed house on the corner of High and Brooks Streets is the old Teel house, somewhat remodeled. If we choose, we may take the electric car passing through this tree-embowered thoroughfare, but by so doing we would miss the heights at the right, finishing in old Mystic Mount, long a favorite outlook with old Medfordians, which, as Brooks wrote, was regarded by them somewhat as an "ancient member of a family." This is now a little public park, bearing the name of "Hastings's Heights." We may reach it through side streets at the right, — directly by the street next below Mystic Street. Its narrow rocky summit affords a pleasant view, but not so extensive and satisfactory as it would be were the near-by houses less obtrusive. From this park we should strike for the valley by way of Vernon Street on the further side, bearing to the left and crossing by a footpath over the fields below, to the roadway close up to the station. For the beautiful trees adorning the older West Medford streets east of the railroad track, the inhabitants are indebted to the late Edmund T. Hastings, formerly of Cambridge, who personally superintended the setting out of them.

Crossing the track and again in the park back of the station, let us now take the main highway, at the right, which is yet High Street, the thoroughfare having made a circuit across the railway track and around the park. As we enter the highway, note, at the right, the fine English-like field of the old Peter C. Brooks estate, which extends onward and around the high ground, bordering the Mystic Ponds for a mile or so, — one of the most extensive and beautiful estates round about Boston. The highway continues by well-favored suburban homes, and under the shade of fine trees, which we have observed are features of West Medford roads. The little park at the right, at the opening of Grove Street, is called the

"Delta," and the handsome trees which it incloses were planted in the '50's by Peter C. Brooks, then the head of the Brooks

Piece of Wall, along Grove Street, built by Slaves.

manor, who set out numerous other roadside trees and much embellished his ancestral seat. Grove Street, in early days the

Arch Bridge over old Canal Bed.

"Road to the Woods," is delightful through its entire length — passing in picturesque curves over high ground, alongside of the Brooks estate, by "Baconville," to Symmes's corner in Winchester, making there connection with other highways. [See Walk No. 18.] Continuing on High Street below the Delta, we observe on the left side of the way a clump of willows at the lower corner of Boston Avenue. These are close to the site of a canal-house of the old **Middlesex canal**; and opposite, from the right side of the roadway, we catch, through a lovely vista, a view of the old solid stone arch bridge spanning the bed of the canal, which passed through the Brooks estate. In the foreground this side of the arch, almost hidden in a nest of spruce trees, is an interesting **Indian monument**, which we may visit by permission of the farmer of

Monument to Mystic Indians.

the estate, whose house is on the street line. The monument is a shaft of rough granite bearing this inscription: —

To
Sagamore John.
And to those
Mystic Indians
Whose bodies lie here.
1630–1884.

Here are buried parts of several skeletons of Indians exhumed near by in 1882 during the work of grading for a new building; and the monument was erected by Francis Brooks, whose children are the present owners of the estate. Twenty years before, very near this spot, the remnants of five Indian skeletons were found, together with the iron head of a fish-spear, a stone skin-dresser or knife, *parts of a tobacco* pouch, and a stone pipe with stem of rolled *sheet-copper*. One of these skeletons was perfect, and was sent by *the late* Edward Brooks, at that time the owner of the estate, to

Professor Agassiz, by whom it was put together and set up in the Museum at Cambridge.

Sagamore John, chief of the Mystic tribe, died in 1633 of smallpox, at his dwelling-place on the point afterward known as Beacham's and later as the Van Vorhees farm, at the junction of the Mystic and Island End Rivers; and was buried, with many of his people, by Samuel Maverick, whose house was at that time on the other side of Island End River, on the present Naval Hospital grounds. [See Walk No. 4.] He was friendly to the English settlers and apprised them of threatened attacks of unfriendly Indians. [Brooks.]

It is but a few steps beyond the farmer's house to the finish of the **Mystic Valley Parkway** and the bridge at the Weirs below. Before the establishment of the Parkway, there was here a lovely field, entered from the roadway by a turnstile, over which a footpath led to the banks of Mystic Lower Pond, and to one of the most charming rural walks in the neighborhood. It is now all changed, and in place of the pastoral Mystic Banks is the broad, modern "boulevard" extending across to Winchester. [See Walk No. 18.] From the bridge at the **Weirs**, where the pond enters the river, the view over the pond, with the gently rising, partly wooded, lands on the Arlington side, makes a pretty picture.

If we desire to extend our walk further we may continue along High Street toward Arlington, taking the footpaths, on the pond side, at the right from High Street, and shortly bearing toward the left, crossing to Mystic Street; or keeping to High Street, coming out in each case in Arlington Centre. The Arlington pond-side walk is full of charm. If we take either of these ways we should return to Boston from Arlington Centre by either electric or steam cars. Otherwise, we should retrace our steps and return from the West Medford station by which we came.

Arlington, Turkey Hill, Mystic Ponds.

Boston to Arlington (from Bowdoin Square) through Cambridge by electric car, 6¼ miles; by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 6 miles. Fare, electric car, 5 cents; steam car, 13 cents.

Walk a. [No. 16.] Leaving the electric car at junction of Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street, or steam car at Arlington station: covers Pleasant Street and cross street to Spy Pond; the shores of Spy Pond back toward Massachusetts Avenue; the avenue (old Lexington road) from Cooper's Tavern past historic points to Arlington Heights; the avenue back to Forest Street; Forest Street to and over Turkey Hill; country roads to Mystic Ponds; the Partings (between upper and lower Mystic) to the Mystic Valley Parkway; the Parkway direct or hill paths and Grove Street to High Street, West Medford; High Street to the West Medford station [B. & M., S. Div.].

Walk b. [No. 17.] By Mystic Street to Mystic Ponds, along the rural path on the Lower Mystic side to the Partings, and by the Parkway along the Upper Mystic side to Mystic station, or Winchester station [B. & M., S. Div.]

Arlington was a part of Cambridge until 1807. Its Indian name, which it held until after the Revolution, was Menotomy, from the narrow stream now known as Alewife Brook, a tributary of the Mystic River, which separates it from Cambridge and Somerville. From 1732 to 1807 it was the Second Parish of Cambridge. It was incorporated in 1807 as West Cambridge, and took its present name in 1867. It was the scene of the severest fighting of the British retreat from Concord and Lexington in 1775. Nearly half of the American killed fell in the struggle from the "Foot of the Rocks" (near the western boundary) through the centre of the village, and along old Menotomy Plain at the easterly end; and the first British prisoners captured in the Revolution were taken here. It was long a place of extensive market gardens, but now, although there still remain a number of fine farms of this order, it is largely a suburban dwelling-place. It occupies a broad valley and picturesque hill slopes. Its loftiest hill, Arlington Heights (310 feet), near the southwestern boundary, commands a widely extended view; and Turkey Hill, the second in height (200 feet), lies on the north side. Its jewel is Spy Pond, one of the loveliest pieces of water in a region of pleasant ponds.

The ride from Boston to Arlington Centre by steam car occupies about twenty minutes, by electric car forty-five minutes. The electric car ride is much the pleasanter, being mainly along the wide Massachusetts Avenue, well favored with trees through and beyond North Cambridge, passing historic spots, and as the town is approached affording agreeable views. Beyond Porter's Station (North Cambridge), stone tablets marking points of interest connected with the first fight of the Revolution appear by the roadside. A glimpse of one of these is caught just above the church [Baptist] on the left, opposite Kidder Street, under a large elm. It marks a point where "four citizens were killed by British soldiers retreating from Lexington." This is within the *limits of* Cambridge, and was placed in 1880, when Cambridge *celebrated its* first quarter millennial. The first of the Arlington *series is* some distance beyond. Look for it after the car crosses

the steam railroad tracks, and passes the venerable elm of large trunk, the survivor of two noble trees which for more than half a century formed the eastern gateway of the town. It appears at the right side of the road on the outer edge of the sidewalk, in front of a house of modern pattern, marking the site of Wetherby's or the Black Horse Tavern, "where met the Committee of Safety in 1775." In this tavern the Committee of Safety and Supplies was in session on the evening before the British move on Lexington and Concord, and again in the forenoon on the historic Nineteenth, when Heath, who later in the day directed the hot attack on the retreating British along "Menotomy Plain," and presumably Warren, who was in the thick of the fight here, and lost the pin from the hair of his ear-lock by a British bullet, were present. Elbridge Gerry and Colonels Lee and Orne, three of the committee, "put up" at the tavern for the night, after the meeting of the evening of the 18th, and before daybreak they were surprised by the appearance of the king's troops on the highway and barely escaped capture.

Lieutenant-Colonel Smith's detachment passed the tavern on the march out from Boston at about two o'clock in the morning, and Gerry and his associates "arose from their beds to gaze on the unwonted spectacle." While thus engaged they were surprised by the approach of an officer and file to search the place, and half dressed hastily left by the back door. Gaining the fields behind the tavern, "they threw themselves flat on their faces among the stubble," and so lay concealed until the danger was passed.

At this point at the left we have our first view of Spy Pond and the chain of fair hills beyond; and on the other side of the avenue pleasant distant views occasionally open as we ride along. The way grows more interesting as Arlington Centre is approached. The soldiers' monument, at the junction of the avenue and Broadway from Somerville (the old Charlestown road), was placed in 1887, and upon the occasion of its dedication on the 17th of June that year the orator was Mr. John Q. A. Brackett, afterward Governor of the State, and the poet, Mr. James T. Trowbridge, both residents of the town. Old "Cooper's Tavern," the Arlington House of to-day, just beyond, is a relic of Revolutionary days, reconstructed.

The car proceeds through the centre along the Lexington road (now a link in the thoroughfare of Massachusetts Avenue from Boston through Lexington) to the "Heights" about a mile and a quarter beyond. We leave it by the old church on the Pleasant Street corner, and begin our walk with a stroll about the village. The notable features are all within easy reach. The place where we alight is *historic ground*, as the tablet in front of the church *green informs us:* —

At this spot
on April 19, 1775,
the old men of Menotomy
captured a convoy of
eighteen soldiers with supplies
on its way to join
the British at Lexington.

These "old men of Menotomy" were the "exempts," patriots left behind by the minute-men as too old to serve at "the front," and they had the distinction of effecting the first capture of the Revolution.

Cooper's Tavern.

Their "plan of campaign" was arranged at Cooper's Tavern, where they met immediately after word had come of the approach of the convoy, — Lord Percy's wagon train which had become separated from the main body of his troops on their outward march, — and the attack was led, tradition says, by Parson Phillips Payson, of Chelsea, although this is disputed. The attacking party numbered about a dozen men. They took position behind a low stone wall on the opposite side of the road, and, when the train reached this point, suddenly rose, leveled their guns, and called upon the officer in charge to surrender. For answer, the drivers lashed their horses and strove to dash out of range. But the fire from the stone wall was quick and effective, four of the escort falling dead or wounded, and several of their horses being disabled. The survivors instantly scattered, leaving the officer alone. Several of them ran across the fields to Spy Pond, into which they threw their muskets. A half dozen, continuing their flight down the westerly bank of the pond, suddenly encountered an old woman digging dandelions, and to her imperious demand they straightway surrendered. "She led her captives to a neighbor's house, and then delivered them up with the injunction to tell the story of their capture to their king." [Drake.] The present home of the author and poet, James T. Trowbridge, on the bank of the pond facing Pleasant Street, Drake assures us, was "the arena of Mother Batherick's exploit." The abandoned wagons were drawn by their captors into a hollow east of the present railway station, the dead horses were buried in a field near by, and the living ones were driven to Medford.

The church across the green is interesting as the successor of *the first* meeting-house of the First Parish, organized in 1739, *[now Unitarian]*, and as a good example of the ecclesiastical *architecture* of the middle of the present century in New Eng-

land. The Town-House, opposite, is of the same period, — built in 1852, five years after the church, — but far less attractive. Its best side is that which is presented to the railway station, for the reason that it is well covered with ivy. A new Town-Hall, of modern architecture and embellishment, happily is contemplated. The finest specimen of the early nineteenth-century mansion-house in the neighborhood is that set between cross streets southwest of the church; the most notable schoolhouse is the well-designed building near by it; and the chief architectural ornament of the town is the

The Robbins Memorial Library.

Robbins Memorial Library, the next neighbor of the church, housing the oldest free library in the State. This building was erected in 1892 by Mrs. Maria C. Robbins of Brooklyn, New York, a native of the town, in memory of her husband, Eli Robbins, also born here.

The architects, Cabot, Everett & Mead of Boston, have produced in this building an ambitious structure of buff Amherst, Ohio, sandstone, in the Italian Renaissance style, with large window arches, carved supporting pilasters, cornices, and lintels, and marble-faced open vestibule. The interior features are a reception hall, entered under vaulted arches supporting a rotunda extending to the top of the building, and terminating in a heavily gilded dome, resting on carved Corinthian columns, the walls of Iowa marble to the spring of the arches; the gallery, above the arches, protected by balustrade; the reading-room at the left of the reception hall, with vaulted ceiling and groined window arches; a smaller reading-room with circular end; the book-room and librarian's room at the right of the reception hall; the study in the second story; a public lecture-room in the mezzanine story. The building occupies the site of the homestead of a brother of Eli Robbins, and the mansion-house now on the cross street was moved back to make way for it.

This library contains about 12,000 volumes. Its foundation was a small bequest for a juvenile library for public-school children received in 1835, under the will of Dr. Ebenezer Learned of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, a native of Medford, who had spent his early life as a teacher in Menotomy, and was grateful for the "hospitality and friendship" he enjoyed there as well as an "uncommon share of patronage afforded" him. An annual appropriation has been made by the town for its support since 1837, and substantial gifts have been received from townspeople. It now enjoys the added income of the Elbridge Farmer fund of $50,000, given by Elbridge Farmer, a brother of Mrs. Robbins, also a native of the town. Miss Lizzie J. Newton has been the librarian for a number of years.

Let us now cross the church green, and, entering Pleasant Street, visit the ancient burying-ground behind the church, in which are historic graves. Toward the further side, close to the main path (which follows the line of a brook once flowing through the yard), is the monument over the common grave of twelve of the twenty-two Americans who were killed within the limits of Menotomy by the British soldiers on the retreat from Concord and Lexington. They were buried, we are told, "without coffins, in the clothes they had worn when they fell." The low slate gravestone which was afterward placed above their remains, and now stands at the right of the monument, is thus inscribed: —

Mr. Jason Russell was
barbarously murdered in his own
Home by Gage's bloody Troops
on ye 19th of April, 1775. Etat 59.
His body is quietly resting
In this grave with Eleven
of our friends, who, in like
manner with many others, were
cruelly Slain on that fatal day.
Blessed are ye dead who die in ye Lord!

The monument, which bears date of 1848, was erected by a number of the townspeople, Mr. Peter C. Brooks, of Medford, aiding by a generous subscription. Three only of the twelve who were buried here were Menotomy men. The British slain, upward of forty it was estimated, were buried in the ground near the brook, or in various parts of the town where they fell. Jason Russell's house still stands, but removed from its original site further back from Massachusetts Avenue. The site is indicated by a tablet on the sidewalk edge, which we shall pass on our way up the avenue to the Heights. Jason Russell was one of the principal men of Menotomy, and his farm and land covered a large territory. The two other Menotomy men buried in this common grave were Jabez Wyman and Jason Winship, two of the "exempts," who had participated in the successful attack on Percy's supply train. They were killed during the retreat at Cooper's Tavern, where they were caught unarmed and dispatched by bayonet, as the tablet on the Medford Street side of the tavern relates. The remaining nine, whose names are not now known, were minute-men from various towns. When the grave was opened at the time of laying the foundation for the monument, seventy-three years after the hasty burial, the bones were found well preserved, together with a number of rusty buttons, a shot-pouch, and some flints, and they were then reinterred in a vault beneath the shaft. The full inscription on the monument is as follows: —

Erected by the
inhabitants of West Cambridge,
A. D., 1848,
over the common grave of
Jason Russell, Jason Winship, Jabez Wyman,
and nine others
who were slain in this town by the
British Troops
on the retreat from the battle of
Lexington and Concord,
April 19, 1775,
Being among the first to lay down their lives
in the struggle for
American Independence.

Another interesting stone in this old yard is that over the grave of Amos Whittemore, the inventor of the cotton and wool card-making machine, patented in 1797, and first worked in Menotomy. He was the grandson of Samuel Whittemore, whose extraordinary experience in the 19th of April fight is related on the tablet set up on Mystic Street, a few steps east of the railway station: —

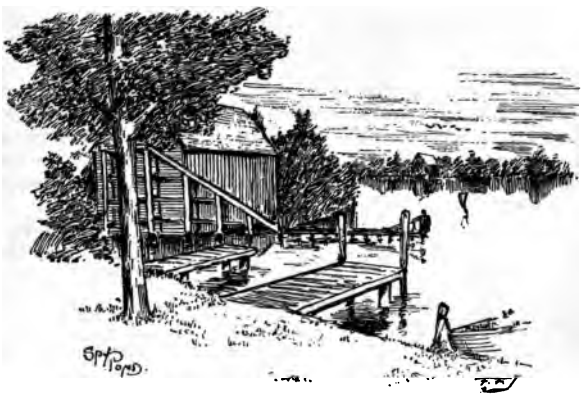
Near this spot
Samuel Whittemore
Then 80 years old
Killed three British soldiers
April 19, 1775.
He was shot, bayoneted
Beaten and left for dead,
But recovered and lived
To be 98 years of age.

From the graveyard we turn again into Pleasant Street (the old Watertown road modernized), pleasant by nature as well as by name, and stroll down toward cross streets to the pond. High

Spy Pond.

over the broad roadway the branches of the noble trees which line it *form for some distance* a continuous arch, and on either side is a

picturesque mixture of suburban and country houses. The estates are open to the street, without fence or wall, some with fair lawns, others with old-fashioned gardens, others with elaborately finished grounds. Those on the water side generally extend to the pond, toward which the land gently slopes. Back of some of them are winding lanes and footpaths leading to the water's edge.



On Spy Pond Shore.

One of the most picturesque of these estates is that of James T. Trowbridge, the poet and story writer, which lies close to the pond. The street continues pleasant all the way to Belmont, and is one of the favorite drives of this section. We may reach the public path skirting the pond by way of Addison Street, on the left of Pleasant Street (some way above the house of Trowbridge), and following this path to the left we make the return to Massachusetts Avenue by back streets on the other side of the railroad track coming out on the avenue near the Arlington House. The pond path passes the chapel-like boat-house, the hospitable club-house of the Arlington Boat Club, and the "Menotomy Shore" House, where modest refreshment may be purchased, and boats hired for a sail on the lake. Note by the way the fine trees with vine-covered trunks at the foot of Addison Street, and the spreading willows at the water's edge where the *boats are moored* below the club-house.

The walk along Massachusetts Avenue from the Pleasant Street *junction to* Arlington Heights is not especially interesting beyond

the Jason Russell house site, and it might be better to cover this distance by car. There are, indeed, cheerful views along the way, — of distant fields and cultivated uplands on the left, and on the right, the valley with occasional glimpses of Vine Brook coursing through, and greater forest-covered hills beyond; but these may be seen and enjoyed almost as well from the car, if it be an open one, as from the sidewalks. The Jason Russell house moved back from its original site, and turned sideways to the avenue, is the plain cottage, flanked by smart suburban dwellings on the left, just above Jason Street, about five minutes' walk from the church green. It has been curtailed since Revolutionary times, but something of the old interior is yet preserved. The twelve minute-men, who, as the roadside tablet relates, were killed in this little farmhouse, in the April Nineteenth fight, were caught by one of the British flanking guards thrown out in advance of the retreating column.

They were mostly Danvers men who had been driven from their ambuscade in the rear of the house, and had taken refuge within it, the road in front at that moment being filled with the main body of troops. "Russell himself," says the local historian, "was shot down at his own door, and was stabbed again and again with the bayonets of the pursuers as they rushed in killing every man they could find. Eight Americans escaped to the cellar. One soldier was shot on the cellar stairs, and his comrades dared venture no further; they plundered the house and went on." The Danvers men who were killed here were buried in their own town.

Scattered along the highway, closely pressed with modern dwellings, are yet standing a few of the old farmhouses of the Provincial period; and on one of the cross street corners, on the right, is the fine old shell of the "Great Tavern," afterward "Russell's," which was sacked and fired by the British on the retreat, but saved by the townspeople after the soldiers had passed on. Along Vine Brook were once numerous mills, where are now but few, the pioneer of which was Cooke's Mill, set up as early as 1637, at the foot of the present Water Street, in early times known as "Captain Cooke's Mill-lane." This Captain Cooke was an important man in the colony; a captain in the Cambridge company of the militia, a selectman, and a member of the General Court; later, returning to England, he served as a colonel in Cromwell's army and lost his life in Ireland. On the left side of the avenue near the opening of Forest Street, at the right (where we are to turn for our rural walk to Turkey Hill and beyond, after we have "done" the Heights), is the Robbins Spring house, a popular bicycle stopping-place where spring water and other refreshments may be *obtained. Arlington* Heights is easily mounted by the *fine road called Park Avenue.* From the broad summit we have

a brilliant view of the surrounding country in its frame of hills, with Boston and the harbor in clear outline, at the east, and in other directions Monadnock, Wachusett, and more distant mountain peaks. The most extended prospect is from the water tower, which is open to the public on holidays and Saturdays. This hill was Circle Hill before a land company christened it Arlington Heights (in 1872), and at the time of the Revolution, and before, it was part of the chain of lovely elevations known as the Welsh Mountains.

Returning to Massachusetts Avenue and going back to Forest Street, we take the latter street and turn our steps northward. After crossing the railway, the street becomes a charming country road winding over highlands from which are frequent picturesque vistas through the openings of the trees. Turkey Hill, rising in easy slopes at the right of the road, is soon reached. Following the cart-road which curves along the sides of the hill, and foot-paths mounting it gradually, we come to the summit. Here is a rocky tip well shaded, but sufficiently open to disclose a wide prospect of town and country below. At the left lies Arlington in its fine setting; in front are fair fields, woodlands, hills, and vales, and beyond the outlines of distant mountain tops; at the right, stretches of woods, here and there broken by pastures and well-tilled farms. It is a less extensive view than that from the loftier Arlington Heights, but more diversified. The hill is used by the Signal Service. It is called Turkey Hill from the fact that once wild turkeys abounded here with other game, and it was a favorite hunting-ground.

Instead of returning directly to the road, we may take a short cut through the piece of pine woods extending for some distance down the hillside, and meeting the road at a point farther on where it makes a turn. Of the roadway, by far the pleasantest part is beyond the forks, two miles from Arlington according to the guide-board, where the regular Winchester road turns to the left, and ours becomes "Fruit Street." This street soon narrows into a peaceful lane-like way, thickly bordered with shrubs and vines and overhanging trees, meandering delightfully up and down. When it broadens again and reaches a high point, a lovely view opens just beyond an old farmhouse at the left, embracing the upper Mystic, parts of Winchester, and neighboring towns at the north of Boston. The road has now become Oak Street, and it is but a short distance to its finish at a part of the old Mystic *Street now* abandoned.

Here we turn to the right to cross over to the modern Mystic *Avenue*, and therefrom to enter the grounds of the Water Works.

The most direct way is across the farm which lies between the two roads, but this is private property, and we must make a "loop," passing down the old road a few rods to its junction with the avenue, and then back along the avenue to the opening of the Water Works road. The latter is not a public thoroughfare, but it is hospitably opened to carriages, bicycles, and foot-passers. It makes a circuit through the pleasant inclosure to the dam at "The Partings," between the upper and lower Mystic, and thence to the eastern side, affording, on the approach to The Partings, an extended view of the upper pond and the country bordering it. Of the lower pond the fullest and prettiest view is obtained from or just below The Partings, — a scene of quiet beauty, more urban

The Lower Mystic Pond, from The Partings.

than that of the upper pond region, the right banks, slightly elevated above the meadows, being more thickly occupied by estates, and through and above the trees in the background appearing the house-tops and church spires of the town. The fish-way at The Partings on the upper pond is maintained by the Massachusetts Fish Commission. Before the upbuilding of the dam, The Partings was a most picturesque spot. Wild grapes then grew in thick vines among the trees along the shore.

The Mystic Pond, formerly Medford Pond, was originally about three miles in circumference, *half a mile wide*, and eighty feet deep at the deepest part, *divided into nearly equal parts* by a shoal called The Partings from earliest

times, where once was a road. The pond is the source of the Mystic River, and its only fresh-water tributaries are Alewife Brook, rising in Lexington and flowing through Arlington, and the Aberjona River from Winchester. When it was taken for the water supply of Charlestown in 1861, the upper part was enlarged, overflowing the bordering meadowlands, to an area of two hundred acres: and the stone dam at the Partings was built, excluding the tide from this part. The Water Works were completed in the autumn of 1864, and passed to the control of the City of Boston with the annexation of Charlestown in 1874, becoming a branch of the Boston system. From this pond the Charlestown District, and the cities of Somerville, Chelsea, and Everett are now supplied. The reservoir is on College Hill, and the pumping-station at the foot of the hill near the Mystic River in West Medford. Before it was taken for water works, the pond was a favorite resort with fishermen, and in the early days of the Colony shad and alewives were among the fish in abundance here.

Our course is now to the right along the Parkway on the left side of the lower pond, reached through the gateway of the Water Works road. Or if we find the Parkway, with its broad treeless surface, monotonous, we may take the uplands on the further side and here follow foot-paths, or strike across to rural Grove Street. The Parkway takes the place of a narrow grassy plain fringed with tree and bush to the water's edge, picturesquely uneven and well-wooded hillocks rising on the land side, and the bed of the old Middlesex Canal distinctly outlined a good part of the way. Not a few of those who knew the place in its pastoral days, which continued to the very beginning of the Parkway construction, regret the change, while they rejoice that the beauties of the region are thus opened and made accessible to the general public. While they miss the footpaths along the banks rich in flora, the thick side woods, and the broken lines of the side hills, they find the pond views yet charming, and, as the West Medford end by the Weirs is approached, still remaining the masses of reeds and rushes against the curving shores which gives this part a finishing charm.

The English-like country-seat of the Brooks family which spreads back from the side hills, and originally included Mystic Banks, is shut off from the Parkway by stout wire fencing, but something of its attractions can be gathered through glimpses beyond the fencing, especially toward the end of the Parkway. Along the highland paths, toward the railroad and Grove Street, is to be found much early May flora, — the violet, anemone, buttercup, columbine, wild strawberry, blueberry. By either Grove Street or the Parkway we reach High Street; and thence, to the left, our way is direct to the West Medford station, from which return trip to Boston is made by steam car. The way along High Street between the Parkway and the station is also covered in Walk No. 15 *[West* Medford], in the description of which note is made of its *features.*

Walk b. From Arlington to Winchester, by way of Mystic Street and the banks of Mystic Ponds. This is a short walk starting from Arlington Centre by the railway station. Mystic Street opens from the north side of Massachusetts Avenue, and goes on to Winchester. We are to follow it for a mile or so to cross streets leading down to the Lower Mystic Pond, then take the shore path around to the Partings, there cross over to the further shore of the Upper Mystic, and thence enter the Parkway which is to be followed to the finish of the walk at Mystic station, or the Winchester station, a half mile or so beyond.

Along Mystic Street, on the outskirts of the village, we pass some of the older market gardens of Arlington, pleasant modern dwellings, and country-places. On the left pleasing views are occasionally had across gardens and fields to a picturesque background of hills. In a curve of the road, looking down Glen Avenue, at the right, and over a little valley, we get the first fair glimpses of the pond (the Lower Mystic) glinting through a distant band of trees. Glen Avenue would lead us to the shore path, which skirts almost the entire length of the Arlington side of the pond, but a pleasanter way is beyond, by Fairview Avenue. Reaching the latter we turn into it upon a grassy sidewalk, and shortly are in rural parts. The avenue soon becomes a road, and then a footpath passing down a sharp tree-covered slope to a junction with the shore path. Here is a primitive wharf for rowboats, from which we have a pretty water view framed in curving lines of shore. We take the shore path at the left, as we entered from Fairview Avenue. In both directions, however, it is inviting, at the right making off into an avenue of trees into what seems to be as pleasant a region as that at the left. And so it is, for some distance ; but it may be reserved for a by-walk, — across to Medford Street and the Weirs, where, at the bridge, Medford Street in Arlington becomes High Street in West Medford.

Our shore path walk grows lovelier as we proceed. For the most part the path keeps close to the water's edge, winding with the winding shore line. Now it follows the ridge of a bluff, now passes through water-side groves, cuts through narrow openings in fences to the pond's brink dividing estates, skirts pleasant fields. It is essentially rural throughout, with springing turf, borders of bush and vine, and a continuous fringe of trees affording refreshing shade. The path finishes in the Water Works road, coming down from Mystic Street, close to the dam at The Partings, which our Walk *a* covered.

Crossing The *Partings*, we approach the Parkway at the left, *instead of the right as in* Walk *a*, by way of the Upper Mystic

shore on the further side of the Water Works building, the Parkway being behind the bluff. We enter it from the first opening from the shore, at the right. The walk onward is in marked contrast with that which we have followed along the Arlington banks, but it has its charms. The broad way skirts the pond side to its finish at the Bacon estate where it crosses the artistic bridge, and takes the line of the Aberjona River, to Winchester village [see Walk No. 18]. If we prefer to go on to the village we cross the railroad by the road bridge (Bacon Street) and take the Parkway at the back of Mystic station, or follow the footpath from Mystic station along the right side of the railroad, joining the Parkway at a point further on by the foot-bridge over the river. Beyond Mystic station the Parkway passes through a grove of splendid oaks, well on in years, being on the extensive Symmes's farm.

Winchester and Woburn.

Boston to Winchester, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 8½ miles. Fare to Mystic station, 15 cents; to Winchester proper, 16 cents. By electric car, from Scollay Square, by way of Medford (change at Medford Square), 8½ miles; fare, 10 cents.

Boston to Woburn, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 10.3 miles. Fare to Woburn Centre, 20 cents; to North Woburn, 25 cents; to Mishawum, 25 cents; to Cross Street, 18 cents.

Walk a [No. 18]. In Winchester. Beginning at Mystic station, embraces a section of the Parkway by the Aberjona River side to Mystic Ponds; Grove Street on the upland; Symmes's Corner; Winchester Centre; Washington Street to Winchester Highlands; the John Harvard allotment; Cross Street to Main Street from Woburn; Horn Pond Brook crossing; the rural region in Wedge Pond neighborhood; Rangeley; Church and Cambridge Streets. Return from Winchester station.

Walk b [No. 19]. In Woburn. Begins at North Woburn station. Features along the way: Birthplace of Count Rumford; the Baldwin mansion-house; the Winn homestead; Hungry Plain; Mt. Plainum; Rag Rock; Cummingsville; the Kendall mills region; domain of Captain Edward Johnson, "the Father of Woburn;" Listening Hill; Shaker Glen; Lexington Street; Military Lane; the Woburn Public Library; Woburn Centre. Return from Woburn Centre station.

Walk c [No. 20]. Begins at Mishawum station. Features: Richardson's Pond, head of the Aberjona River region; "New Boston;" old houses at Ames's Corner and on rural New Boston Street; Woburn Forest Park; landmarks of Main Street; Mt. Gilboa; the ancient burying-grounds at the Centre; Meeting-house Hill. Return from Woburn Centre station.

Walk d [No. 21]. Begins at Cross Street station. Features: Horn Pond Mountain; Horn Pond; field and wood walk to Zion's Hill; rural way toward Lexington; Munroe's Meadow and the brook. Return from Munroe station, Lexington.

The portion of Winchester embraced in the Middlesex Fells is covered in Walk No. 10, starting at the Winchester Entrance to the Fells.

Winchester, as the tablet on the clock-tower of its town-house informs us, was "Waterfield 1638 — Charlestown Village 1640 — Winchester 1850." The "Waterfield allotments" when laid out were in the wilderness within the bounds of Charlestown, and embraced the greater part of what was afterward South Woburn, and the vicinity about Horn Pond, Woburn. Winchester was formed (incorp. April 30, 1850) in large part from South Woburn, with pieces of Medford on one side, and of West Cambridge, now Arlington, on the other. Its situation in the lovely valley of the Mystic is exceptionally picturesque. Pleasant elevations above the valley, the lake-like Upper Mystic Pond, Wedge Pond and Winter Pond, the Aberjona River coming down from Woburn to the Upper Mystic, tree-bordered roads, groves off from the roadsides, and bits of woods are among its landscape features. The name of Winchester was selected from a number suggested at the time of the formation of the town — Waterfield, Avon, Channing, Winthrop, Appleton, and Winchester — for the reason that Colonel William P. Winchester, a wealthy resident of Watertown, had offered to give a sum of money to be expended for a town-house, or other municipal work. Colonel Winchester died scarcely three months after his gift was made. Winchester is attractively built, many of its houses displaying good taste and beauty in architectural design; and in its clusters of modern structures are here and there old-fashioned dwellings and family seats which wear their years with becoming dignity. The town forms the western gateway to the Middlesex Fells.

Woburn was the first of the towns set off from Charlestown, and originally included, besides the larger part of Winchester, the present towns of Wilmington and Burlington on the north and northwest, the former taken from its territory as early as 1730, and the latter in 1799. The exact date of its incorporation was September 27, 1642. It was named for Woburn in Bedfordshire, England, in honor of "Noble Captain Sedgwick," the chairman of the committee appointed by the town of Charlestown, in 1640, to set the bounds of the new town, and one of its chief founders, who came from the English Woburn. This name was selected by Sedgwick's friend and admirer, Captain Edward Johnson, the early historian of the Colony, who was the leader of the founders of the town, Frothingham calling him "the Father of Woburn." He was the first town recorder or clerk, and in the early records, which are fortunately preserved, gave minute details of the development of the settlement. In his colonial history, the "Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour," he thus describes the place: "The situation of this town is in the highest part of the yet peopled land. . . . It is very full of pleasant springs and great variety of very good water, which the summer's heat causeth to be more cooler, and the winter's cold maketh more warmer. Their meadows are not large, but lie in divers places to particular dwellings, the like doth their springs. Their land is very fruitful in many places, although they have no great quantity of plain land in any one place, yet doth their rocks and swamps yield very good food for cattle." Although Woburn has been a city since 1888 (incorp. May 18, 1888), it yet retains much of the charming country look which characterized it as a rural town. It has numerous picturesque heights, notably Rag Rock, Mt. Gilboa, Mt. Pleasant, — the English Hills of ante-Revolutionary times, — Horn Pond Mountain, Listening and Whispering Hills; lovely glades and glens; fair ponds; and the Aberjona River, meandering through meadows and fields on its tranquil way to the Mystic in Winchester; pleasant woods, rich groves, and shady streets, which have won for it the name of the "City of Trees." Woburn is distinguished as the birthplace of Colonel Loammi Baldwin, of Revolutionary fame, one of the makers of the Middlesex Canal, and the introducer of the toothsome "Baldwin" apple; of his eminent son, Loammi, 2d, the "father of civil engineering in America;" and of the celebrated Benjamin Thompson, afterward Sir Benjamin, and later Count Rumford. In its Public Library and Art Gallery, known as the Winn Memorial, it possesses one of the best specimens of the architect Richardson's work in refined public buildings; and it has a number of choice, old historic houses. Woburn is locally divided into six sections: the Centre, Cummingsville, North Woburn, Mishawum, Walnut Hill, and Montvale.

Walk a. We leave the train at Mystic station and start from the left side of the track. The street above the railroad here connects the two sections of the Mystic Valley Parkway, which extends from Winchester Centre to Mystic Banks and West Medford, following the Aberjona River on the other side of the railroad to this street, then taking the right side beyond, the river crossing under the railroad, and entering Mystic Pond near by. Our walk begins on the right side parkway. We may reach the street either by the steps directly from the station platform, or by the plank walk over the field. Let us take the latter, coming out on the street at a point opposite the lower parkway opening. Here we enter a pleasant region, but bereft of much of the beauty it *once possessed,* through its transformation, in part, from a private *rural estate* to a modern residential quarter, in which the picturesque outlines of its undulating surface have been changed, and

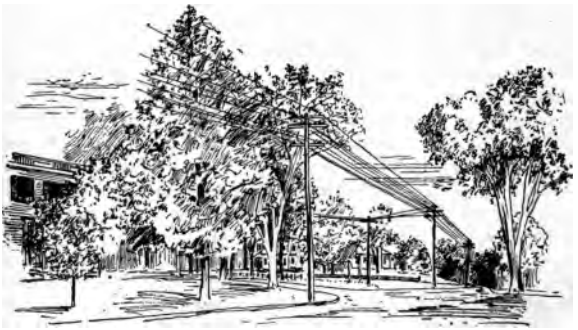
many noble trees sacrificed. The parkway bends to the left toward the river brink; then takes the bank sweeping close up to a serene old mansion-house; then curves to the bridge which crosses the point where the river makes into the pond; thence reaches Mystic Banks, and so spreads along the full length of the upper and lower ponds to the "Weirs" at the bridge between West Medford and Arlington. [See Walk No. 16.]

We keep to the parkway but a short distance — only through the old estates into which it cuts, and over the bridge to the road dipping under the railroad bridge. The mansion-house by which it passes, dating from about 1830, was before its construction the centre-piece of a lovely spot. Trees here abounded. There were the old-fashioned, moss-grown brick walks, through an old garden; masses of shrubbery on the river line; on a mound close to the water a group of magnificent willows which artists loved to sketch; an old orchard covering the slope toward the bridge. Years ago the river here was dammed, and the music of the waterfall gave peculiar charm to the place. All this is now gone. The waterfall was stilled by the blasting of the dam some time after the raising of the Mystic Pond, and the overflowing of fair meadows, for the Mystic Water Supply; and now, in place of the old trees and the rural surroundings, is the broad, sunny "boulevard" pushing intrusively almost to the steps of the old house. In

The Aberjona River at Mystic.

Indian times these grounds were occupied by Indian camps. According to some authorities this region was on the outskirts of the reservation of the Squaw Sachem, the widow of Nanepashemit, Sachem of the Pawtuckets, who was killed by the fighting Tarratines *sweeping up from* the Penobscot in their war canoes in *1619. This reservation* lay mainly on the west side of the pond.

Taking the old road under the railroad bridge we stroll up the steep hill to beautiful Grove Street, the rural road from West Medford, passing by the Brooks domain. [See Walk No. 15.] Turning here to the left, a short walk along the shaded way, by attractive estates, brings us to ancient Symmes's Corner, where this street



Symmes's Corner.

ends, and three roads meet. The thoroughfare over which the street car lines run is Main Street: that part at the right being the old road to Medford, that at the left the old road to Woburn leading through Winchester village; and the first road at the left, from Grove Street, making down the hill, is Bacon Street, which we crossed from Mystic station to the parkway.

Symmes's Corner is within the allotment of land to Zachariah Symmes, the minister of Charlestown, made in 1638, — four years before Woburn was marked out, when this was a wilderness, — a portion of which has remained in the possession of the Symmes family from that time. The original grant covered three hundred acres, extending over to Mystic Pond. Later enlarged by three hundred more acres, the Symmes's farm became one of the richest in the settlement. The house which marks the Corner, now crowded by too near neighbors, is locally called the old Deacon Symmes house. The grander mansion-house of Captain John Symmes, a soldier of the Revolution, long stood at the junction of Grove and Bacon streets. It was burned in 1864. At an earlier *date the homestead of Caleb Brooks, birthplace of Governor Brooks, was* here. The tall-trunked elms, towering above their *neighbors*, by Bacon Street, have stood since early days, and yet *are rich-leaved.*

From Symmes's Corner, we turn into the old Woburn Road, or Main Street, now a handsome way of pleasant residences, not too close together, by which Winchester Centre is reached. Just beyond the Corner note the broad view over the neatly trimmed market garden occupying a hollow, to the distant range of Arlington hills. Fifteen minutes brings us to the junction with Washington Street, and the turn of Main Street to the Centre at the left. Around the bend, about opposite the side of the Unitarian Church, the old Black Horse Tavern used to stand, its site now marked by the house of Mr. George F. Fosdick. This was a famous inn of stage-coaching days, and an early Revolutionary rendezvous. It was a wide-spreading building, with ample grounds, including the Black Horse farm, and great stables for coaching teams and the huge "goods wagons" which regularly traveled the "Great Road" of which this was a part, constituting the highway between Boston

Winchester Town Hall and Public Library Building.

and New Hampshire. The neighborhood about the tavern was long called Black Horse Village. The house stood an ancient landmark until about 1892, occupied as a dwelling after its abandonment as an inn in the fifties. Keeping to Washington Street, the next turn to the right is Mt. Vernon Street leading into the Middlesex Fells [see Walk No. 10], and that to the left, Pleasant Street, *upon which is the* chief architectural monument of the *town — the well-designed* Town Hall and Public Library build-

ing, in a picturesque situation beside the Aberjona River, and near the site of the first house and the first mill in the settlement, both built by Edward Converse in 1640.

The Town Hall and Public Library was built in 1886, from plans by Rand & Taylor, architects, Boston. The shape of the lot, an elongated triangle, required a peculiar and unusual ground plan, long and rambling, so that the structure was designed in a free Romanesque style. As the building is approached from the railroad station, the mass, dominated by the lofty clock-tower, is strong and impressive. The large assembly-hall, with galleries and the police-station in the basement story, occupies the end toward the station; the central portion, with entrance through a picturesque two-story loggia, is used by the various town officers; and the extreme end is the Public Library section. The latter is arranged after the best models, and is well lighted by a large arched window in the gable end and high stack windows. The inside finish is Georgia pine, the floors rift hard pine. The heating is indirect, operated by a fan. The general effect of the building is picturesque, dignified, and good as a mass, from any point of view.

The Winchester Public Library has developed from a village library founded in 1848, which was presented to the town in 1859, under certain conditions, for public use. In the Library wing is an historical room occupied by the Winchester Historical and Genealogical Society, in which is a set of carved oak furniture, cabinet, table, and chairs, made and finished on the site of the pioneer mill of Edward Converse, and by the same water-power that he used. The furniture was given to the society in commemoration of Converse, by the wife of a descendant, Mrs. Edward S. Converse of Malden.

Returning now to Washington Street we are to follow this street for a mile or more to North Winchester (or Winchester Highlands, the modern name), close by the Woburn line, to the lands allotted to John Harvard, the young minister of Charlestown, whose name Harvard College bears. Along this street runs the electric line between Winchester and Stoneham (Mystic Valley line), making the turn Stoneham-ward into Forest Street, at the right, near the Harvard lands toward which we are bent. Washington Street, like the other roads through which we have been strolling, is a pleasant way, plentifully supplied with trees. Here and there are old-time houses mingled with the new, and on the right we have a continuous view of the highlands of the Fells, with house-tops above the trees in the foreground, marking the line of Highland Street, one of the finest of the newer Winchester roads. The old estate on the left, as Cross Street (near the turn of the street car line) is approached, is that of Nathaniel A. Richardson (a descendant of Samuel Richardson, one of the earliest settlers) who is one of the best-informed men in Winchester on early local history and topography. The Harvard lands are just above the opening of Cross Street: at least so says tradition, backed by the evidence of ancient deeds brought to light by Judge Edward F. Johnson, of Woburn (a lineal descendant of Captain Edward Johnson, the leader *of the founders* of Woburn).

In the "Abstracts of Early Woburn Deeds Recorded in Middlesex County Registry, 1649–1700," by Judge Johnson, is given a copy of a deed, without

date, from Joanna Richardson, administratrix of the estate of her husband, Samuel, to her eldest son, John, of dwelling-house, barn, orchard, and land, lying in Woburn, abutting to Jones (a contraction for Aberjona) River, northeast, the Buck Meadows northwest, and to land of John Harvard, southeast.

This allotment was made to Harvard among the first ones marked out, in 1638, and contained about 120 acres. It adjoined that of Thomas Graves, the "rear admiral," of Cromwell times, who was one of the seven commissioners

John Harvard Lands.

for the founding of Woburn; and subsequently Graves bought it, possibly from Harvard's widow. From the Graves family it came into the possession of one of the Richardson brothers (Ezekiel, Thomas, and Samuel, all of them of the seven commissioners), and a part of the territory still remains in the Richardson family. The "Buck Meadow" was the meadow land in the valley of the Aberjona, a little way northward between Burbank's Pond and Richardson's Pond.

The old house above the Forest Street corner, on the right, is another Richardson house, and is supposed to be upon or near the site of the original homestead here after the clearing of the grounds. From the road in front of this house, looking west and northwest, we have a pastoral landscape, of wide-spreading field and distant hills, — Mt. Pleasant, or the English Hills, as the range was called before the Revolution [see Walk No. 19], being fullest in view; while the road itself, turning beyond off to the right, apparently into woodland, makes a pretty picture.

Back to Cross Street we now bend our steps westward on our way across country and around to the further side of Winchester Centre. Cross Street connects North Winchester with Main Street in Woburn, in the near neighborhood of the Horn Pond region. It passes by the Winchester Highlands station on the main line of the railroad, and, further along, by Cross Street station on the "loop line" through Woburn Centre. The road is picturesque in parts, and inviting for its lead toward rural ways.

A short stroll *on rising* ground brings us to a broad open at the *left through which we have* a fair view over the Aberjona valley,

with Hillcrest and other Fells heights forming the background of the picture. Some distance beyond we pass, on the other side of the road, a fine belt of pine and red oak woods, with a road line of maples. Bearing to the left the road again crosses an open and approaches an inviting wooded elevation, known as Russell's Hill, on that side. The hill being in our direction suppose we leave the road and make a cross-cut over it. We shall find a footpath leading thither and along the hillside. It is a rocky hillock, the summit cedar-covered, and affords refreshing shade after our open road-walk. Leaving it by the western slope, we cross to the railroad track, and, following the track to the south, shortly come to an opening toward the main road on the right — Main Street from Woburn. If we hold to Cross Street instead of making this cross-cut (and it is to be remembered that the railroad is not a thoroughfare, and we walk it at our peril, while the hill, partly wire-fenced, is private ground), we shall enter Main Street a little way above, near the Cross Street station.

Our rule being to avoid highways as much as possible, we take the most inviting cross way, from Main Street, at the right. This is a short street, by the side of an ancient house on a bluff facing the highway. The house is another Richardson homestead, formerly occupied by Caleb Richardson and built about the year 1710. Its site is also historic, being within the bounds of the original grant to Ezekiel Richardson, one of the seven commissioners to lay out Waterfield lands, in 1638. Although somewhat remodeled and strengthened throughout by its present owner, Mr. George G. Stratton, it retains much of its early appearance, — resembling in style old Plymouth county houses dating from Pilgrim days, — and makes a pleasing picture in a neighborhood of very modern structures.

We are now heading for Wedge Pond, and Wedgmere, the modern name for its neighborhood, a half a mile or so westward. Following the pleasant street into which we have turned we soon reach a rural quarter about an old organ factory. Taking here a well-worn footpath directly from the street, and cutting through a little grove, we suddenly enter a dainty dell. The path pushes through tangled thickets and vines down to a bit of woods and a brook over which it is carried by a single plank bridge. Thence it continues a little way further on, by clumps of alders and wild bush, to an open field. The brook is Horn Pond Brook, and it connects Horn Pond in Woburn with Wedge Pond toward which *we are making*. It enters the dell by a graceful bend across *meadows, and* babbles along in and out of the trees and rich under*growth, then,* shortly turning, passes out of view, lost apparently

in a tangle of verdure. Following our path to its finish and crossing the open, diagonally, we now take the road, lined — on the inner side — with tenements of factory or tannery operatives, and keep it for a few rods toward the tannery ahead. Barring the tenements, which are not beautiful, it is a pleasantly placed road, with the open on one side extending to the curving line of trees marking

The Brook in the Glen.

the brook-way, and on the other, back of the tenements, a splendid hillside grove. Before we are quite to the tannery, we strike a wood road at the right, which is our way to Wedge Pond and Wedgmere. It leads along the lower edge of the rising grove-land, and shortly reaches the picturesque cemetery of Winchester, well named Wildwood, through which are numerous pleasant driveways and paths. We come upon the pond, on the left side of the road, gradually, catching glimpses of it through the noble trees which adorn its sloping banks. Wood paths lead down to the water's

edge. It is a small pond set in an attractive frame of shore with bordering estates.

Wildwood Street takes us from this woody region to Cambridge Street, another old thoroughfare coming down from Woburn and extending toward Arlington, and into a fine residential quarter. We stroll along this broad avenue to Church Street, — the "Driver's Lane" of 1646, and to-day one of the fairest of suburban streets, — and thence enter "Rangeley," or continue direct to the railway station. Along Cambridge Street we pass an old house or two; and as we turn into Church Street, we come close to the spot where tradition says was the wigwam set up by Captain Edward Johnson in 1645, or thereabouts, on his "parcel of land near Plain Street," the earlier name for this part of Cambridge Street. Lying along Church Street, in the part where now is the Abijah Thompson estate, was the farm of the early settler, Increase Nowell, one of the court of assistants with Governor Winthrop and the first magistrate of Charlestown. "Rangeley" is a quarter of English park-like characteristics, on rolling highland embellished with masses of stately trees, which extends across toward Mystic, having its outlet on a short street parallel with Bacon Street. The walk along its main road is a pleasing one, and may be taken for the entire length if we choose to return by way of the Mystic station where we started. But if we hold to our original plan, to return from Winchester Centre Station (which is the better one, for we may loiter about the adjoining Common while waiting for the train), we stroll into this quarter and not through it: far enough, however, to see its beauty.

This walk might well be extended, or a supplementary one taken, farther along Cambridge Street to the west side of the Mystic. Some distance beyond Church Street, on the left side of the road, lies the Everett estate, owned and occupied by Edward Everett at the time of his death, as his summer seat. It was in his day a beautiful place, adorned with a rich variety of shade trees, and with gardens and orchard; and the mansion-house, still standing near the pond side, of dignified air, spacious and ample throughout, has received many distinguished guests. The side road, a rural way in parts, is named Everett Avenue (would that it had been called road instead) in honor of Mr. Everett. This estate, like those on the northeasterly side of the enlarged pond, was curtailed and despoiled by the raising of the water for the Charlestown water supply about the year 1865. The anxiety *caused by this matter, with the resulting lawsuit, hastened Mr. Everett's death, which occurred suddenly, as may be remembered, shortly after the delivery of his appeal at the Faneuil Hall meeting*

in aid of the suffering people of Savannah, in January, 1865. The wigwam of the Squaw Sachem, in the midst of her reservation, stood on the ground of the Everett estate, tradition says, in 1639. Farther on, into Mystic Street, the region is reached into which Walk No. 16 extends. And beyond we can take the pond-banks, along which narrow footpaths wander delightsomely. [See Walk No. 17.] This walk would end naturally in Arlington; but from the pond-banks we can reach High Street, and, taking the left turn, cross the Weirs and so continue on to the West Medford station; or taking the right turn come out in Arlington Centre. If we elect to ride instead of to walk, we can make the distance covered by both of these walks — the regular and the supplementary one — in an afternoon, leaving our carriage or wheel to "do" the features which can only be covered on foot.

Walk b. Starting from the North Woburn station, left side, we take Nichols Street to Main Street, and Main Street to Elm, thus reaching directly one of the most notable features of historic interest in Woburn,— the birthplace of Count Rumford. Ten minutes brings us to this treasured landmark. Along the way we see from Nichols Street, at the right, the bed of the old Middlesex Canal, and we pass a house or two of ancient date. That on the southerly corner of Nichols and Main streets is the Tay-Nichols house, dating from about 1730, the homestead for many years of Major Samuel Tay, who was a captain in the Revolution, from 1776 to 1784. He commanded a company of Woburn men who marched in June, 1776, for Ticonderoga and remained there in service for five months. He was Major Tay from 1784 to 1797, and died in this house in 1804. A short distance up Main Street, to the right, is the Lilley-Eaton house, a modest mansion-house of the mid eighteenth-century period.

The Count Rumford birthplace is but a few rods from the Main Street corner, a house of plain and simple exterior, standing well back from the roadway, with an old well-sweep at one side. It is of wood, solidly built, the interior showing the stout oaken beams of its frame. It dates from about 1714, and in all the years that have passed it has suffered little change in general appearance. It was originally the farm-house of the Pierce farm, owned at one time by Aaron Cleveland 2d, ancestor of President Cleveland, and in 1729 bought by Captain Ebenezer Thompson, grandfather of Count Rumford. Rumford, born Benjamin Thompson, made his advent into the world in the year 1753, in the west lower front room, now occupied by the Rumford Library. This is also the main room of the Rumford Historical Association, which was organized on the

one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Count Rumford, in 1853, for the preservation of this house, and its maintenance as a depository of historical material. Among many interesting things here brought together are the Rumford Library, formerly the old "New Bridge" or North Woburn Library; numerous relics of Count Rumford, including his own books, papers and prints; a safe containing various documents with the manuscripts of lectures delivered before the Rumford Historical Association; an eighteenth-century bedstead with other pieces of ancient furniture, each with a history; pieces of the Rumford ash which used to stand before the house, in various articles hand-made by Mr. Marshall Tidd, an old resident of North Woburn.

Birthplace of Count Rumford.

This was Benjamin Thompson's home during his boyhood, under the care of his grandfather, his father having died soon after the boy was born, and his mother having speedily again married, — her second husband being Josiah Pierce, Jr. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a shopkeeper in Salem, and while there his mind was turned to scientific studies, through his interest in the talk of members of a local scientific club, who were accustomed frequently to drop into the shop. He made numerous chemical and mechanical experiments, and at the age of fourteen, it has been said, he was "sufficiently advanced in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and even in the higher mathematics to calculate a solar eclipse within four seconds of accuracy." He also became quite expert in engraving. At sixteen he went to Boston and there became a clerk in the dry-goods shop of Hopestill Capen, which was kept in the little brick building yet standing on the corner of Union Street and old Marshall Lane. Three years later, then a handsome youth, with engaging manners and a well-stored mind, he went to Concord, N. H. (then the town of Rumford), and there "first enjoyed the favors of fortune"

by marrying the rich widow of Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, and daughter of the Rev. Timothy Walker, "a highly respectable minister" in Rumford. She was his senior by fourteen years. This marriage brought him into the best society of the period and introduced him to men of prominence and influence in Provincial affairs. When the Revolution broke out he held a major's commission in the militia, from Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, and soon fell under suspicion of being unfriendly to the American cause. He was in Boston through the siege, and upon the British evacuation of the town sailed for England as bearer of dispatches from Governor Wentworth. There he attracted the attention of Lord Germaine, and was given a clerkship in the secretary's office. Shortly after he was advanced to the secretaryship of Georgia, and four years later became under-secretary of state. Upon the resignation of Lord North's administration he entered the English military service and was assigned to a cavalry command in the American war. But by this time the Revolution was practically ended, and he soon after retired with the rank of a lieutenant-colonel. Next proposing to join the Austrian army against the Turks, he chanced at Strasburg to receive an introduction to Prince Maximilian, afterward elector of Bavaria, who invited him to enter the service of that state. Obtaining leave of the British government, and receiving at the same time from George III. the honor of knighthood, he accepted the prince's offer, and spent the next eleven years in Munich in distinguished services as minister of war, minister of police, and grand chamberlain to the elector. During this period he "reorganized the Bavarian army; suppressed mendicity, and found employment for the poor; . . . immensely improved the condition of the industrial classes throughout the country by providing them with work and instructing them in the practice of domestic economy." The order of St. Stanialaus was conferred upon him by the King of Poland in 1786; and in 1791 he was created by the King of Bavaria "Count of the Holy Roman Empire" with the order of the White Eagle. He took the name of Rumford in honor of the town where the foundation of his fortunes was laid in his marriage with the wealthy widow — with whom, however, he did not long live, leaving her in 1776 upon his departure with Governor Wentworth's dispatches to England. He died, in Auteuil, Department of Paris, in 1814. The statue of him, in Maximilian Strasse, Munich, was placed in 1861. During all his years of military and civil service, Count Rumford was a constant student of the sciences, and writer on scientific subjects: and he is ranked by his biographer, the Rev. George E. Ellis, with Franklin "as the most distinguished for philosophical genius of all that have been produced on the soil of this continent." He was a founder of the Royal Institute of Great Britain in 1799-1800; founder of the Rumford Medal in 1796 in charge of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston; and by his will founded the Rumford Professorship of Harvard University.

Next in historic interest is the Baldwin mansion-house at the further end of the bow which Elm Street makes to rejoin Main Street, about a quarter of a mile beyond the Rumford house. The walk over takes us, after a while, into a section of old estates and a picturesque open country. The comfortable-looking house next to the corner of the first street opening at the right, once a prosperous dwelling, is now the Home for Aged Women, given to this institution by William Tidd and his wife, its long-time owners. That next beyond, on the same side, is known as the William Nichols house, built in 1760, and sometime occupied by Moses Winn, one of the numerous public-spirited Winn family of Woburn. As we approach the Baldwin mansion-house we observe the old-fashioned stateliness *of the neighboring* places, with their mansion-houses of *Provincial type set in* grounds of generous proportions. But the

Baldwin place is the stateliest, extending over wide territory of fields and meadows, groves and woods, quite like an English domain. The house stands slightly back from the roadway under the shadow of majestic trees, with a great elm on the street line. It has been well described, we must agree, as one of the most imposing and best preserved of ancient homesteads of New England worthies. Built of brick and wood, of three stories, with balustraded roof-lines, ornamented front, spacious porch and ornate window above, "the glass reflecting in prysmatic colors the rays of the sun," it is in exterior an example of Colonial architecture ranking nearly in line with the Royall house in Medford [see Walk No. 14], the Craigie house in Cambridge [see Walk No. 28], and the few others of like stamp yet spared in the country round about Boston. The house bears date of 1661, as the tablet on the elm in the side-

The Baldwin House.

walk states, but its present appearance was given it at a later period, perhaps toward the middle of the eighteenth century, with the enlargement and extension of the original structure. The interior, which wears the ancient look, shows the double hall, with front and back stairway, separated by the landing on the second story; solid, hand-carved woodwork; on the street floor spacious drawing *and dining* rooms where "free-hearted Hospitality used to be;" and *broad cham*bers above. On the second floor of the extension is the *Baldwin* library, — a large collection of rare books and manuscripts

which should be preserved in the Woburn Public Library. Valuable relics of by-gone days embellish the house: its furnishings are of the old-time order, and in a niche in the wall, beside the landing of the stairways, is yet the "Old Clock on the Stairs," the ancient timepiece celebrated in Longfellow's verse, ticking its "Forever — never! Never — forever!" Of the line of trees in front of the house, standing like sentinels close up to the entrance-path, one (that at the right as the house is approached) was planted by slaves of the Baldwins, before the Revolution.

This was originally the homestead of Henry Baldwin, from Devonshire, who was prominent in the Charlestown settlement, a signer of the "Town Order" in 1641, with the Woburn settlement in view, and one of the earliest settlers of the new town, a selectman and deacon of the first church; and it has been occupied by his descendants through six generations. Its most distinguished occupant was Colonel Loammi Baldwin, great-grandson of Henry, born in 1745; an officer in the Revolution; representative in the General Court; the first high sheriff of Middlesex after the adoption of the State constitution; a projector and one of the principal proprietors of the Middlesex Canal, serving as an assistant engineer in its construction; the cultivator and introducer of the toothsome Baldwin apple. He was an intimate friend of Count Rumford from boyhood, and as young men they were associated in attending scientific lectures at Harvard College, and in making practical experiments. His son, Loammi Baldwin, 2d, born in 1780, who has been called the "father of civil engineering in America," was connected with most of the great works of internal improvement in the country during the first thirty years of the present century. The chief monuments of his skill are the Government dry docks in the Charlestown and Norfolk Navy Yards. George Rumford Baldwin, son of Colonel Loammi, by the latter's second wife, was the last representative of the family bearing the Baldwin name in Woburn. He died in this old mansion in 1888, leaving a daughter, now Mrs. W. A. Griffith, residing in Quebec, and the present owner of the property. The house is now in the care of a representative of Mrs. Griffith.

From the Baldwin house we retrace our steps along Elm Street back to West Street, the first opening to the westward. Thence we cross to Pearl Street, and, taking the southern turn, proceed for some distance along this rural road to Winn Street, by which, in a southeasterly direction, we reach in course of time the neighborhood of Rag Rock. Pearl Street, soon after passing West Street, bends toward the west, and crossing "Hungry Plain," passes Woburn bounds and enters Burlington, in which town it makes the junction with Winn Street. "Hungry Plain," a Puritan name, is a wide level sweep with western background of noble forest, and Mt. Plainum (so named from its elevation above the plain), rising in a fine slope, on one side. This mount was early mined for minerals, but without profitable result, and sometime went by the name of Copper Hill. It was purchased in 1692 for mining purposes by Francis Burroughs, a wealthy *Boston merchant, who paid* for it a sum far in excess of what the *property would bring to-day.* The ancient name of the plain is

perpetuated by a local scholar in the poultry and egg line, who, we observe, displays over his roadside office the sign "Hungry Plain Egg and Poultry Farm." This is a region of old homesteads, some of which have passed down to their present occupants from the earliest settlers. On Winn Street, by the Pearl Street junction (here we take Winn Street at the left), is the Colonel William Winn house, — homestead of the father of Jonathan B. Winn, the benefactor of the Woburn Public Library, — on the farm which has been in the Winn family for a long time. We follow Winn Street back over Woburn bounds to Elijah Street, a cross street at the right leading over to Bedford Street; and from the latter, a few rods west of Elijah Street, take Houghton Street by a steep rise to Rag Rock side. Leaving the road at about its highest point, and striking into the field at the left, we approach the cliffs by the winding footpath here.

It is an easy climb quite to the summit, and, as we mount, the prospect broadens in charming detail, until, the top reached, we have a panorama covering a wide circuit. Taking position on the eastern end and facing east by south, we have below us, beyond a foreground of green fields, Woburn City, its church spires and house-tops, and notably the beautiful Library building, in clear outline, rising above the thickly set trees. Further southeastward, the prospect is bounded by Mt. Pleasant (270 feet), — the series of tree-clad elevations which until the Revolution went by the name of the English Hills (a fact disclosed by Judge Edward F. Johnson in 1896 through examination of old deeds) from their resemblance, doubtless, to the sweet hills of old England, and which lost that name with the outbreak of hostilities when so many English names disappeared, like King and Queen streets in Boston, and "every sign that belonged to a tory." On the south we have a fair view over the Aberjona valley to Winchester, Horn Pond, and Horn Pond Mountain, and the more distant Zion's Hill. Then as we walk up the rock westward, to a slightly more elevated point, the eye sweeps over Cummingsville to the lovely country beyond, with Whispering and Listening Hills toward the southwest. This craggy height (245 feet) well warrants its name of Rag — old English for rugged — which was given it by the earliest settlers. It is easy of access, except at one point, the eastern edge, where it is picturesquely precipitous; and with the building of the circuit boulevard connecting the Middlesex Fells and the Winchester Parkway with picturesque features of Woburn, as now planned, the construction of a carriage-way to the summit is proposed. In 1896 the city council took measures to acquire the front or southerly portion for a public reservation.

The earlier name of the English Hills applied to the present Mt. Pleasant, Judge Johnson found, first appears of record in the will of John Brooks, Sr., dated July, 1690. In a deed of date December, 1698, from Nathaniel Richardson to his son James, mention is made of "The Great Hill," by which was meant the highest of the Mt. Pleasant elevations, more commonly referred to in deeds of that period as "The Mountain." After the Revolution, when the name "English" fell into disfavor, the height was called "Brooks Mountain," because, as Judge Johnson shows, the whole or the greater part of it was owned by members of the Brooks family, who held it for about two hundred years. This name was retained until the middle of the present century. After that it came to be called indifferently Frog Hole Mountain, Blueberry Mountain, and Mt. Pleasant. In accordance with Judge Johnson's plea, its first English name will probably be restored.

We leave Rag Rock summit by a path slightly further west than that by which we came up, and return by Houghton Street to Bedford Street, where, taking the left turn, we swing into the long walk through Cummingsville across to Cambridge Street, thence to the old Kendall Mill quarter, and by cross road to the Listening Hill region.

Cummingsville gets its name from David Cummings, who established himself on an extensive farm here about 1770, and started the tanning industry which his grandson, John Cummings, subsequently developed to large and prosperous proportions. The old David Cummings homestead is yet retained, and near by we pass the more modern estate of John Cummings, itself now agreeably old-fashioned. Cambridge Street, into which we turn, at the left, from Bedford Street, continues through pleasant parts, growing more rural as we advance. Off to the right, as we enter it, is Babylon Hill, and further south lies Whispering Hill. As we approach the old Kendall Mill neighborhood, about half a mile beyond the turn from Bedford Street, we pass the opening, at the right, of a grassy lane through the woods, which is historic as well as pretty. This is old Sawpit Lane, so named by the first settlers.

Kendall Mill, by the side of John Johnson's Saw-Mill Brook, which yet runs across the fields by Cambridge Street, was one of the early mills of the town. It was on the Kendall farm, which was originally a part of the homestead estate of Captain Edward Johnson, the "father of Woburn," and, purchased in 1672 and 1688, has, with little curtailment, remained in the possession of the Kendall family since that period. Passing the Kendall house we turn into Russell Street, at the right, and so reach the path to Listening Hill. A walk of about a quarter of a mile up this country road, fringed with foliage and wild bush in bloom pressing close to the roadway, brings us to a farmhouse on the left, locally known as the Darmody house, at the hither side of which, in the broad pasture *spreading up* the slope, we shall find our path. The *lands on either side of the* road were in Captain Edward Johnson's

allotment, and perhaps he had his own fair holdings in mind when he pictured the new town so attractively in his "Wonder-Working Providence." The path up the hill is by an easy grade, and before we quite realize it, so pleasing are the expanding views, we are at the turn to the summit, at the right. This consists of a group of rocks, with long flat surface, above the tree line. The hill, rising 260 feet, is slightly higher than Rag Rock, but the view from it is more contracted because of higher hills in the neighborhood. The picture disclosed is almost wholly rural. Occasionally we can discern farms and pastures in opens on the slopes and in the grand sweep of trees below, and we may hear the tinkling of cow-bells, as the early settlers heard them when they came up here to listen for their strayed cattle, and so gave the hill its poetic name two and a half centuries ago. From the northern end, looking northeasterly to the horizon line of hills, we can trace the misty outline of Monadnock's peak.

We make the descent by the southwesterly slope, not in an easy saunter as we ascended, but by a plunge down the steep, almost

In Shaker Glen.

precipitous side bearing to the south, through thick growth of *slender* trees, shrub and flora, into Shaker Glen, one of the most *picturesque* regions in all the picturesque country round about Boston. Other places in the circuit show greater beauty at special

points, but none equal in extent is so continuously interesting. Here is a dale extending in charmingly irregular line, perhaps a mile and a half long, now cutting between lofty cliffs, now along gentle hill-slopes, now in and out of masses of jagged rocks, and the singing brook, with many a turn and "many a curve," coursing through the middle. Noble trees are here, luxuriant vines, rich mosses, ferns, varieties of brook plants; birds abound; fat turtles luxuriate in the stream. Our path lies in a north-easterly direction along the brook, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, the crossing being made by stones above the rocky bed, or by protruding tree-trunks. At length we reach an open where our brook — Turkey Hill Saw-Mill Brook, by name, given it by the early settlers — meets the John Johnson Saw-Mill Brook, coming over from the old Kendall Mill region. Thence we follow a well-worn footpath through a grove spreading back from the latter brook, shortly emerging into a field, and so return to Russell Street a little way below the point where we left the road for the approach to Listening Hill.

Back through Russell Street to the Cambridge Street junction, our course is now toward Woburn Centre, about a mile and a half to the eastward. Crossing Cambridge Street we take Lexington Street opposite the Russell Street opening, and follow this thoroughfare direct into Pleasant Street (practically a continuation of it), to the beautiful Public Library building; or we may make a détour, passing Hiawatha Grove of lofty pines, by way of the historic road between Cambridge and Burlington Streets, formerly known as Military Lane. This used to be traveled by the yeoman soldiery going to the Colonial Wars, and was the way by which later some of the Woburn minute-men hurried to Lexington and Concord. These roads, like the others we have traversed, are well favored with fine side trees, and as they reach toward the urban parts they pass through attractive country, alongside of hillside groves, by broad opens, and pleasing vistas. The Public Library presents its rich front elevation to Pleasant Street, and the beauties of its architectural details are unfolded most impressively by this approach. Off from the thoroughfare, in a large lot, with a fine stretch of lawn surrounding it, the structure is most effectively displayed. It is of the best of the late H. H. Richardson's work, ranking with his masterpiece, the Trinity Church in Boston, and fully deserves the praise which has been bestowed upon it by competent critics as "one of the most exquisitely designed and harmoniously arranged buildings which modern architecture has produced." The material of which it is constructed — the rich-tinted Longmeadow granite, and Ohio

cream-colored sandstone — is the same as that of Trinity, and it resembles the Boston work in its style of an original composite nature, although in no sense a copy. The tower and the cloistered porch, at the main entrance, give peculiar dignity to the entire composition; while the rear portion is finely designed, and

The Woburn Public Library.

deserves study in detail. The interior is broadly arranged in art-gallery, reading-room, and main library. In the apse, entered from the art-gallery, through an arched passageway, is a museum of fossils, minerals, and birds, scientifically arranged; and in one of the basement rooms is a unique feature — an antique kitchen equipped after the ancient fashion and containing a great variety of interesting and curious things. The library embraces a well-selected collection of useful books, about thirty-five thousand volumes, especially strong in Americana, and upward of five thousand manuscripts, documents, and miscellaneous papers of local interest and value. It is fortunate in having in its librarian, Mr. W. R. Cutter, an historical student and writer, and one well versed in library science.

The Public Library was founded by the liberality of Jonathan B. Winn and Charles B. Winn, father and son, natives of Woburn, and descendants of Edward Winn who first settled here in 1641. The movement for the institution was begun in 1854, when the elder gave to the town the money which he had received as a member of the State Constitutional convention, on condition that the town should appropriate a similar sum, for the establishment of a public library. The condition was met, and the library was opened in August, 1856. In 1873, Mr. Winn, Sr., and his brother, Timothy Winn, devised together $5500 for the institution. In 1875, two years after his father's death, Charles B. Winn made a munificent bequest to the library, the town receiving

thereby as an immediate legacy the sum of $140,000, which amount was raised to $153,000 by the value of paintings left by Mr. Winn. As residuary legatee further amounts were received by the town until the sum reached $227,000. For this building $80,000 were expended, and the sum of $50,000 was set apart for a permanent fund. The inscription in the porch of the building was prepared by Charles B. Winn, and reads, "This building was erected in memory of Jonathan Bowers Winn, from funds bequeathed by his son, for the use, benefit, and improvement of the people of Woburn." Mr. Winn, Sr., made his fortune in the leather industry.

Library Park, of which the building is the centre, already embracing a generous tract, is to be further enlarged at the rear, and ultimately extended to the line of the proposed boulevard.

From the Public Library it is but a few steps to the ancient Common, and the station from which we make our return to Boston. The Common, by the way, was originally in the lot of George Bunker, from whom Bunker Hill in Charlestown took its name.

Walk c. Leaving the train at Mishawum station and entering the field at the right of the railroad track, a few steps bring us to the shore of Richardson's Pond and the old Reading road at the right. Crossing to the road and looking northward over the pond, we have a peaceful view of the belt of woods in which the Aberjona River has one of its sources. The pond is locally called the head of the Aberjona, and from the narrow outlet on the further side of the road the river makes its picturesque way, spreading into a sucesssion of little ponds, as we have seen in other walks, on the rambling journey down through Woburn and Winchester to Mystic lakes. Richardson's is an artificial pond, made by the dam for the old-time Richardson grist-mill, the ruins of which are by the roadside. On future maps it will bear the name of Lake Mishawum, having been recently so christened, while the old Reading road, long known as Middle Street, becomes Mishawum Road. To the south of us lies the Walnut Hill shooting-range, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, occupying a large tract of land in the quarter anciently known as "Button End," with its targets in the neighborhood of "Buck Meadow" in the Aberjona valley not far from the John Harvard lands. [See Walk No. 18.] The range is reached directly from the Walnut Hill station, next below Mishawum. "Button End," by the way, was so called because buttons were made there, just after the Revolution, from the wood of the sycamore or "button-wood" tree.

We follow Mishawum Road westward, over the railroad bridge, into Plain Street, bearing to the right, and thence to Ames Corner, at the junction with School and New Boston Street. Here are two interesting old houses, one of gambrel roof, homesteads of the family giving the name to the corner.

Turning at Ames Corner to the left into New Boston Street (*the old Andover road*), *we bend* our steps toward the Woburn Forest

Park, about half a mile distant. The highway is here a country road soon entering a section well wooded on one side, with occasional farms and spreading meadows on the other. As we near the park we come upon an ancient house on the left of the way standing back from the road, a lane leading up to its vine-covered side entrance porch, and a well-sweep in the old-fashioned yard, making an engaging picture in the landscape. This is generally called the Andrew Jackson Wade place. It dates from about 1730, and is a house with a history. It was formerly occupied by the Converse family, descendants of the early settler Allen Converse, and before the Revolution was the home of Samuel Converse.

The Forest Park embraces about fifty-three acres of natural woods on high ground, at the right of New Boston Street. A roadway from New Boston Street enters the enclosure on the southern border, and cuts through the heart of it in a pleasantly winding course to Main Street on the northwest. The park commissioners have wisely retained the forest features, making the road a wood-road rather than a broad parkway and opening up footpaths in and out of the groves. By the New Boston Street entrance a clearing is made for the playground, baseball field, and tennis court. We can strike across the playground and on the hill above come into the main park road and follow this to the Main Street side, thus covering the most attractive portions of the park. If we hold to New Boston Street we shall soon reach Mishawum Road and join Main Street further south.

We now stroll along Main Street in a southerly direction toward the Centre, passing through Central Square with its green flower-beds and fountain, and by some of the finer modern estates of the place, the houses set back from the tree-lined thoroughfare. Opposite the finish of Mishawum Road in Main Street, the Ark Tavern, a famous inn of its day, stood from 1674 to 1828, and a splendid old sycamore whose branches shaded its door was suffered to remain until the autumn of 1886, when it fell a victim to the axe-man. With the new houses of ambitious architecture along the way are mingled several stately old ones which yet wear the true New England air of established gentility. Before reaching the Centre we turn at the left into Charles Street, our route being to the eastward section and the picturesque height known as Mt. Gilboa (220 feet). Following Charles Street to its terminus, we enter the modern Woburn Cemetery at the left, cross its grounds to Salem Street, continue along Salem Street easterly to Bow Street on the right, and after a short walk up this rising way reach a path on the left leading up Mt. Gilboa. The red house on

the southwesterly corner of Salem and Bow streets is of the colonial period, and another of the numerous old Richardson houses in Woburn and Winchester. The path up Gilboa starts in the field just beyond the first house on the rise (that of Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, of the park commission). It is an easy ascent to the summit with an expanding view to the north and northwest, as it is approached. Following the path to the open on the highest point, we have a view to the north, west, and southwest, covering in the nearer territory the thickly-settled portion of Woburn; beyond, in bold relief, Rag Rock, Horn Pond Mountain, Listening Hill, and Whispering Hill; to the southwest, the Arlington hills and the highlands of the west side of Winchester; to the distant north, Monadnock plainly visible, and somewhat more to the southwest, Wachusett. The summit is a practically level ridge, extending nearly a thousand feet from north to south. Crossing the easterly side of the hill we come to several terraces. From the highest of these terraces, called Walnut Hill Terrace from the close proximity of the quarter to Walnut Hill station, we have a sweeping view beyond the Aberjona Valley, from Burlington to Winchester, embracing North Woburn, Mishawum, Reading, Stoneham (the water-towers of these two towns standing out in bold relief on the highest hills), Bear Hill and its observatory in the Fells region, Mt. Pleasant, or the English Hills as we shall now call this group, and Winchester Highlands. Passing down through a portion of Walnut Hill Terrace we come upon "Purity Spring," where we may refresh ourselves with a drink of clear cool water from an ancient pool, which we are assured by old residents has not failed for a century and three quarters. Its overflow runs through a pretty glen, to which has been given the name of "Forget-me-not Glen," from the beautiful wild-flower which grows in profusion along the water's edge. Mt. Gilboa is commonly known in the neighborhood as Converse Hill, from its long ownership, in large part, by the Converse family. Joshua Converse, the first to acquire the hill, lived to the remarkable age of one hundred and one years and sixteen days.

From this region we strike into Wood Street near by, and thence reach Salem Street, along which a walk of about half a mile brings us to Burbank Pond, now dignified by the title of Lake, a pretty sheet of water. North of the pond lies the territory early known as Buck Meadow, along which, on the higher land, is the Walnut Hill rifle range noticed at the beginning of this walk.

We are now to turn toward Woburn Centre, and we had better cover the distance by car (Woburn and Reading electric railway),

leaving the car on Montvale Avenue to visit the old burying-ground. This was the second burying-ground in Woburn, first opened as a parish graveyard by the First Parish in 1794, and in 1824 purchased by the town. Here are the graves of fifty-six soldiers of the Revolution. The first burying-ground, probably coeval with the settlement of Woburn (1642), is within two minutes' walk, — on Park Street, — and is more interesting because more ancient. Here were buried in unmarked graves a number of the earliest settlers, including Captain Edward Johnson; four of the early ministers; Benjamin Thompson, the father of Count Rumford; fifteen soldiers of the Revolution; and ancestors of ex-Presidents Pierce, Cleveland, and Harrison. The most conspicuous tomb in the yard is that of Colonel Loammi Baldwin, marked by a granite obelisk bearing this inscription: —

To the memory of the Honorable Loammi Baldwin, who died October 20, 1807, aet. sixty-three. Erected by his children.

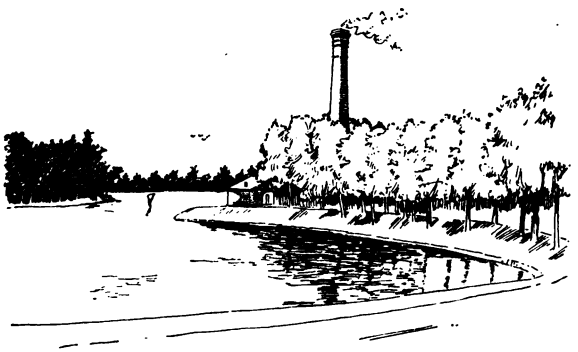
This monument occupies the highest summit in the yard. The gravestone of Aaron Cleveland (born in Woburn, 1657, died 1716), the ancestor of ex-President Cleveland, is near the street line. The grave of the ancestor of ex-President Harrison is that of William Symmes (born 1679, died 1764).

The hill, upon the side of which this burying-ground lies, was anciently called Mt. Seir, but for many years it went by the name of Powder-House Hill; and on its very apex, a little outside of the limits of the burying-ground, still stands one of the old brick powder-houses, so many of which were erected in Massachusetts towns during the War of 1812.

We may well finish this walk by crossing Main Street and climbing Meeting-House Hill, so called from the second meeting-house of Woburn, which was placed here. It lies in the heart of the city, girded on the west and north by business buildings, and is of sufficient altitude to allow of a view over the tops of the business blocks and houses, embracing the closely settled parts of the city. Academy Hill, so named from the old Warren Academy, a famous institution in its day, is a short by-walk from Pleasant Street. The academy building is now used for a Free Industrial School, which is supported from the interest of Warren Academy funds in the hands of trustees. Near the railway station is a modernized old house, which deserves attention, as in part that of the Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of Woburn, of whose ordination a painting is shown in the Public Library. It contains some of the timber of the original house yet in sound condition.

Walk d. Leave the cars at Cross Street station and start from the left side of the track. Ten minutes takes us across to the

Horn Pond and Horn Pond Mountain (250 feet) region, by way of Cross Street, Border Street, and Lake Avenue. Passing by the ice-houses we proceed toward the pumping-station on the margin of



Horn Pond.

the pond, at the south of which the "mountain" rises in a sweeping wooded slope. A winding carriage-way and shorter footpath make the steep ascent, both so curving that frequent charming views open through the trees. We take, of course, the footpath, and find the mount exhilarating. The carriage-way ends at the base of the reservoir which crowns the summit, and footpaths climb its rugged sides. Scrambling to the top we find a natural reservoir in a rocky frame, much resembling an extinct crater transformed into a mountain pond. We may make the entire circuit by the narrow walk along the edges. We have the best points of view in passing to the west and north, where the eye has a wide range. Looking northeasterly we see the Stoneham water-tower rising apparently above a forest; more easterly Bear Hill, in the Middlesex Fells, appears conspicuously, and the shining Spot Pond; bearing further to the east, more of the Fells; to the south, Mystic ponds, and over and beyond, the outlines of Boston, with the range of Blue Hills on the horizon a little west of south; directly south, the market gardens of the west side of Winchester defined in nice detail; westerly a stretch of woods; to the north, over the picturesque Horn Pond, Woburn and its surrounding hills. Vines and bushes in profusion, we observe, especially on the west and north, grow close up to the top of the crater-like

reservoir, and on the north the slopes are less precipitous than on the east and south. A little way to the north lies one of those peculiar bowl-like rocks which are found occasionally in the Fells heights and in the Blue Hills, which tradition says were used as mills by the Indians to grind their corn.

We descend from the reservoir top by another footpath making into that by which we ascended, and go down the mountain by a path pointing almost directly toward the pumping-station, and full of beauty, the flora about it being rich and varied. At the foot our way is now along the cart-road which starts out in a westerly direction. This carries us away from the pond about which are pleasant walks well worth the taking. The region was during the first half of the present century a famous resort, and the Horn Pond Hotel on the easterly shore, with its grove summer-houses, its bowling-alley on the little island in the pond, its boat-houses and boats, attracted visitors from distant parts, who came, before the advent of the railroad, by passenger-boats on the Middlesex canal passing near by. Our cart-road leads shortly into an open field, and narrows there to a footpath. At the left of the bars, in the stone wall, which we let down to enter the field, note the beautiful oak; observe how symmetrically its branches grow. Along the field and in the woods we may gather luscious mushrooms, not only the *Agaricus campestris*, or meadow mushroom, but also specimens of the russula, boletus, and other wholesome families, besides the white puff-balls, all of which latter, when not in the least discolored by decay, Captain Julius A. Palmer, our authority on mushrooms, assures us are edible. On the further side where the ground rises we strike Greenough Lane, showing more marks of use than the first cart-road, and soon come to cellars of deserted houses, with clumps of native vines growing out of them, and worn old apple-orchards in the rear. The settlers, whoever they were, certainly selected the sites of their houses wisely so far as beauty of situation goes. A little way beyond we bear to the right and take the highway (Cambridge Street) for perhaps an eighth of a mile, to a narrow path between the trees on the left of the road, where we enter the woods of the Zion's Hill (325 feet) region. From this entrance-path we make a sharp turn to the right and, going northward, ascend the hill gradually, at length reaching the summit at a point from which we get the fairest outlook, — an extended view similar to that had from Horn Pond Mountain. The tree growth extends close up to the summit, finishing in rugged cedars, and under the refreshing shade of a cluster of these, on the slope of the topmost point, we may well rest a while and take our lunch. Lunch and rest over, we now

descend, still going northward, by narrow footpaths to Lexington Street. This we cross, and striking into the beautiful forest, on the other side, follow paths to Shaker Glen and its brook, the lovely dell extending northwesterly into the Listening Hill neighborhood. [See Walk *b*.] Thence, westward, through broader paths, we reach an open, skirted by a rich mass of woods. Crossing this due west we come to another roadway (Waltham Street), which we also cross, and enter a grove. Following a path here, still leading westward, we shortly come out upon a broad field and meadow over which we see parts of picturesque Lexington. Our path now lies across this lovely stretch — Munroe's Meadow — toward the railway track and Munroe's station. For the latter part of the way we have a meandering brook with us, in which we may gather water-cresses to be added to our store of mushrooms harvested in the field of the Horn Pond region.

Our walk ends formally at Munroe's station, from which we are to take return train; but if we have to wait for the train the time cannot better be occupied than by a stroll about this pleasant neighborhood. The historic Munroe Tavern is near by, and the way toward Peirce's Bridge is interesting. We should not, however, attempt to do the place with any degree of thoroughness, lest the freshness of our regular walks in Lexington be impaired.

Lexington.

From Boston to East Lexington, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 9 miles; fare, 19 cents. Return from Lexington Centre, fare, 22 cents.

From Boston to Munroe Station, 10 miles; fare, 22 cents. Return from Arlington Heights, by steam car, fare 16 cents; or by electric car, fare 5 cents.

From Boston to Lexington Centre, 11 miles; fare, 22 cents. Return from Lexington Centre.

Walk a. [No. 22.] Embraces historic landmarks. Covers East Lexington village; Mount Independence; the Ridge Walk westward; Munroe Hill and the Munroe Tavern; Massachusetts Avenue to Lexington Green; the ancient burying-ground; Hancock Street and site of the Hancock-Clarke house; Granny's Hill. Finishes at the Town Hall and the museum of relics. By-walk over to the birthplace of Theodore Parker.

Walk b. [No. 23.] From Lexington to Arlington Heights, roundabout way. Starts at Munroe Station, north side. Covers the meadow road; the ridge road through woods to the northeast; Maple Street; a stretch down the old Lowell Turnpike; field and wood-path to the abandoned Winchester road; a piece of Ridge Street; Forest Street, toward Arlington, passing Turkey Hill, Massachusetts Avenue, to the Heights.

Walk c. [No. 24.] Embraces the Tidd Hill region, North Lexington. Starts from Lexington centre and follows Hancock Street to country parts; passes the Fiske house along the way; climbs the slope of Tidd Hill, by wood-path through pines to the summit; crosses the summit, and takes a farm lane and meadows to the Bedford road; passes up "Lovers' Lane," and across to Robinson Hill; thence returns to the village by Lexington Green.

Lexington was "Cambridge Farms," within the domain of Cambridge, from 1635 to 1713, when it was incorporated under its present name. It had then been a separate parish, known as the "Precinct of Cambridge Farms," but twenty-two years, before which time its few inhabitants were obliged to make the hard journey of six miles and more through the rough wood-roads every Sunday to the church at Cambridge. The territory was at first allotted to a number of the wealthier settlers or proprietors of Cambridge (or Newtowne) for farms, and thus acquired the name of "Cambridge Farms." These grants were generous in proportion, and for many years mostly remained unbroken. One grant of six hundred acres, which was held as a single farm till 1693, and then broken first into three parts only, included all of what is now the central village. This was for half a century in possession of one family, the Pelhams, having fallen to Herbert Pelham (first treasurer of Harvard College, in 1642) after the death of its first settler, Roger Herlarkenden (brother of Richard Herlarkenden, of London, the original grantee, whose widow he married), and it was long known as "Mr. Pelham's Manor." In 1691, when "Cambridge Farms" became a precinct, it contained less than fifty families, scattered in the outlying parts. When the precinct became the town, its population was but a few hundred; and at the time of the affair on the Green, on that April morning of 1775, it was a village of not more than eight hundred inhabitants. Lexington remained essentially an agricultural town until well into the last third of this century, and a number of broad farms are yet tilled within its borders. There are several large milk farms and vegetable gardens lying on the outskirts of the town, which find their principal market in Boston, and two or three extensive stock farms. The main parts of the town are now occupied by suburban homes of modern fashion, intermingled with old homesteads rich in historic associations, and fair country-seats. Its present area is nineteen square miles, and it has sixty miles of pleasant roads. The central village, of which the renowned Green is the centre-piece, occupies a plain two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, — or higher than Bunker Hill Monument, as the Lexingtonians are fond of putting it, — surrounded, with the exception of the

northern and south-eastern sides, by lovely hills. Of the latter, Granny's Hill (or Hancock Heights, as some call it), the loftiest, commands the most extensive view; but pretty sweeps of landscape are to be enjoyed from all of them. The numerous historic spots, buildings, and monuments, which are preserved with pious care, are duly marked, and in the Memorial Hall, with its statues and portraits, is an interesting museum of Revolutionary relics free to the public. The town is in four districts: East Lexington, the Centre, the South Part, and North Lexington. It was named, presumably by Governor Joseph Dudley, for Lord Lexington, an English nobleman at that time of some prominence, to whose family, the Suttons, Dudley was allied, or desired to be so considered; although Mr. William H. Whitmore, a recognized authority on colonial history, contends that the name was suggested by Laxton, sometimes spelled Lexington, in Nottinghamshire, Eng., from which one of the early settlers came. Lexington, Kentucky, was named by its pioneer settlers in 1775, "in honor of that glorious field where the rebels of Massachusetts had died but a few weeks before, resisting the encroachments of their king;" and in later days the historic name was bestowed upon numerous other places in various parts of the country, twenty-four in all.

Walk a. At East Lexington Station we are within a stone's-throw of Massachusetts Avenue, about a mile above Arlington Heights, where the electric car line from Boston ends. Taking Massachusetts Avenue we turn to the right, and stroll in the direction of Lexington Centre, two miles beyond. Over to the northeast lie the "Great Meadows," half swamp and half pond, developed into the Arlington Reservoir, with Mt. Ephraim near the northeasterly end, rising two hundred feet. At the junction of the Avenue and Pleasant Street, which makes off at the left with a picturesque bend, we come upon the first of the series of historic tablets set up by the townspeople, and the latest one placed, — in 1894 (given by the Wellington family). This commemorates the brave deeds of a Lexington patriot of 1775 during the British retreat: —

Near this spot
at early dawn on the
19th of April 1775
Benjamin Wellington
a minute man
was surprised by British
scouts and disarmed.
With undaunted courage
he borrowed another gun and
hastened to join his comrades
on Lexington Green.
He also served his country
at White Plains and
Saratoga.
The first armed man
taken in the Revolution.

The tablet is so placed, against the green between the joining roads and back of the raised platform around the town pump, that its inscription may easily be read from a carriage as well as by the foot-passer. **Pleasant Street** leads over to the old Concord Turnpike, now called Avenue, to meet the modern demand for urban titles for country thoroughfares, and to the neighborhood of the

homesteads and farms of the Wellingtons of the present day, the worthy descendants of this faithful soldier of the Revolution and fine old country squire. It is an enjoyable by-walk or ride by way of Pleasant Street and connecting roads — Watertown Street, the first turn on the left, and Valley Street, on the left from Watertown Street — to Arlington Heights, a distance of about two miles.

Continuing along Massachusetts Avenue, and keeping to the right sidewalk, we pass a succession of interesting structures, each more or less historic. The little octagonal church, with slender spire, is the **Follen Church** (Unitarian), planned by the Rev. Dr. Charles Follen, of fragrant memory, whose valuable life was lost, with so many others, in the burning of the Long Island Sound steamer Lexington, in January, 1840. He was returning from a visit to New York to attend the dedication of this meeting-house, and on that occasion the congregation, whom no word of the disaster had reached, "assembled for the service and waited long for their beloved pastor." The broad, low mansion-house with pillared porch, after the Greek fashion, next below the church, and now the Stone Building (East Lexington branch of the Public Library), was Dr. Follen's home, and here before the building of his meeting-house he preached to his neighbors.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was minister of the little society in 1836–37, also preached in this house. Another minister of the same period was John S. Dwight, who became later identified with Brook Farm [see Walk No. 36], and in after years the widely known musical critic and editor of "Dwight's Journal of Music." Of Emerson's preaching here Dr. Edward Emerson gives this anecdote in the memoir of his father: "He was reading one of the old sermons; suddenly he stopped and said quietly, 'The passage which I have just read I do not believe, but it was wrongly placed.'"

Just above the church we come to the **Jonathan Harrington house**, a plain homestead, behind a row of old trees close to the sidewalk line, which tells its story in the tablet on its face: —

Home of
Jonathan Harrington
last survivor of
the Battle of Lexington
Born July 8, 1756: died March 27, 1854.

Harrington was the fifer-boy of Captain Parker's company of minute-men.

It is related that, when the alarm was given in the early morning before the fight, Harrington's mother went to his chamber door and roused him from sleep, calling, "Jonathan! Jonathan! Get up! the British are coming and something must be done!"

A little way above we should stop a moment before the immense elm on the lower corner of Maple Street, known to have been set *out as* a twig in 1740. It measures sixteen feet in circumference,

and ranks with the other famous elms of New England. The fair estate on the opposite corner, with its fine clusters of elms and oaks, and large red house of old-time pattern (back from its original site, which was nearer the roadway), was formerly the Peirce homestead, and is now the summer place of Mr. Rhodes Lockwood, of Boston. Maple Street leads down to Peirce's Bridge station, close by, and continues across to the Lowell Turnpike, about a mile off.

Now crossing to the west side of the avenue and going back to Locust Avenue, opening nearly opposite the Jonathan Harrington house, we turn into the latter road to make **Mount Independence** (320 feet), the height beyond, and to enjoy what an experienced Appalachian Club walker has happily termed the Ridge Walk, through a choice bit of rural Lexington, in the general direction which the main road takes. It is a short and easy ascent of the little mount by the way we have chosen. As we near the top of the road and look toward the left, the peak appears marked by a large pine standing slightly apart from its fellows. A narrow footpath from the roadside tends toward the peak but not to it, and, shortly leaving this path, we make a bee-line across the field or pasture for the lonely pine. The rocky surface of the summit reached, we have a fine sweep of view, embracing from north to south the distant sea, Boston, and its neighboring cities; to the eastward, the Blue Hills, with Arlington Heights and Turkey Hill in the foreground; in nearer foreground, to the northeast, the village of East Lexington, and the picturesque "Great Meadows" behind it; to the westward, Wachusett and Monadnock. Quite imposing cliffs, thickly clad with trees and vines, form the eastern edge of the peak, while the side by which we ascended is a gentle slope.

Turning westward we start upon the **Ridge Walk**. Taking a path which leads toward the first stone wall, we follow it through an opening in this wall, then, bearing to the right, cross the wide hill-pasture to another wall, barbed-wired, save for one small opening through which we may safely crawl, and thence enter narrower pastures, where the ridge is more distinctly marked. Along these pastures the walk continues, with groves on the one side and extended views beyond the ridge on the other, at length finishing at Middle Street (now one of the new State Highways) in the valley. Nearing the street, we pass over a section of golf grounds. Entering the street by the pasture-gate and turning to the right, a few paces bring us to a private road, on the left side, which leads through the beautiful hillside estate of Colonel William A. Tower to Munroe Hill and the Munroe Tavern neighborhood. But we may reach the hill and the tavern direct from our

Ridge Walk, without passing through the Tower place, by way of the field immediately opposite the pasture-gate through which we enter the highway, crossing the stone wall comfortably by the steps built over it for the benefit of golfers. Along the hill-slope from this field we are on the main links of the Lexington Golf Club, and in a neighborhood of attractive estates.

Munroe Hill is peculiar for its growth of savin trees standing out upon its sides and summit like grim sentinels. From the top of the hill we have the full view to the northwest, which is in part cut off from Mount Independence by the grove fringing the pasture back of the peak. It is a view of quiet beauty here outspread, embracing the village in the foreground, Woburn hills northeastward, chains of peaceful hillocks, with the "Parker Pine" [see page 153] lifting its long branches above masses of trees around to the southward. Stepping back a few rods due west, and looking through a little avenue of savins, we get a glimpse of Boston (at night Boston Light may be clearly discerned from this point); then turning we gaze upon a pastoral scene and across the broad acres of Valley Field Farm.

We leave Munroe Hill by way of Warren Street, passing **Cannon Rock** at the left, near the corner of Washington Street, where Lord Percy planted one of his field-pieces to command the village during the British retreat. From Warren Street we turn into Percy Road, which brings us to the **Munroe Tavern** and again to Massachusetts Avenue. In the old barn of the estate, made picturesque by woodbine spreading over its outer walls, we find the unique quarters of the Lexington Golf Club. The big barn doors are hospitably open, and, entering, we cannot fail to be charmed with the manner in which the place has been made comfortable, while the old-fashioned interior features have been retained. Where the cattle stalls once were are now lockers. The main floor, open to the full hay-lofts under the roof, is fitted for general club uses, and in cosy corners at the rear are, on one side, kitchen utensils, and, on the other, paraphernalia for "afternoon tea." In the season delightful meets of club members, including both sexes, are frequent here, and especially on pleasant Saturday afternoons the place is animated with gay parties coming together informally, the golf-players in their easy costumes, others in bicycle dress.

The ancient tavern, set upon a green knoll slightly above the highway, shaded by noble elms in front and maples studding the side-lawn, is in pleasing contrast with the modern estates of the neighborhood, a picture charming to the artist eye. The house, as we now see it, is but a portion of the inn of Revolu-

tionary days, but it is the older portion and the most historic. On the left of the small entrance hall is the room in which the British wounded were cared for during the few hours of Percy's occupancy of the tavern as his headquarters: on the right is the old bar-room where the British soldiers were freely served with liquors by an inoffensive old man who had tarried behind, and whom they

Munroe Tavern.

finally killed while he was trying to escape from a rear door; where the furniture of the sacked house was piled and set afire when the retreat was resumed; and in which the bullet-hole made by a British musket-ball is still seen in the ceiling. The narrow stairway from the entrance hall is the same which Washington ascended to the dining-room in the southeast part of the second story, when he dined here on the 5th of November, 1789, during his last journey through New England, and afterward "viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt on the 19th of April, 1775," as he recorded in his Diary; and in the hall stands the chair in which he sat at the solemn meal. The old house, long since abandoned as a tavern, is now reverently preserved as a landmark of American history by its present owner, Mr. William H. Munroe, a direct descendant of the first William Munroe who maintained it as a "house of public entertainment" long before the Revolution. The tablet on its face, bearing the following brief inscription, was placed some years ago: —

Earl Percy's
headquarters and hospital
April 19, 1775.
The Munroe Tavern
built 1695.

The ancient sign, showing a hospitable punch-bowl, which used to swing from one of the front elms, is now preserved in the Town Hall.

Munroe's was a prosperous tavern until the advent of the railroad, "always a homelike and inviting place. The doors were never locked. Many parties, or balls as they were ambitiously styled, were given here." [Edward P. Bliss, on "The Old Taverns of Lexington."] The dance hall was the upper room of an ell built by the second William Munroe, after 1770, on the north side of the house, with gable end toward the road. He also added the rear part. The ell was not removed till some years after the closing of the place as a tavern.

Munroe Station, picturesquely framed by open field, fringes of grove, and side meadow, is but a few steps below the ancient tavern, slightly back from the curving avenue, rich in bordering elms; and between the tavern and the station, on the east side of the avenue, are the old Munroe homesteads, within lovely grounds beautified by a wealth of trees. Nearly opposite the tavern is the Mason mansion-house, standing at the time of the British raid, and then occupied by the Mason family.

Taking the avenue again (we are now at a point about half a mile above Locust Avenue, where we left it), we proceed westward to the central village, finding interesting landmarks on either side, with attractive houses, old and new, in well-kept grounds. Near Bloomfield Street, on the left, we observe the tablet marking the neighborhood of Percy's cannon, — Cannon Rock, which we passed on Munroe Hill, — and thus inscribed: —

On the hill to the south
was planted
one of the British field pieces
April 19, 1775,
to command the village
and its approaches.
And near this place
several buildings were burned.

Among the buildings destroyed was the old shop of Nathaniel Mulliken, the famous clock-maker, who made a fortune from his clocks of the tall hall style, which stood on or near this spot; and also the homestead near by, at that time occupied by his widow. When the warning of the British approach came, she hid her silver and other valuables in the well still here and fled.

A little way beyond, on the right side, is the old Town Hall, now the High School house, with the stone cannon on the further side, indicating the spot (on the hill which once was here) where Percy's other field-piece was planted, pointing in the direction of the old meeting-house then standing on the Green beyond. "Probably," says the writer of the Handbook of Lexington, "*here* was fired the shot which passed through the sacred edifice

and lodged in the ground beyond." This stone piece is thus inscribed: —

Near this spot
Earl Percy
with reinforcements
planted a field-piece
to cover the retreat
of the
British troops
April 19, 1775.

A few rods above, on the same side, we pass the picturesque **Russell House**, the modern inn of Lexington, popular especially as a summer hotel; and, well within the village, the building which was originally the Massachusetts Building at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. The latter was brought here after the fair, and, reconstructed, was used as a hotel for many years. It is now a Keeley institute. We come next to the rather stiff Town Hall, the architecture of which, however, is forgotten, after it is once entered, in the interest awakened by its historic contents. But we are now to pass directly by it, reserving the visit to the museum within for the finishing feature of our walk.

Waltham Street, opening from the avenue, directly opposite the Town Hall, leads over toward the **birthplace of Theodore Parker.** This is about two miles off, across Middle Street, on Spring Street. The homestead was also the birthplace of Parker's grandfather, and of Captain John Parker, the captain of the Lexington minute-men. The site of the house in which Theodore was born, close to the cottage now on the place, is marked by a stone monument, set up by loving friends not long after his death. It bears the simple inscription, "Birthplace of Theodore Parker, 1810." The region round about is picturesque, and of peculiar interest from association with Parker's boyhood. The ledgy steep with its sparse covering of trees, rising back of the house, where he used to study his books, is still here; so is the ash-tree planted by him in the yard. The woods he loved, in part still remain; and down the turnpike a half mile or so, on a roadside hill toward Arlington, is the double-headed pine, towering above its neighbors, yet known as the "**Parker Pine**," — a much beloved friend of his, which he daily passed, and sometimes studied under, on his way to the district school, and, when the woods of which it was a part were cut, was spared from the axe by his earnest plea. The house in which he first saw the light, a hundred years old at that time, was built by his great-grandfather, who came to Lexington from Reading early in the eighteenth century, and the farm has been the "Parker farm" from that

day. The walk over to the homestead is an agreeable "by-walk" past pleasant places. If we elect to ride, we might extend the drive to include the "Brook Street Drive," as outlined in the Lexington Handbook, — from Spring Street to Lincoln Street, the fourth right hand road beyond the Parker place; thence northwest a few rods to Brook Street; thence for about a mile to Winter Street, the first right hand road, and so on northwest for two miles to Lincoln Centre, returning to Lexington by Lincoln Street.

To return to our present walk. A few rods beyond the Town Hall we are at the Green, or **Lexington Common**, as it is officially named, with its monuments marking historic points, and its historic surroundings. No fairer Green, nor more picturesquely framed, is to be found in all the fair villages of Eastern Massachusetts. The object which first engages our attention, because the nearest, is the stone pulpit marking the site of the earlier meeting-houses, including the second one, here in 1775, around which the British soldiers swung on that momentous April morning; where the town's powder was stored; and into which the bodies of the killed were brought after the attack. The inscription cut on the broad face of this monument gives these statistics: —

Site of the first three
meeting-houses of Lexington.
No. 1.
Built in 1692 when the town
was a precinct of Cambridge.
No. 2.
Built in 1713 on the
incorporation of Lexington.
No. 3.
Built in 1794.
Burned in 1846.
This spot is identified with
the town's history for 150 years.

On the reverse of the stone is a list of the first seven ministers, which includes the names of John Hancock, grandfather of Governor John Hancock, who was pastor for fifty-five years (1698–1752); and Jonas Clarke, the patriot minister of the Revolutionary period, whose service covered fifty years (1755–1805), ending, like that of Parson Hancock, only with his death.

The young elm shading the stone was planted by General Grant in 1875, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the battle.

The old belfry which in 1775 stood by the meeting-house, and from which the alarm rung out, is now near its original site, on Belfry Hill, Clarke Street, in a field at the side of the Hancock Schoolhouse, a few steps from the Green. This oddly-fashioned

structure was first erected in 1761, and six years later moved to the Common, where it stood until the building of the third meeting-house, in 1794. Then it was sold by the town to John Parker, Theodore Parker's father, who carted it over to the Parker farm, and put it to service as a wheelwright or general workshop; and it remained on the Parker place until its restoration to Belfry Hill by the Lexington Historical Society in 1891.

The Old Belfry.

Let us now cross over to the right side of the Green and take a look at the ancient **Buckman Tavern**, which was the rendezvous of the minute-men. It stands to-day barred and tenantless, in old-fashioned grounds, a lonely monument of olden times. In 1775 it had six outbuildings, and was the chief inn of the place. During the affair on the Green shots were fired from it, and a volley was returned by the redcoats, the bullets piercing some of its clapboards. These are carefully preserved within the house. On the British retreat two wounded soldiers were brought into the

main room, where one of them died and was buried with others in an unmarked grave in the old burying-ground behind the Unitarian Church, which we shall shortly visit. The date of the tavern and some of these facts are given on the tablet on its street side: —

Built 1690. Known
as the
Buckman Tavern
A rendezvous of the
Minute Men.
A mark for British bullets
April 19, 1775.

Deserted as it is, the house is yet a well-preserved type of colonial architecture. The dormer windows were built in some time after

The Buckman Tavern.

the Revolution, when the structure was about a century old, but the low ell running out cornerwise, we are told, is as old as the house. [Bliss's "Old Taverns of Lexington."] Inside, the open timbers appear in the ceilings, and there are roomy fireplaces, one of them set in brown Dutch tiles.

Buckman's was continued as a tavern until near to railroad days, and like the Munroe Tavern was, in its later years, famous as a place for dances and winter suppers by sleighing parties. The Buckman who kept it in 1775 was one of Captain Parker's company.

The aged tree on the roadside near the tavern is supposed to be upward of a century and a half old, and is distinguished, so the placard on its branches states, as the tree to which ropes were

attached "in raising the steeple of the new meeting-house," — the one built in 1794.

On the Green again, near the upper corner, is the boulder marking the line of Captain Parker's men when they received the British fire, the inscription, decorated with musket and powder-horn, reading: —

Line of the Minute Men
April 19, 1775.
" Stand your ground
Don't fire unless fired upon
But if they mean to have a war
Let it begin here."
Captain Parker.

The fowling-piece which Captain Parker carried on that day now hangs in the Senate chamber of the State House in Boston, with the first gun captured from the British in the war, both gifts of Theodore Parker.

The Harrington House.

Across the way on beautiful Elm Avenue, facing the Green, is the Harrington house, set slightly back from the sidewalk, thus inscribed: —

House of
Jonathan Harrington
who, wounded on the Common
April 19, 1775,
dragged himself to the door
and died at his wife's feet.

Next beyond, toward the church, stood the house of Daniel Harrington, whose wife was Anna, daughter of Ensign Robert Munroe, the first man to be struck down by the British bullets. Daniel Harrington was clerk of Captain Parker's company and was in the line with his son.

Passing to the west side of the Green we come to the venerable monument, of simple design, its severe lines in these later days softened by the close-clinging ivy covering most of its base and thick cone. It dates from the last century, having been erected by the State in 1799, the last stone put in place on the Fourth of July that year. Its elaborate inscription of high-sounding note was the composition of Parson Clarke: —

Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind ! ! !
The Freedom and Independence of America,
Sealed and defended with the Blood of her Sons.

This Monument is erected
By the inhabitants of Lexington,
under the Patronage & at the expense of
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
To the memory of their Fellow-Citizens,
Ensign Robert Munroe, and Messrs. Jonas Parker,
Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Junr.,
Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington and John Brown
Of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn,
Who fell on this Field, the First Victims to the
Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression,
On the morning of the ever memorable
Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775.
The Die was cast ! ! !
The Blood of these Martyr's
In the cause of God & their country
Was the Cement of the Union of these States, then
Colonies, and gave the spring to the spirit, Firmness
And resolution of their Fellow-Citizens.
They rose as one Man to revenge their brethren's
Blood, and at the Point of the Sword, to assert &
Defend their native Rights.
They nobly dar'd to be free ! !
The contest was long, bloody & affecting.
Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal,
Victory crowned their arms and
The Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United
States of America, was their glorious Reward.

In the stone vault at the rear of the monument are now deposited the remains of the patriots who fell in the engagement, removed to this place, from the common grave in the old burying-ground where they were first buried, in 1835, on the sixtieth anniversary of the affair. They are gathered into a sarcophagus, upon the top of which are carved eight urns representing the number of the slain. Their formal removal to this more fitting tomb was in the presence of a distinguished gathering, and it was the occasion *of the* eloquent oration of Edward Everett, which so broadened *the orator's* fame.

The sarcophagus "was borne from the cemetery to the meeting-house, followed by ten survivors of the battle, and escorted by the military companies of the town, with a long procession of invited guests and citizens of Lexington. . . . A great congregation had gathered to witness the ceremonies. . . . It was an inspiring audience, including many of the most prominent and distinguished men of the State, among whom were Chief Justice Story, President Quincy of Harvard College, Daniel Webster, and Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong." [Rev. C. A. Staples, "History of Lexington Common."] At the conclusion of the oration the procession reformed, and the sarcophagus, borne as before, was escorted to the vault, into which it was slowly lowered, the military companies firing three volleys over the spot.

The Battle Monument.

In front of this monument distinguished visitors have been formally received, among them Lafayette in 1824, Kossuth in 1851, and, in later times, famous generals of the Civil War. The little mound upon which it stands used to be known as Schoolhouse Hill, from the fact that here the first two town schoolhouses stood.

Just below the monument, on the opposite side of the street, the ancient slant-roofed house, bearing the following inscription,

was the house toward which Caleb Harrington was running when he was shot. He had been to the meeting-house to get powder: —

House of
Marrett and Nathan
Munroe
built 1729
a witness of the battle.

Having now covered the historic features of the Green, let us spend a few moments in the quaint old **burying-ground** back of the First Parish Church on Elm Avenue. The entrance, we find, is by a sweet rural lane. Though but a step off from the thoroughfare it is a serene, secluded spot. At the turn of the lane is

The Ancient Graveyard.

a curious, long and narrow headstone, bearing an early date, which records the deaths of six children of one family, all occurring within twelve days. Numerous quaint and curious epitaphs are cut upon the ancient stones, the oldest with date of 1690; but what makes the place of especial historical interest are the monuments to Captain John Parker and to Governor Eustis, the tombs of the revered ministers of the First Church, Hancock and Clarke, and the graves of numerous Revolutionary soldiers. The *Parker* monument is the most modern of these memorials, having

been set up in 1884, and the Eustis monument is the most elaborate. The latter contains the following inscription: —

Born in Cambridge, 1752, died in Boston, 1825.

He served his country as a surgeon through the Revolutionary War. In her political affairs he subsequently took an active lead. He successively filled the distinguished places of secretary at war of the United States envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of the Netherlands, representative to the National Congress and governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Returning to Elm Avenue and bearing to the left, we soon reach Hancock Street, into which we turn for the walk to the Hancock-Clarke house, which is in some respects the most interesting and important historic structure in the town. The old building at the junction of the streets, now displaying the sign "Historic Hall," is distinguished as the house of the first normal school in America, established in 1840, with the Rev. Cyrus Peirce, or "Father Peirce," his usual title, as the first teacher, and the gentle-souled Samuel J. May, the second. It was originally built in 1822, for the Lexington Academy, a notable institution in the golden days of the New England seminary. After the removal of the normal school to West Newton, in 1845, it became the meeting-house of the Orthodox Congregational Society, which now occupies the stone church opposite, facing the Green.

Hancock Street is one of the most beautiful of Lexington's fair ways, lined with handsome trees, pleasant houses, and a number of old estates, notably on the right side, having extensive grounds on upland with gardens and groves. The Hancock-Clarke house, now on the right side of the street, about a quarter of a mile above Elm Street, stood originally on the opposite side, by the magnificent elm, in grounds of modern fashion. The venerable house was there placed, sideways to the road, within a small old-fashioned yard, the ell-side picturesquely adorned with a clump of shrubbery, and a hospitable pump close to the little entrance door. It stood on its original site until the autumn of 1896, when, the owner of the lot, with no reverence for historic treasures, determining to raze it, the Lexington Historical Society became its purchaser and removed it to its present place. The great tree is called the Clarke elm, having been set out by Parson Clarke upward of a century ago. It is a famous specimen of the weeping willow type of elm. Its graceful spread measures nearly if not quite ninety feet. The tablet on the side of the house bears this inscription: —

Built 1698 — Enlarged 1734.
Residence of
Rev. John Hancock 55 years
And of his Successor
Rev. Jonas Clarke 50 years.
Here Samuel Adams &
John Hancock were sleeping
When aroused by Paul Revere
April 19, 1775.

Entering by the side-door to the ell, we are within the structure which served as parsonage for Parson Hancock for thirty-six years, the front portion having been built on in the enlargement. In this oldest part, not more than twenty-four feet in length and eighteen in width, of one story with cramped attic, the five children of Parson Hancock were born and lived to young manhood and womanhood. The ancient interior is yet well preserved. The stout beams of the heavy frame protrude in the low-studded rooms. The dining, or possibly the early family living room, is wainscoted to the ceiling; the kitchen is replete with old-fashioned cupboards; and off from the dining-room is the snuggery which we are told was the parson's study. Passing into the front part, we find the rooms spacious and almost elegant as compared with those of the older part. The room in which Adams and Hancock were sleeping, when roused by Paul Revere's midnight warning, was the southwest room of the second story. From the front windows Parson Clarke, Madam Lydia Hancock, widow of Thomas Hancock, the Boston merchant, and Dorothy Quincy, Hancock's sweetheart, saw the beginning of the affair on the Green. As Madam Hancock was looking out of the front door, a bullet whizzed by her head. Adams and Hancock made their hurried departure for Woburn Precinct (now Burlington) by the ell door, taking a chaise, — Sergeant Munroe, of the guard of eight men from Captain Parker's company who had been stationed about the houses, piloting them. The ladies followed later in Hancock's coach.

The old part of this house was built by the Rev. John Hancock about a year after his coming to Lexington from Cambridge (his birthplace) as minister of the First Parish. It was surrounded by a farm of comfortable proportions, which the minister tilled. Of his children born here, John, the elder, became minister of Braintree (Quincy); Ebenezer became his colleague in the First Parish and died young, in 1740; Thomas became the rich merchant of Boston, and builder of the famous Hancock mansion-house, which his nephew John, son of John the elder son, inherited; Elizabeth, the elder daughter, married Jonathan Bowman, minister of Dorchester; and Lucy married Nicholas Bowes, first minister of Bedford. The front addition to the house was built by Thomas Hancock, after he had become prosperous, for the comfort of his father; and the homestead was otherwise improved by him.

The Rev. Jonas Clarke came here to live in 1757, two years after his installment as minister of the church, and upon his marriage with Lucy, daughter of Nicholas and Lucy Bowes, and granddaughter of Parson Hancock. They began their married life in the old homestead with Madam Hancock, who

survived her husband eight years (he died in 1752), and after her death Parson Clarke purchased the place from Thomas Hancock, in whose name it had been. Here they reared twelve children, six sons and six daughters. Four of the daughters married clergymen: Dr. Henry Ware Hollis, professor of divinity at Harvard; Dr. William Harris, president of Columbia College; Dr. Thaddeus Fiske, of West Cambridge; and Dr. Benjamin Green, of West Medway. The old house has indeed been a "prolific hive of ministers," as Mr. Staples has said in his historical notes on Lexington, "no less than twenty-five having been born there, or descended from those who were, or were in some way connected with it. . . . It was the home of a wide and generous hospitality. The most cultivated people of New England, college presidents and professors, statesmen, politicians, and ministers, found genial companionship at Mr. Clarke's fireside." Dr. Clarke was an ardent patriot, and the parsonage became the rallying-point of many patriot leaders of Middlesex. Here their plans were formed, hence numerous documents issued. Here in the little snuggery, off from the old dining-room, perhaps, was written his "Brief Narrative of the Principal Transactions of the 19th of April, 1775," appended to a sermon preached by him in the old Lexington church on the first anniversary of the engagement.

Continuing up Hancock Street a few rods beyond the Hancock-Clarke house, we come to the Hayes estate, on the right, with its stone "castle," through the grounds of which we reach **Granny's Hill.** This sightly eminence acquired its homely name, it is supposed, from its occupancy at one time by an ancient dame of the type known in colony days as "old grannies," and not, as has frequently been stated, from the fact — or theory — that the British Grenadiers occupied it during the retreat of the Nineteenth. Several years ago the town, feeling that the name lacked dignity, voted in town meeting assembled to change it to Hancock Heights; but fortunately the quaint old appellation could not be shaken off, and the grand new one has become merely a "matter of record." The hill is embraced in the Hayes estate, a domain of many hundred acres kept like an English park. Since the place is not at all times open to the public it is well to seek Mr. James Comley, its famous gardener (whose exhibitions, by the way, at the horticultural shows in Boston are prize-winners year after year), and obtain from him permission to pass through. The road to the hill is by banks of flowers. The view from its summit is a fine one, having the features of that from Munroe Hill on a broader scale.

We may leave the hill by the southeast side, and, again outside the estate, may make our winding way, by cross streets and a sweet pine grove, back toward the Green. On the return, we must take in the Goodwin estate, occupying a picturesque hillock overlooking the Green, upon which at the southeast side of the house we observe this inscription marked on a tablet set into the surface of a flat rock: —

On this hill
Samuel Adams
hearing the fire of the
British troops, April 19, 1775
exclaimed to Hancock
"*What a glorious* morning for America!"

History records that this remark was made by Adams as he was walking in a field after the day had dawned, and at that time, according to the best authorities, he was with Hancock two miles away; although we have in the reminiscences of Madam Scott — the Dorothy Quincy whom Hancock married, and who, when a widow, became the wife of Captain Scott — the statement that Adams and Hancock left the parsonage at about "the break of day."

Having now made the circuit of the village and reached the end of this walk, we may spend an interesting half hour before train time in the museum of relics in the **Memorial Hall** of the Town House. Over the arch at the entrance of the octagon constituting the hall we read this inscription: —

> Lexington
> consecrates this hall and its emblems
> to the memory of the
> founders and the sustainers of our free institutions.

The four life-size marble statues occupying the niches lend dignity to the hall, which is further embellished by memorial tablets, valued portraits, and curious old prints. The statue at the left as we enter represents "The Minute Man of '75," by Conrad; that at the right, "The Union Soldier" of the Civil War; opposite the Minute Man is the John Hancock by Thomas R. Gould; and opposite the Union Soldier, the Samuel Adams by Martin Milmore. The tablets entitled "The Pledge and its Redemption," and "The Sons defended what the Fathers won," — the former giving the response of Lexington to the Appeal of Boston, December 18, 1773, with the names of those who fell on the 19th of April, 1775, and the latter displaying the names of Lexington men who fell in the Civil War, — are fittingly placed, the one by the Minute Man and the other by the Union Soldier. Of the museum, the *pièce de resistance* are Major Pitcairn's pistols, captured on the day of the battle, and used through the Revolution by General Israel Putnam. Here are also the tongue of the bell which hung in the old belfry and rung the alarm upon Paul Revere's arrival, old flint-lock muskets, relics of Washington, and so on. Among broadsides is a photograph of the original report of the British attack which was dispatched through the country on the afternoon of the Nineteenth. In the Town Hall, above stairs, to which access can be had by asking in the Selectmen's Room, is Henry Sandham's spirited painting of the Battle of Lexington. After "doing" the museum we should step across the corridor into Library Hall, and take a brief survey of the **Cary Public Library**, fostered by Mrs. Maria Cary, who *also contributed* liberally to the erection of this building.

We take the train for the return to Boston at the Lexington Centre Station, three minutes' walk from the Town House.

Walk b. Starting at Munroe Station, from the right side of the railroad track, we take **the meadow road**, which runs up toward the Munroe farm stable and then makes to the left. This we follow to the branch road at the right, opposite the charming little knoll rising from the meadow, and, here turning, cross the bridge over the brook (along which in the finish of Walk No. 21 we gathered watercresses) and saunter toward the woods on the hill beyond. The approach is full of beauty, with the wide-spreading meadow on either side of the road, and the long wooded bank in the distance. Over to the left of this bank of green, the rustic little building of the Lexington Spring Water Company appears, pressed apparently into a mass of trees.

The hill reached, our road (which, by the way, was built by Mr. James S. Munroe purely for a pleasure drive) follows the winding ridge of the well-defined kame for about a mile, picturesque throughout. Both sides of the narrow roadbed are densely overgrown with a variety of vegetation rarely found in so short a walk. Brakes and ferns, vines of the hollows, birches, berry-bushes, and occasional groves of pine, charm the lover of nature, while to the botanist the region is a profitable hunting-field. We tread a soft and mossy path, even the wheel-ruts grass-grown to the very edges. The rural road emerges, from clustering trees, upon **Maple Street**, about a mile and a half from our start. The right turn into this street would take us over to Peirce's Bridge and Massachusetts Avenue, about a half mile off. We turn, however, to the left, and follow the street (it should be called road) northward for half a mile to **the old Lowell Turnpike**, in which it finishes. Turning to the right, we keep the turnpike until we reach the estate on the left marked by a tall red water-tower, and locally known as the old Beard estate, from having been for some years owned and occupied as a summer place by Mr. Alanson W. Beard, sometime collector of the port of Boston.

Here leaving the turnpike, which continues a pleasant country road for two miles to Arlington Heights, we follow the line of **the abandoned road** at the left (the old Winchester road) just below the great barn, and cross northeastward into the broad fields of the estate. We are now entering a region of pleasant upland, and are soon confronted with the disturbing sign, "No Passing Through;" but, by the kind permission of the present owners of these pleasant pastures we may pass, upon condition that we tarry not by the way to pluck bush or flower, and keep as far as possible to the beaten

paths. From the point where the indications of the old road fade, just beyond the stables, we follow the vined stone wall on the left a while, then, bearing still more to the left over the high ground, come to the little forest, which we enter by a well-beaten foot-path almost wide enough for a cart-road. Here we have a walk under leafy bowers and over mossy turf for about half a mile, when we reach a junction of cart-roads and strike the old road, again clearly defined. Keeping this way, after covering perhaps half a mile, we reach a point on the left side through which a charming view appears in the broad valley below. We are here looking toward Winchester and its hills. Continuing now down a slope, our road ends in a private way to the farm which was the feature of our view from the high ground. Taking the right turn, a short walk brings us to the public thoroughfare of **Ridge Street** at its junction with High Street. At this point, according to the guide-post, we are three miles from Arlington, and two and three quarters miles from East Lexington in one direction, and, in the other, three and a half miles from Woburn, and three and three quarters miles from Lexington Centre. The long distance from Lexington Centre is explained by the fact that, since the closing of the road over which we have in part passed, it is necessary to make quite a circuit to reach the town.

We follow Ridge Street (to the right) to the junction of Forest and Fruit streets, and then, taking the right turn in **Forest Street**, swing down the long hill to Arlington, passing Turkey Hill, with its fertile vegetable farms almost to the top, on our left (the way followed, in the opposite direction, in Walk No. 16). Our walk properly ends at the junction of Forest Street and Massachusetts Avenue, where we can take return electric car to Boston. If we prefer the steam car, we are within five minutes' walk of Arlington Heights Station; and, if a train is to be waited for, we might ascend Arlington Heights, although this has been covered in Walk No. 16.

This walk, giving hill and valley, farm and forest, is regarded as one of the most delightful in this section. The region traversed is especially noteworthy for its brilliant colors in the autumn.

Walk a. Over Tidd Hill and Robinson (formerly Davis) Hill, a "circuit" walk. We start from Lexington village by the historic Green northward. Taking Hancock Street, we are to follow this road, beyond the point at which we left it in Walk *a*, toward North Lexington. We again pass the site of the Hancock-Clarke *house*, and the great elm at its side, which fortunately cannot be *removed*, pass the succession of attractive houses in well-kept *grounds* which in that walk interested us here, and admire as

before the beauty of the way. Above Adams Street, which makes off at the right to Burlington, joining the Lowell Turnpike beyond the Lexington line, Hancock Street enters more open country and gradually becomes a rural road, growing more picturesque as it advances. The handsome estate on elevated ground facing our street, occupying the northeast corner of Adams Street, is that of Mr. George O. Whiting, a Boston business man. It commands a far-reaching view, a portion of which we may enjoy from the road looking off to the left. A little way beyond this modern country-seat, and on the same side of the way, we pass the **Fisk house**, of eighteenth-century fashion, also well set against a hillside above the road, and distinguished as a Revolutionary landmark, the tablet on its front giving the record: —

Built 1732 — House of
Dr. Joseph Fisk
who attended the wounded
April 19, 1775, & served in
the colonial army as
surgeon throughout the war.

Our road bends more to the left, with fair prospects on either side, over pasture and hill. As we approach Revere Street on the left, which crosses over to Bedford Street, we see, in the clump of trees across the meadow on that side, the site of the Tidd farm-house, which stood for two hundred years, and was the home of six generations of one of the prominent families of the town in years gone by, but now extinct. Here lived Lieutenant Tidd, who was second in rank to Captain Parker in the affair on the Green. The house stood in a picturesque spot by the side of North Brook, and was reached from the main road by the abandoned lane which we observe opening just above Revere Street.

At the fork just beyond we take the left turn, which the guide-post here says leads to Bedford, while the right goes on to Burlington. We are yet on Hancock Street, although the Burlington road seems to be its more natural continuation, and we are now in the Tidd Hill region. To the fork, we have covered about a mile from the village. At the turn, note the fine orchard on the left. We stroll up-grade a little way; pass the Tidd schoolhouse, one of the oldest in the town; observe the cheerful view over to the left, expanding as we ascend; then just above the schoolhouse leave the road and take the field on the right, entering by the gate (which we should be careful to close after us), or by an easy scramble over the rail along the old stone wall. Crossing the field on the left slope of the hill, we enter the pine woods by the cart-road, and so proceed, steadily mounting a gentle grade, toward the *summit of the hill. No* lovelier woods in small compass are to be *found within the limits* of this rural town. The path almost to

the end is wide enough for a carriage, but it is yet a path and not a road, with soft, clean bed of pine needles over mossy ground. The woods finish in a straight line from east to west, along which runs a stone wall topped by barbed-wire fencing, but we find a safe exit at the eastern edge.

We emerge in the open, the hill terminating in front of us in a knob-like knoll (320 feet above sea level), ascending which we have a rich view sweeping perhaps three quarters of the horizon. Facing northwesterly, the eye roams across a beautiful intervale of wide extent to the distant spires of Bedford, slightly to the left, in a mass of trees. Taking the view in detail, and beginning at the western edge of the pine-woods line behind us, and following around to the eastern edge, we see, first, the near-by hills along the Concord line; broad Tophet Swamp; then, against the horizon, the distant peak of Wachusett; next in line, the round knob of Watatic, up in Ashburnham; next, apparently almost behind Bedford village, Monadnock; along to the right, the double peak of Pack Monadnock, near Peterborough; then Joe English, in New Boston; and, in the edge of the long banks of woods further right, the Uncanoonucs, in Goffstown, New Hampshire. This view is lovely in a clear summer forenoon, and especially fine at the approach of sunset.

We leave the hill by the old road or farm-lane at the left, between stone walls, and, taking a short cut across the meadow at the foot, reach the Bedford road. Here we turn to the left. Our course is now for a quarter of a mile or so down this country road, across the railroad track by the North Lexington Station, and on to Revere Street, the beginning of which we passed on Hancock Street by the old Tidd farm. From the meadow to the railroad we have a continuous view across the fields of the long side of Tidd Hill, with its banks of trees, rich green if we are walking on a summer day, aglow with brilliant coloring if it be in mellow autumn. At Revere Street we take the right turn and enter the part of this road which goes by the captivating name of "Lovers' Lane," — a narrow, winding, tranquil way, bordered thick with bushes, trailing vines, and trees. It is something of a shock to learn that it leads to the poor-house, but before that melancholy finish is reached we may turn our course to a cheerier goal. On the brow of the hill which the lane lazily mounts we turn to the left, and, slipping the fence-bar aside, enter a field-path bearing toward the summit; but before making the turn let *us step* to the opposite side and absorb the view from the opening *in the* tree-line here. It is a peaceful landscape over which we *gaze of* valley, fertile meadow and field, and undulating ground *round* about and beyond.

We are now on **Robinson Hill** (340 feet). A sharp turn from the field-path brings us to its topmost part, a group of moss-capped rocks. Here we are twenty feet higher than on Tidd Hill, but the view is less extensive, being contracted somewhat by the shape of this hill and its near surroundings. Yet it is a view of charming details, especially to the north and westward. South-east we have a pretty vista, opening a bit of Lexington and Arlington Heights to the view. Turning our steps in the latter direction along a footpath, we shortly come to the brink of the hill, in a bold bluff overlooking the village on the plain below and its surrounding hills. Over the village and beyond we see Prospect Hill in Waltham, at the right; nearly in front of us, the distant outlines of the Blue Hills; at the left, the hills of Winchester, Woburn, and Stoneham, the Stoneham standpipe, a conspicuous object but not beautiful, in the landscape.

We strike down the steep bluff on the left side to the rural lane which we observe making its way village-ward; and following this lane, passing near the ancient burying-ground on the left [see Walk *a*], we come out upon Massachusetts Avenue, by the Catholic Church. Here turning to the left, we come to the Green and reach our starting-point, completing this circuit walk. It is a comfortable two hours' walk, and covers a little rising four miles.

In the Birches.

Concord, by way of Bedford.

Boston to Bedford, by steam car [B. & M., S. Div.], 14 miles; fare, 30 cents. From West Bedford by the highway to Merriam's Corner, about 1½ miles. From Merriam's Corner, by the Lexington Road, to Concord village, 1 mile.

From Boston to Concord direct by steam car, two routes: by the Fitchburg line, 20 miles; by the B. & M., S. Div., 19 miles; fare by Fitch., 40 cents; by B. & M., 38 cents.

Walk a [No. 25]. In Bedford. Features along the way: the village; historic houses on the "Great Road;" Fitch's Tavern, the rendezvous of the minute-men of 1775; the ancient Winthrop Farm; seventeenth-century homesteads; the "Brother Rocks" on the Concord River side; river meadows; wood paths; the Shawshine valley; the old burying-ground.

Walk b [No. 26]. From West Bedford to Merriam's Corner, thence through Concord. Features: the Old Bedford Road; the Great Fields: the mile-long Ridge; birthplace of the Concord grape; "The Wayside;" Hawthorne's Walk; the "Orchard House;" "The Chapel;" the Emerson house; Thoreau's woods; historic spots in and about the village square; the way to the Battle Ground; the Old Manse; the Monument and the Minute-man; round about Concord River; in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery; old houses of Main Street. Return by the Fitchburg railroad.

Walk c [No. 27]. In Concord woods.

Concord was the first inland town founded in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. It was settled in the autumn of 1635, by a few families led by Major Simon Willard, Indian trader, and Peter Bulkeley, the minister, who made their way from Newe Towne (Cambridge) along Indian trails. Before starting out the leaders had obtained from the General Court, sitting at Newe Towne, an order (passed September 2), "that there shalbe a plantacon att Muaketequid & that there shalbe six myles of land square to belong to it . . . & that the name of the place is changed and hereafter to be called Concord." The Musketequid was one of the Indian villages of the Massachusetts tribe, and embraced beside the present Concord, two fifths of the present Bedford, and other lands. About a year after the occupation the settlers secured from the Squaw Sachem, widow of Nanepashemet, chief of the tribe, a quit claim of the entire tract, giving for it wampum, hatchets, hoes, knives, cotton cloth, and shirts, "with a new suit of cotton cloath, a linnin band, a hat, shoes, stockins and a great coat," for Wappacowet, who had married the King's widow; and thereupon they were "made welcome." Why the name of Concord was selected for the new plantation is not known. Shattuck, its earliest historian, conjectures that it was in recognition of the "Christian union and concord subsisting among the first company at the commencement of the settlement." The theory entertained by numerous writers, that it was chosen because of the amicable relations between the settlers and the Indians, is overthrown by the fact that the naming occurred before the settlement, more than a year before the quit claim was obtained. About ten years after the settlement, the territory of the township was enlarged by additional grants to the westward and northwestward. In 1729, a part was cut off in the making of the town of Bedford, and in subsequent years other portions were taken for Acton, Lincoln, and Carlisle. Concord was made a shire town as early as 1692, and by the close of its first century it had become the important central town of the province. In the pre-Revolutionary events it had conspicuous part as a town standing "manfully for the rights of the provincials." The first of the series of county conventions to protest against the acts of Parliament and King was held here, in August, 1774. Here the Provincial Congress sat from March to April 15, 1775. The town was the principal place of deposit of the arms and military stores obtained by the Congress, and during the winter of 1774–75, the making of gun-carriages, firearms, musket balls,

cartridges, and military accoutrements was its chief industry. Two companies of minute-men were enlisted, and guards were regularly stationed to protect the military stores. In the Nineteenth of April fight, nearly two hundred townsmen were engaged, the roll including almost every Concord family-name of that time. During the siege of Boston many of the patriot refugees made this town their temporary home, and in July, 1775, they held a Boston town meeting here. During the occupation of Cambridge by the American army when the college buildings were used as barracks, the college was established here, and it remained in Concord for about a year. Concord ceased to be a shire town in 1867, but long before that time it had exchanged the bustle of a central meeting-place of county courts, conventions, and traders, for the quiet of a country village and a retreat of philosophers and literary folk who have given it a fame as wide as that of the "shot heard round the world," which "the embattled farmers" fired. Emerson came to live here in 1834, and in subsequent years, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Channing, the Alcotts, and others, while Thoreau was Concord born. The town covers a plain with skirting hills, and lies about the Sudbury and Assabet rivers which here unite, and the Concord River formed by this union. The principal elevations are the "mile-long" ridge back of the central village, Nashawtuk Hill (235 feet) at the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet, and Punkatasset Hill (300 feet) in the north part, overlooking the Concord.

Bedford, fashioned from parts of Concord and Billerica, was incorporated in 1729. It was named, presumably, for Bedfordshire, in England, "as an act of reverence for the memory of the first minister of Concord [Bulkeley], who came from" that place. [Brown, historian of Bedford.] It occupies high ground and broad meadows, the village on an elevation constituting a watershed. The Concord River marks its western bound, the picturesque Shawshine flows through its full length on the eastern side, and numerous sweet brooks course over its pleasant fields and pastures. It comprises the "Winthrop Grant" made to Governor John Winthrop, by the General Court in 1638, a part of the "Dudley Grant" made at the same time to the deputy-governor, and a portion of the "Shawshine Grant" made to Cambridge in 1641. Among its historic landmarks are "The Two Brothers," — two boulders on the brink of the Concord River, marking the bound between the Winthrop and Dudley Grants, as defined in Winthrop's Journal. Other landmarks are ancient houses, and memorials of the Revolution, in which Bedford had honorable part, one seventh of the population of the little town having participated in its opening scene, and Bedford men having been in nearly every campaign to the close.

Our Concord walk should properly follow the Lexington walks by the direct highway from Lexington, but we make a detour through Bedford to enjoy the charm of a town within easy reach of the city which yet retains a country flavor; also to visit landmarks out of the beaten path, and to approach Concord by a picturesque back way. From Lexington to Concord direct, — by way of Monument Street and the Lexington Road, — the distance is six miles; by the roundabout way of Bedford and the Old Bedford Road, about nine miles; but part of the latter is to be covered by rail. The direct highway is a pleasant road, and being the route which the British troops took, out and back, on the historic Nineteenth, has several points of interest connected with the events of that day. We do not propose to slight it, but we shall treat it as a by-walk; or note it for covering in a Lexington and Concord *drive, or a bicycle run.* It passes over Concord Hill, and extends

for about two miles across the northern tip of Lincoln, entering Concord not far below the approach to Merriam's Corner, where it is joined by the Old Bedford Road which we shall take from Bedford. Of its historical points, two are marked by stone tablets: one a mile out from Lexington, the other half a mile beyond. The first of these points is the Hayward house and the well in the front yard near the roadside, at which the "duel" between James Hayward of Acton and a British soldier took place: —

At this well
April 19, 1775,
James Hayward of Acton
met a British soldier
who, raising his gun, said
"You are a dead man."
"And so are you," replied Hayward.
Both fired. The soldier
was instantly killed
and Hayward mortally wounded.

The second is the Bluff, at the junction of the old and new Concord roads, where the British on the retreat made their first stand in Lexington, the tablet here inscribed: —

This Bluff
was used as a rallying point
by the British
April 19, 1775.
After a sharp fight
they retreated to Fiske Hill
from which they were driven
in great confusion.

Fiske Hill lies nearer the village, on the old part of the road to the north of the present highway. Here the minute-men were in force behind a breastwork of fence rails, pouring a hot fire into the British ranks. It was from this point that the retreat became a rout, unchecked until Lord Percy's relieving column was reached near Munroe Tavern. And it was in the neighborhood of this hill that Major Pitcairn was thrown from his horse, when his steed was captured by young Captain Barrett of Concord [see Walk *b*], with the major's pistols in the saddle-holsters, — the same which are now treasured among the relics in the Lexington Memorial Hall. Along the Lincoln part of the road there was much hard fighting, some accounts say the hardest on the retreat, and especially in the bends about the foot of Hardy's Hill, near the dividing line between Lincoln and Concord.

The route which we mark out for Bedford is a long one, and *part of* it might be covered by carriage or wheel. Carriage hire *in Bedford* is not high. Walks a and b can be "done" comfort*ably in* one day, that is, if, as suggested, we combine a walk and

ride. We should make an early start, and lunch, between walks, in Bedford. The inn here is a good one, with an excellent table. It would be better, however, to give two full days to these walks, for both have numerous interesting features, with inviting by-walks, and should be taken leisurely. Walk *c* is an easy half-day one.

Walk a. Bedford is a nine minutes' railroad ride beyond Lexington. The village lies back from the station about half a mile northward, approached by a country road with pleasant side views. The village centre we find a serene place, with the Parish Church, of old New England pattern, back from the Green or Common; the plainly fashioned Town-house near by; the tree-lined main street, — the "Great Road" now called, as it used to be in earlier days when it was the main road to Boston (the town, in March meeting, 1896, having wisely and with good taste which other towns round about Boston might well emulate, discarded the modern term "street," and restored the old names); — the inn with swing-sign from an ancient elm; the houses of old-time type.

On one side of the Great Road, in dignified line, separated by roomy grounds, yet stand the mansion-house of the minister, the homestead of the merchant, the house of the squire, worthies of the town before and after it had become an important way station on the great stage-coach lines between New Hampshire and Boston, where relays of horses were kept. The merchant's house, second in the line and closest to the roadway, is the oldest of the three and the most historic, for this was in 1775 the rallying place of the Bedford minute-men on the morning of the Concord Fight,

The Old Fitch's Tavern.

and from which they started off for the scene of action. It was at that time the village tavern, kept by Jeremiah Fitch, Jr. In the right front room, which was then the tavern public room and bar, these farmer-soldiers were given a hurriedly prepared meal, well moistened, we may be sure, with New England rum; and, as they left, their captain, Jonathan Wilson, remarked: "It 's a cold breakfast, boys, but we 'll give the British a hot dinner; we 'll have every dog of them before night!"

The minute-men marched over the Old Bedford Road to Concord, joining the Bedford militia company, which had started from its captain's house on that road. At Concord they helped in the removal of stores to places of greater safety before the appearance of the king's troops; and joining in the pursuit of the British on the retreat, had part in the skirmish by Hardy's Hill, where their captain fell. His grave is in the old Bedford burying-ground.

Later on that morning the companies of minute-men from Reading, Wilmington, and other places, passing through the town, tarried at "Fitch's" for refreshment; while wagons with supplies prepared by the women of the village were hastened forward from its door.

This house was probably standing when the town was incorporated in 1729, although its exact date is not known, and became a tavern upon its purchase by Jeremiah Fitch, Jr., in 1766. It has remained in the Fitch family from that time, transformed from tavern to dwelling many years ago; and now with the spreading acres of the homestead, bears the picturesque name of "Stone Croft Farm." Although enlarged by an extension at the side, and provided with modern conveniences and comforts, its ancient appearance is well preserved. The oaken beams are exposed in the ceilings of the broad, low-studded rooms, the generous fireplaces remain as of old; and in the room where the minute-men responded to the alarm brought first by Nathan Munroe and Benjamin Tidd of Captain Parker's Lexington company, is yet the corner closet from which a part of their refreshment was served. The tavern was practically given up before the death of Jeremiah Fitch, Jr., in 1808. The merchant whose homestead this was in later years, was Jeremiah Fitch, son of Jeremiah, Jr., who bought out the several heirs, completing the purchase about 1822. He became a leading merchant in Boston, making this his summer home until his death in 1840. He was a generous and kindly townsman, giving liberally to the town, and helping the unfortunate in quiet ways largely through the minister, his close friend as well as *neighbor.*

In Boston, Mr. Fitch was prominent in the old Brattle Square Church, and *it was through* his instrumentality that the cannon-ball which, fired from an *American* battery during the siege of Boston, struck the meeting-house, was

rescued from its ignoble service as a weight on the front gate of a neighboring dwelling, and fixed in the front of the building, — its "cannon-ball breastpin" as Holmes called it, — where it remained a "memento of the glorious contest," until the demolition of the old meeting-house. It is now in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Miss Caroline M. Fitch succeeded to the ownership of the homestead, and it is now the home of Charles W. Jenks, a descendant of the merchant.

The minister's house, first in this line, was the dwelling of the Rev. Samuel Stearns, the fourth minister of the town, who served for thirty-seven years, — from 1796 until his death in 1834. Its building was begun by Parson Stearns's predecessor, the Rev. Joseph Penniman, and accordingly is upward of a century old. It must have been in its day the stateliest house on the road; and now, time-worn, with its elm-shaded yard, and row of poplars on the road line, it makes an engaging picture. Within, the large rooms opening from either side of the broad central hall are finished in the style of the substantial mansion-house of its period. It is still in the Stearns family. The parson had a family of thirteen children, five of them sons, four of whom became ministers. The older minister's house, that of the Rev. Nicholas Bowes, the first minister of the town, who married Lucy, daughter of Parson John Hancock of Lexington, is still standing, — a fine old house with large elms in front, an eighth of a mile down the Great Road, next to the old burying-ground which we shall visit later on. It dates from about 1730, and long went by the name of the "domine manse."

The "squire," who occupied the third house in the line, was Elijah Stearns, a cousin of Parson Stearns. This house was built early in the present century, and a part of it was used for some years as a store, subsequently as the post office, and at other times as the local court room. The squire's books are now in the possession of the Bedford Historical Society, to which they were presented. The old store books illustrate the custom of the times, entries and sales of New England rum being prominent items. The post office business was not heavy: one or two letters a day, and sometimes none, an exceedingly busy day being seven. The squire's mansion house has passed through several hands since his death. It is now owned by George R. Blinn, of the law firm of Adams & Blinn, Boston.

From the Great Road we turn at the triangle with its handsome oak, as old as the town, in a field of green, called Wilson Park, in memory of the captain of the minute-men, and taking the North Road, *at the right, leave* the village for country parts. The *triangle is near the bounds* of the great Winthrop Farm; the North

Road is one of the roads to Billerica. About a mile and a half beyond, the Dudley Road, branching off to the left, leads toward the "Brother Rocks" on the Concord River side, the bound between the Winthrop and Dudley farms for which we are now aiming. Instead, however, of turning directly into Dudley Road we should continue on the North Road for about an eighth of a mile farther, to the "**old Job Lane house**," — or an ancient house thought to be that built by Colonel John Lane, son of Job Lane, the purchaser of the Winthrop Farm in 1664, and the first to occupy it. Whether this is the identical house, its antiquity certainly cannot be questioned. It stands with its weathered side to the roadway, a few yards back from the huge trunk of a dead elm, picturesque with trailing vines. It is of the grim seventeenth-century style of farm-house with the great central chimney and leanto. Inside its heavy frame is disclosed in the protruding thick hewn cross-beams. In the long kitchen is the great deep fire-place with hanging crane. There are snug corner closets and cupboards in the low rooms, and a secret chimney closet; and in the attic is a window from which tradition says that Mary, the young daughter of Colonel John Lane, shot and killed an Indian lurking in a thicket near by the house.

It was at that time a garrison house and the girl was alone with a single soldier on guard, her father being away. "Something behind a stump" excited her suspicion as she looked from this window. "The soldier declined to fire. Taking the gun she discharged it, and a dead Indian rolled into sight." [Brown's History of Bedford.] She lived to tell the tale long years after, for she reached the great age of ninety-six. Job Lane was an "artificer," of Malden, and bought the Winthrop Farm from Fitz John Winthrop, of Connecticut, into whose possession it had come. The house is now the home of Hiram Dutton, who has owned and occupied it for half a century.

Back to Dudley Road we follow this road through a pleasant region for a mile and a half to the Pickman place within the limits of the Dudley Farm and upon which the "**Brother Rocks**" stand. Along the way we pass the large white ash, with girth at five feet from the ground of thirteen feet four inches, which Dame mentions in his "Typical Elms and other Trees of Massachusetts." This tree stands in front of the first house passed after the turn from the North Road. The Pickman place is reached through an avenue of noble chestnuts, opening at the left of the road. The river meadows lie back of and beyond the house. Taking the grassy farm-lane at the left of the fine barn, we soon strike a path at the left which meanders across the meadow, now over spongy turf, now alongside of a bubbling brook, in a southeasterly direction toward the ancient landmarks.

The two boulders lie near together close to the river's brink in a sylvan spot. On the tablets set in the face of each we read, on

that to the south "Winthrop, 1638," that to the north, "Dudley, 1638." The river approaches this point in picturesque bends. Facing the rocks, at the left we look over field and pasture to the Carlisle bridge crossing the stream about three quarters of a

The Brother Rocks.

mile above. The little brook or creek by which the farms were divided probably entered the river near the rocks. Perhaps the brook now running through the meadow marks its old course, but apparently this was cut out after the saw-mill was built where the stream crosses Dudley Road, — a more direct channel straight to the river. The governor's thousand acres spread off southerly from the "Two Brothers;" the deputy governor's, northerly. We can easily imagine the scene which met the gaze of Winthrop and Dudley, as they paddled down the river from the little settlement at Concord to mark these lands which the General Court had granted them in May, 1638. Making selection of this point for their landing, "they offered each other the first choice, but," as Winthrop narrates in his Journal, "because the deputy's was first granted, and himself had store of land already, the Governor yielded him the first choice. So, at the place where the deputy's land was to begin there were two great stones which they called the Two Brothers in remembrance that they were brothers by their children's marriage and did so brotherly agree, and for that a little creek near *those stones* was to part their lands." Shortly after, *the court granted* Winthrop two hundred acres more, and later

sixty acres of meadow "within a mile or two of his farme," nearer Woburn.

The Winthrop Farm remained intact and unoccupied until the purchase by Job Lane, in 1664. The Dudley Grant lay entirely in Billerica until 1766, when the "Edward Stearns Farm," occupying a portion of it, and embracing the present Pickman place, was set off from Billerica and joined to Bedford. The owner of the Pickman place, Dudley Leavitt Pickman, is a descendant of Dudley.

The flora of the region along and about the river is interesting. In the low land and meadows extending back some distance from the river bank are found plenty of coarse grasses and sedges, pitcher plants, and the orchids common to such land, as calopogon, arethusa, and pogonia; in the river itself, the pond-lily, the large and small yellow lily, pickerel weed, arrowhead, water crowfoot, and water marigold. A most interesting cryptogam is the Marsilia quadrifolia, introduced from its only known habitat, Bantam Lake, Connecticut, into the river at Concord, many years ago by Minot Pratt, from plants obtained at the Cambridge Botanic Garden, and now spreading down-stream as far as Billerica; very abundant among the lily-pads. The beautiful swamp rose-mallow grows on the banks in small patches. The pastures near the "Brother Rocks" are brilliant with rhodora in spring. A large patch of spiked loosestrife (lythrum solicaria) for many years attracted attention, but the use of the land for crops has now nearly exterminated it.

Leaving the Pickman place, if we are driving or riding, we proceed northward, entering Billerica, and keep on a continuation of the Dudley Road in a great loop eastward, until we again reach the North Road; then we follow the latter to the old Middlesex Turnpike, which we next keep, across Nutting's Pond, until we come to the Old Road to Billerica, where we turn toward Bedford, and soon reach the Bacon homestead, the oldest in town. By this way the distance from the Pickman place to the Bacon place is about five and a half miles. There is no shorter cross-road, but to one knowing the country it is a pleasant walk of about three miles from the Job Lane house (back on the North Road) to the Bacon place, by way of "Bedford Springs," and a cart-path through the woods and across the "Great Meadow" (a part of which was included in the second grant to Winthrop). If we prefer the walk we can readily find a guide in a friendly townsman.

The Bacon house is supposed to have been built in the latter part of the seventeenth century by Michael Bacon, one of the earliest settlers, formerly of Woburn, who set up the first mill on the Shawshine River before 1675. The original farm of five hun-

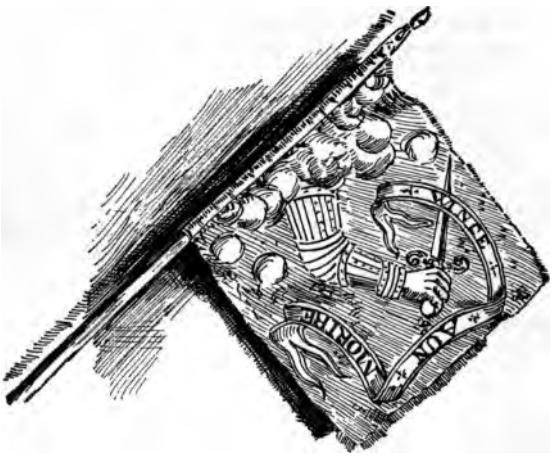
dred acres, part of the "Shawshine Grant" made to Cambridge in 1641, was bought by him from the Cambridge minister, Joseph Mitchell, to whom it had been given, in 1682; and it is presumed that the ancient house dates from about that year. Six generations of Bacons have occupied it. Jonathan Bacon, Michael's son, "perfected" the township of Bedford, for which he received a fee of £11 8s 3d. He was counted a "principal inhabitant," and on him devolved the duty of assembling the "freeholders and other inhabitants" in the first town meeting to choose town officers.

The Ancient Bacon House.

From the Bacon place the road runs pleasantly in part over highland with the picturesque valley of the Shawshine on the left, the river, a narrow thread, coursing through. About a mile and a quarter beyond the Bacon house we reach the Page place, another old homestead, which has been in possession of descendants of the original settler for two centuries. A modern house behind an aged elm occupies the site of the original house, but the latter yet stands on a lot near by, in good view from the road. It was from the attic of this house, where it had lain for a century, that the ancient flag borne by Cornet Nathaniel Page at the head of the Bedford minute-men to Concord, and now preserved in the Bedford Library, was taken.

A mile farther and we are back in the village at the Town Hall. Here we may see in the Library room, carefully mounted and under glass, the banner just referred to, which has been pronounced by competent authority "the most precious memorial of its kind we have any knowledge of, far exceeding in historic value the *famed flag of Eutaw* and Pulaski's banner." It is said to *have been designed in* England, somewhere between 1660 and

1670, for the "three-county troops" of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and carried by the Middlesex regiment. After the Concord Fight, Cornet Page restored it to its dusty resting-place in the old homestead garret, and it was not brought out again until another century had passed, when it appeared at the head of the Bedford delegation at the centennial celebration in Concord in



The Historic Banner borne by the Bedford Minute-men.

1875. Ten years later it was presented to the town by the late Cyrus Page. Other interesting things are to be seen in the collection of antiquities in connection with the Free Library.

A visit to the old burying-ground on the Springs Road finishes our walk. Here are the graves of the fathers of the town and of numerous members of the older families, in a well-kept enclosure shaded by many trees. The Revolutionary marker appears above an exceptionally large number of them. The grave of Captain Wilson of the minute-men is about in the centre of the yard. In another part is the grave of Mary Lane, who shot the Indian from the old Colonel John Lane house. When she died in 1783, at ninety-six, she was "Mrs. Mary, relict of Mr. John Whitmore, of Medford." In a corner is the "African Reservation," a mound in which a tablet has been set by generous hands inscribed with the names of faithful former bondsmen who served through the Revolution with the Continental army.

Walk b. At the West Bedford station we take the road to which the platform leads, turning to the left and crossing the tracks. This is the Concord Road, from Bedford centre, at the right, and becomes the **Old Bedford Road** at the bounds between Bedford and Concord. It is a quiet country road from the station onward, tending generally in a southerly direction, with picturesque curves, through a pastoral region of much beauty of landscape. A succession of old farms with ancient homesteads, here when the companies of minute-men from various towns hurried by for the Concord Fight, characterize the way. The first of these old places is reached on the outskirts of the little cluster of houses which mark the village of the station, — the big black house with huge chimney, standing sideways on a bluff in a bend of the road. From this point we enter open country, — on the right expanding fields, beyond which we see the upper Concord hills; on the left, orchards backed by adjacent highland. The road bends to the right, then to the left, crosses the Bedford-Concord dividing line, marked by two stone bounds on the left side, then mounts a gentle grade, disclosing broader prospects as it proceeds. Another old farm-house, with lean-to, is passed on the left, pleasantly placed, with a splendid view of distant Lexington hills from its side, and an avenue of fine old trees along the road line. There is another just beyond, on the right side, perhaps not quite so old, and smaller, but of similar fashion. And still another further along, again on the right, presenting its side to the roadway, with long, slanting roof, and from its yard and fields the same view of distant hills.

A short distance beyond we come to a fork in the road, Bedford Street, at the right, going direct to Concord centre, the old road bending to the left, and going on to Merriam's Corner, there joining the Lexington Road. From this fork, according to the guide-post, it is one mile and a quarter to Concord centre by Bedford Street, five miles to Lexington by way of the old road, and three miles back to Bedford; and Merriam's Corner is a little less than a mile off. Keeping to the old road, our pleasant walk continues. The next fork is at the junction with the ancient "Virginia Road," where the heavy granite guide-post, looking like a formal monument as we approach it, informs us in big lettering that we are a mile farther from Bedford, and eight miles from Billerica. Now our road bears to the right, and by a long sweep shortly reaches the historic corner. As we approach we have a full view over "the Great Fields," on the right, and of the back side of the mile-long ridge around which, by a bridge path through the woods on this side, the Concord and other minute-men

hurried to harass the British on the retreat by the main road on the front side. The old house back from the corner and close to the Bedford roadside, is the Merriam house, which witnessed the fight. As we turn into the Lexington Road we observe, set in the

Merriam's Corner.

stone wall, the tablet marking **Merriam's Corner,** — a boulder, thus inscribed: —

Merriam's Corner.

The British troops
retreating from the
Old North Bridge
were here attacked in flank
by the men of Concord
and neighboring towns
and driven under a hot fire
to Charlestown.

The men of the "neighboring towns" were Chelmsford and Billerica minute-men, and those from Reading and Medford, under the command of the gallant young physician, Major John Brooks, of Medford, afterward General, and in later years Governor Brooks [see Walk No. 14, p. 94], who were already here when the men from the village arrived. This was the first exposed point, as the regulars left the protection of the ridge, over which they had thrown out flank guards, and the action was one of the sharpest of the several along the road. Many of the minute-men engaged in this skirmish followed all the way to Charlestown ferry, the Medford men firing the last shot during the British embarkation.

Our steps are now toward the central village, about a mile and *three quarters* beyond, past the old homes of Hawthorne, the *Alcotts*, and Emerson. On the right we have the "**mile-long ridge,**" with its thick covering of green rising abruptly behind the

clustered houses at its base, on the left the broad sweep of open level meadow stretching off a half a mile or more toward low-wooded hills. After a fifteen minutes' walk, keeping the path on the meadow-side of the road, from which we have the fairer view of ridge and meadow, we come to the first place of especial interest, — **the old Bull place**, with the neglected vineyard where the famous Concord Grape was born. This lies against the ridge, in the weedy garden about the deserted gabled cottage standing a few rods back from the road, behind a lattice fence. Here the late Ephraim Bull, more than forty years ago (1855), first produced this now so common fruit by a process of hybridizing (crossing the native wild grape with the Isabella, it is said), and the parent vine is yet productive. Mr. Bull lived to a venerable age, a half century of his life engaged in this vineyard. Before his death he moved to the village, and the place passed to other hands.

Next beyond is "**The Wayside,**" changed since Hawthorne's day, yet with much of the outward look and charm it had when

"The Wayside."

the shy, reticent romancer, whose walks to and from the village were often made without a word to friend or stranger passing by, was its occupant, and wrought his exquisite work in the tower study. This was his home from 1852, after his first return from Europe, to the time of his death, which occurred so suddenly away from it, on that short, last journey for health, with his old friend Franklin Pierce, in 1864. Before he came here the place had been *the home of Bronson* Alcott, from whom he purchased it. At *that time it included a* small farm and woodland of about twenty

acres, with an ancient dwelling built some time before the Revolution, which Alcott had roughly reconstructed. Alcott had bought it in 1845, and called it "Hillside." Hawthorne's more poetic name was suggested by its tranquil situation hard by the traveled way. The late George B. Bartlett, choicest of Concord guides, fancied that Hawthorne also "connected with it a fanciful symbolism. . . . It pleased him to conceive of himself, even after he became famous, as sitting by the wayside and observing the show of human life while it flowed by him." Hawthorne refashioned the old house, and by degrees embellished the grounds after his own taste, the low hedge along the sidewalk, the thicket of trees — firs, pines, elms, oaks, Scotch larches, birches — being largely set out by him. The rose-vines and woodbine covering one end of the house were also his embellishment; but the hawthorn-tree by the porch was placed at a later period. The larger part of the work of beautifying the modest estate was done after Hawthorne's return from Italy, early in 1860. At that time the house was enlarged to its present proportions, and the "tower study" — the square, full-windowed structure rising above the roof of the main part — was built. This is reached from the second story by a narrow, covered stairway, at the top of which, in either corner, is a case for books, over one the motto, "Abandon care, all ye who enter here;" over the other, Tennyson's line, "There is no joy but calm;" while on the window-casing, between the shelves, is painted the word, "Olympus," in Greek letters. The study was finished in red-stained pine, and plainly furnished with a table, having at one end a sloping desk, a hinged shelf against the wall for use as a standing desk, a couple of chairs, one an "American rocker," an open fireplace, a few prints on the walls, fewer ornaments on the mantel. Hawthorne's library was the little low front room at the left of the entrance porch.

Along the edge of the crest of the ridge which rises behind the house in a steep slope to a height of about seventy feet, and over which the thick growth extends back for about half a mile, is "**Hawthorne's Walk**," his "out-door study," as Bartlett calls it, where he used "to pace up and down among the sweet-fern and blackberries, meditating upon whatever he proposed to write." "From the lawn below the hill," says Bartlett, "I have looked up and seen Mr. Hawthorne's dark, quiet figure passing slowly across the dim light of mingled sky and branches, his tread measured and his head bent; and he seemed to be at one with his surroundings of eloquent and sombre pines, and the uncloying scent of the sweet-fern." The path worn by his footsteps is yet visible. Other pleasant winding paths are in these ridge-woods.

Shortly after Hawthorne's death this place was sold, but the new purchaser made no change in it. For a few years it was used for a girls' boarding school. In 1879 it was bought by Mr. George P. Lathrop, who married Hawthorne's daughter Rose, and they lived in it for a short time. In 1881 it became the property of the late Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, of Boston, and since his death, in 1892, it has been occupied during the summer seasons by Mrs. Lothrop, the "Margaret Sidney" whose books for children are widely known.

The next place includes **"Orchard House,"** the second Concord home of the Alcott family, and the **"Hillside Chapel"** of the "Concord School of Philosophy and Literature," that unique and renowned institution which drew its summer patrons and pupils from far and near parts of the country, and during its career of nearly ten years (1879–1888) added a fresh attraction to the town. "Orchard House," like "The Wayside," is an ancient house renewed, — more than two centuries old. It was bought by Alcott's wife and some of his friends in 1857, and was the homestead for nearly twenty years. Here Alcott gave many of his "Conversations" to audiences gathered in the library on the first floor; Louise Alcott wrote her winsome "Little Women," and the popular stories which followed; and May, the youngest daughter, developed into the successful artist, using the room adjoining the library for her studio. The interior of the house has been described as "full of queer nooks and corners with all manner of juttings in and out." The walls were painted and papered by the daughters. "Gradually the artist daughter filled up all the nooks and corners with panels on which she had painted birds and flowers, and over the open fireplace she painted mottoes in ancient English characters." The first sessions of the School of Philosophy, of which Mr. Alcott was the principal founder and the dean, were held here, the house being reopened for this purpose two years after the removal of the remaining members of the family to the home of the eldest daughter, Mrs. Pratt, in the so-called "Thoreau house," on Main Street, which we shall pass at the finish of our walk. The Chapel was built in 1880, from Mr. Alcott's plans. It is, as we see, a simple structure, bare of all ornamentation save the trailing grapevine over the porch. Within, it is as severely plain. Well-worn paths on either side lead up the terraced hillside.

The Alcott place is now the property of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, who bought it some time before the close of the Concord School, and the Orchard House is occupied as a summer residence. The last public meeting in the Chapel was on the occasion of the memorial to Mr. Alcott in 1888.

A short walk brings us to **the Emerson place**, in a grove of pines, on *the left side of* the way, facing the Concord Turnpike at *its junction with our road*. The plain, square house, of the con-

ventional old New England type, with central door, of two stories, and low roof, was Emerson's home from 1835 to his death in 1882. Over the marble flags from the gate to the doorstep, beneath the shade of tall chestnuts on either side, have passed many personages eminent in letters during this period of nearly half a century as guests of the gentle seer. The room on the right of the long hall, passing through the middle of the house, was Emerson's study, and on the mahogany centre-table still rests the morocco writing-pad which he used, with his pen lying at its side. The

Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

parlor is in the southern quarter, reached from the study by doors on either side of the open fireplace. Back of the house is the old-fashioned garden with its hollyhocks, roses, and shrubs. Emerson bought this place upon his second marriage, to Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, moving to it from the Old Manse where he was boarding, and at that time the house was but a few years old (built in 1828), so that it is almost entirely identified with him. The estate then embraced two acres of land, bordering along the stage road to Boston. In July, 1872, the house was partially destroyed by fire, but it was at once rebuilt by friends, on the former lines. The family then went temporarily to the Manse, while a study was fitted for Mr. Emerson in the Court House. He soon, however, went abroad with his daughter Ellen, where he remained during the reconstruction of the house, and upon his return he was welcomed with a memorable demonstration by the townspeople.

The bells were rung, and a large company of neighbors and friends escorted

him from the railway station under a triumphal arch to his door, the village band at their head playing the homely old air of "Home, Sweet Home." He was greatly moved, but with characteristic modesty insisted that this was a welcome to his daughter and could not be meant for him. Although he had felt quite unable to make any speech, yet seeing his friendly townspeople, old and young, in groups watching him enter his own door once more, he turned suddenly back, and going to the gate said: "My friends! I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all — one family — in Concord!" [Edward W. Emerson, in "Emerson at Concord."]

This place is now occupied by Miss Ellen Emerson.

The road at the left, Heywood Street, leads in the direction of **Walden Pond,** — the beloved of Thoreau and Emerson, but now a place of popular picnics, — about a mile and a half off. The way is by this short road to Walden Street, at the left, thence for about a mile, passing the junction of Thoreau Street with Walden Street, and then, having surmounted a hill, by a wood road, at the right, for three quarters of a mile. This path reaches the site of the hut which Thoreau built on the pond-side in 1845, and in

The Thoreau Cairn.

which he lived and wrote for nearly two years, 1845–47, "close to Nature," now marked by The Cairn made by many visitors each contributing a stone. From the main road, a few rods before the turn toward the pines back of Thoreau's grove, is seen the remnant of Thoreau's "orchard" planted from pine cones in straight lines. Walden Street leads to Lincoln past the pond; Thoreau Street comes from the Fitchburg station and runs into Walden Street. This walk to Walden is a delightful by-walk. [See Walk *c*.]

Continuing along the Lexington Road we are soon at the centre. The old house on the right as the square is approached, dating back a century and a half, is known as the Beaton house, where lived John Beaton, who founded the charity fund for the "silent poor" of the town in 1776. Next above is the Heywood house, in which George Heywood, whose ancestors and himself held the town clerkship for one hundred and seven consecutive years, was born and lived until his death in 1897, at the age of seventy. The next, marked by a weather-worn tavern sign, is the house of the Concord Antiquarian Society, occupied at the time of the Revolution by Captain Reuben Brown, who made various military equipments for the patriots before the Concord Fight in his saddlery shop, still standing (the dwelling next above), and who was the messenger sent down the Lexington Road on the morning of the Nineteenth to report the approach of the British troops. The interior of the house has been furnished by the Antiquarian Society in the olden style, a fit setting for the interesting collection of

Antiquarian Society Room.

antiques of the Colonial, Provincial, and Revolutionary periods here exhibited. A small fee admits the visitor.

The Unitarian Church on the opposite side in the square, a few steps above, is the meeting-house in which the Provincial Congress first assembled, but so changed in its remodeling, both exterior and interior, as to have little, if any, likeness to the original. The present Grecian porch, with heavy wooden columns, was substituted for the square clock-tower and slender spire in the greater remodeling of 1841, when also the high pulpit and sounding-board were removed. At the time that the Congress occupied it the house was sixty-three years old. The inscription on the tablet against the porch reads: —

The first Provincial Congress
of delegates from the towns of
Massachusetts
was called by conventions of
the people to meet at Concord on the
eleventh day of October, 1774.
The delegates assembled here
in the meeting-house on that day,
and organized
with John Hancock as president
and Benjamin Lincoln as secretary.
Called together to maintain
the rights of the people,
this Congress
assumed the government of the Province,
and by its measures prepared the way
for the war of the Revolution.

"Wright's Tavern," next the church, on the Main Street corner, — Major Pitcairn's headquarters on the Nineteenth, where he made his boast, so says tradition, that he would "stir the rebels' blood before night," as he stirred his brandy, with his bloody finger, — stands, unlike the church, much as it appeared at that period, in outward appearance at least. It dates from 1747, and continued a favorite inn for some time after the Revolution. Then it was put to use as a bake-house, later became a dwelling, and again a shop; but now it swings its inviting tavern sign as of old, offering "entertainment" to the traveler. "Jones's Tavern," where Colonel Smith made his headquarters, was on Main Street, a few steps off the square. It disappeared many years ago.

The steep hillside burying-ground opposite the Unitarian church, with clusters of gray stones reaching close to the sidewalk bank, is the oldest graveyard in the town. On the crest above was the first meeting-house, and in Revolutionary days the Liberty Pole, *which Colonel* Smith's soldiers cut down, as the tablet *on the front wall of the* enclosure states: —

On this hill
the settlers of Concord
built their meeting-house
near which they were buried,
on the southern slope of the ridge
were their dwellings during
the first winter,
below it they laid out
their first road, and
on the summit stood the
Liberty-pole of the Revolution.

Here are historic graves, — tombs of the ministers, Daniel Bliss (settled 1738–74) and William Emerson (1774–76), grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson; graves of Major Buttrick, who led the fight at the Old North Bridge; and of Colonel Barrett, the commander of the Americans; numerous curious stones and quaint epitaphs. The old foot-worn path leads to the summit where the minute-men took their first position, then, drawing back to the hill at the northwest, watched the oncoming king's troops, "glittering in arms;" and where, shortly after, Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn overlooked the manœuvring of their troops. The grave of Colonel Barrett is at the foot of the hill, behind the stone house a few rods from the entrance-gate. The graves of Major (afterward Colonel) Buttrick, of his son who was fifer of the Concord minute-men, and of numerous other members of the Buttrick family, are on the crest by the little powder-house. In the near neighborhood are the tombs of the ministers. On the stone over Colonel Buttrick's grave is this inscription: —

In memory of Colonel John Buttrick
who commanded the militia companies which made the first attack upon the British troops at Concord North Bridge on the 19th of April 1775.
Having with patriotic firmness shared in the dangers which led to American Independence, he lived to enjoy the blessings of it, and died May 16, 1791, aged 60 years. Having laid down the sword with honor, he resumed the plough with industry: by the latter to maintain what the former had won. The virtues of the patriot, citizen, and Christian adorned his life, and his worth was acknowledged by the grief and respect of all ranks at his death.

The stone above the grave of Colonel Buttrick's father, Deacon Jonathan Buttrick, records that he "was followed to the grave by his widow and 13 well-instructed children." On the tomb of the Rev. William Emerson is this epitaph: "Enthusiastic, eloquent, affectionate and pious; he loved his family, his people, his God, and his country. And the last he yielded the cheerful sacrifice of his life." On the slope toward the summit, at the right of the path, is the grave of Captain John Stone, "the architect of that modern and justly celebrated piece of architecture, Charles River Bridge," at Boston, the stone thus inscribed bearing date of 1791. A *white stone* in this part of the inclosure, the first white stone set

up here, we are told, typifies the virtues of a good woman, — "designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory and by its colour to signify the moral character of Miss Abigail Dudley who died June 4, 1812, aged 73." The oldest grave, or at least the gravestone with oldest date, is beside the main path, on the summit, with the name of Joseph Merriam, died April 20, 1677. Beyond, on the farther side of the hill, is one of the graves most sought, that of John Jack, an old slave, marked by a stone with this rare epitaph, attributed to the Tory lawyer, Daniel Bliss, son of the minister: —

God wills us free, man wills us slaves
I will as God wills; God's will be done.
Here lies the body of
JOHN JACK
a native of Africa, who died
March 1773 aged about sixty years.
Though born in a land of slavery,
he was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
he lived a slave;
till by his honest though stolen labour
he acquired the source of slavery,
which gave him his freedom:
though not long before
Death the grand tyrant,
gave him his final emancipation,
and put him on a footing with kings.
Though a slave to vice,
he practiced those virtues,
without which kings are but slaves.

The Liberty pole stood toward the southern end of the crest.

On the farther side of the square, nearly in front of the Soldiers' monument, and near the head of Lowell Street, a tablet marks the site of "the first Town House used for town meetings and the county courts, 1721–94," which the British fired, but afterward extinguished the flames when warned that gunpowder was stored in the building. On Lowell Street, a few rods from the square, the site of the house of Peter Bulkeley, the first minister, where the trade with the Indians was made, is marked by a tablet in front of the second house on the right, which reads: —

Here in the house of the
Reverend Peter Bulkeley
first minister and one of the
founders of this town,
a bargain was made with the
Squaw Sachem, the Sagamore Tahattawanx
and other Indians,
who then sold the right in
the Six Miles Square called Concord
to the English planters
and gave them peaceful possession
of the land,
A. D. 1636.

On the square near the corner of Lowell Street is the relic of one of the storehouses sacked by the British, in the low part between the corner and the red Thoreau House. The latter is the most modern hotel of the town, and not the modernized house of Thoreau, as many strangers assume.

From the square we naturally seek, first, the Battle Ground. Taking **Monument Street** at the right and strolling along the left sidewalk, we make it within a short half-mile. The first street opening at the right leads to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where are the graves of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts, the Hoars, and others famed in letters and affairs, which we shall include in the latter part of our walk. This street lies against the hill which was the minute-men's second post whence they retreated over the Old North Bridge to await reinforcements as Colonel Smith's troops entered the village. Farther on, on Monument Street nearly opposite the first opening at the left, we pass a house of 1775, one of the few then standing on this road.

Soon after crossing the railroad track, the broad side of **"The Old Manse"** at the left, back from the thoroughfare, is disclosed through the trees. A few rods farther we have the gray

The Old Manse.

front with gambrel roof and single dormer window in view through the long avenue of oak and maple, two hundred feet from the *rough-hewn* granite gate-posts to the ancient parsonage door. It is

the same picture, only grayer, and with oak and maple replacing the black ash avenue of that day, which Hawthorne limned as setting for his enduring "Mosses." The "minister's house" for generations, — of William Emerson, the youthful "fighting parson" with gentle soul, who built it ten years before the battle at the bridge close by, and, for more than sixty years, of the "good Ripley," "the shepherd and judge of his people;" with its "Saint's Chamber," so titled "because holy men in their youth had slept, and studied, and prayed there," its generous dining-room in which as guests "the old-time ministers held their solemn feasts," — it quite resembles, as Hawthorne pictured, the time-honored parsonages of England. It was, Bartlett tells us, the principal house of the town for many years and probably the only one which had two stories and was built with two chimneys. The most picturesque view is of the back from the river side. Here a section of the roof is finished in a leanto, and the back entrance is embowered in lilacs. The worn trees at the rear are the remnant of the orchard which Dr. Ripley set out in his declining years, and lived to enjoy its fruit. Hawthorne's "kitchen garden," which he used to visit and revisit "a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny with a love that nobody could share or conceive of who had never taken part in the process of creation," — skirted the front avenue. A broad hall divides the house in the middle, with rooms of varying breadth opening from either side. The small room over the dining-room, at the back of the second floor, was Ralph Waldo Emerson's study, where he wrote "Nature," and the study of Hawthorne during his occupancy of the house, "a most delightful little nook that ever afforded its snug seclusion to a scholar," its three windows "set with little old-fashioned panes of glass each with a crack across it," from one of which the minister's wife gazed out upon the fight at the bridge. On the glass of one of the western windows Hawthorne and his wife cut these inscriptions with a diamond: "Nath[l] Hawthorne. This is his study. 1843." "Inscribed by my husband at sunset, April 3[d] 1843, in the gold light. S. A. H." "Man's accidents are God's purposes. Sophia A. Hawthorne, 1843." Dr. Ripley's study was on the first floor opposite the present parlor.

William Emerson bought the fields and pasture in which the "Old Manse" stands, and built the house the next year after he had become the parish minister, then but twenty-two years old, and had married Phebe Bliss, the daughter of his predecessor. He was a descendant in the fourth generation of Joseph Emerson, who married the granddaughter of Peter Bulkeley, the first minister and leader of the Concord colonists. Ezra Ripley became the minister in 1778, and, marrying the widow of William Emerson, thus succeeded to the Manse. He attained the age of ninety years. Ralph Waldo

Emerson boarded here with his grandparents for about a year, 1834–35. The Manse was Hawthorne's home from the time of his marriage in 1842 to 1846. It is now occupied by descendants of Dr. Ripley.

The house nearly opposite the "Old Manse," old at the time of the Fight, with the hole in the L made by a British bullet, is known as the **Elisha Jones house,** from its owner at that period. The piece of timber nailed against a beam near the bullet-hole is a relic of the Old North Bridge, and the stone beneath it is said to be the rock across which Captain Isaac Davis of Acton fell when he received his mortal wound in the Fight. This stone, Bartlett says, was one of a row of stepping-stones used when the water was high on the causeway, and was identified by certain stains upon it. The bullet which has left its mark in the house was fired at Captain Jones, who, it is related, was standing, gun in hand, at the open door of the shed as the regulars passed by on their hurried march back to the village.

Entering now the avenue of tall pines and firs opening from the highway, at the left, a few steps bring us to the North Bridge and

The Battle Monument.

the Battle Ground. The Battle Monument at the approach to the bridge marks the British position, the statue of the Minute-Man on the opposite bank, the position of the Americans. The inscription on the monument reads : —

Here
on the 19th of April, 1775
was made the first forcible resistance to
British Aggression.
On the opposite bank stood the American militia,
here stood the invading army.
And on this spot the first of the enemy fell
in the War of the Revolution,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
this monument was erected,
A. D. 1836.

Near the monument, beneath the wall on the left side of the lane, two of the British, killed and left on the ground, are buried where they fell. Their names were never learned, and their sepulchre was unmarked until the centennial celebration of the Fight, when the line "Grave of British soldiers," which appears on a smooth-faced stone in the wall, was cut. A heavy iron chain now surrounds the grave. Altogether, it is more effective than the shaft. The stone for the monument came from a white granite boulder in the oak woods of Westford, the home of Lieutenant-Colonel John Robinson, who marched at the request of Major Buttrick by his side, down the hill to the attack.

The North Bridge.

Crossing the picturesque "Battle Bridge," which is in part a reproduction of the original one, we are before French's admirable work most effectively placed about a hundred feet from the end of the bridge in front of the old stump of an apple-tree, which is supposed to be the spot where Captain Davis received his mortal wound. The figure of heroic proportions faithfully reproduces

the minute-man of the Revolution, in the garb of the farmer-soldier, the waistcoat hanging heavily with the bullets in its pockets, leaving his plough in the furrow, and answering, musket in hand, the call to arms; the attitude alert, the face serious and resolute. For inscription are the opening lines of Emerson's noble hymn, written for the dedication of the Battle Monument, July 4, 1837, incised in the panel on the front face of the pedestal: —

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

On the rear face are simply the dates: "1775. Nineteenth of April, 1875." The statue was cast from the metal of ten pieces of brass cannon given to the town by Congress, and the pedestal is a block from the same boulder from which the Battle Monument came. The willow hedge planted around the grounds, designed to protect the abutment of the bridge from floods, adds beauty to the setting.

The Minute Man.

Daniel C. French, the sculptor, is a native of Concord. This was his first important piece of statuary, and brought him quick renown. His earliest studio was on the farm of his father, Judge Henry F. French, a dainty structure, divided into reception and working rooms. Here he modeled this statue, his group of Law, Prosperity, and Power, and other notable compositions. When the Minute-man was finished, in 1874, he was but twenty-four years of age.

We linger on the "American side," fascinated by the tranquil scene. It is to-day an idyllic spot, a place of peace and quietude. The idle river, "the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity — the sea," sweeps gently behind the "Old Manse," and, coming under the bridge, makes its winding course northward. Trees and rushes line its further brink and are mirrored in its placid surface. A canoe glides noiselessly by. Behind us spreads the broad and open field.

At the time of the Fight the old road came across the bridge, ran parallel with the stream for some distance, and then, ascending the high ground to the northward, went on to Carlisle. Dr. Ripley gained a title to the way to the bridge by possession, and when the movement for the Battle Monument was started, he reconveyed it to trustees for the memorial, and gave the Battle Ground, which was included in the Old Manse field, to the town.

Returning to Monument Street we continue farther up the road to Liberty Street, opening at the left, and so reach the highland field where the Americans formed, "the minute companies on the right and the militia on the left, facing the town," and from which they marched in double file toward the bridge. At the turn from the Battle Field lane the tall hedge of arbor vitæ along the street front of the corner place excites a note of admiration. This was set out many years ago by the late Minot Pratt [see Walk *c*], from slips brought from Virginia. A footpath passes through it. The picturesque piece of abandoned road over at the right of the highway is all that now remains of the "bridle road" around the Ridge, which the Provincials took to attack the retreating regulars at Merriam's Corner.

Liberty Street makes a short run to its junction with Estabrook Road (which leads by the stretch of Estabrook Woods into which Walk *c* extends), turns here sharply to the left, and soon curves in a southwesterly direction to Lowell Street, in which it ends. In the bend, on the left side, a few rods beyond the Estabrook Road junction, is the old Buttrick house, the home of Major Buttrick, and next beyond is "**Battlelawn**," the handsome modern estate of Edwin S. Barrett, a direct descendant of Colonel Barrett, spreading down the historic hill slope. On a boulder set in the lawn we read easily from the sidewalk this inscription, giving the record of the Barretts on the eventful day: —

Battle Lawn.
April 19, 1775.
From this hill
Colonel James Barrett
commanding the Americans
gave the order to march to
the bridge, but not to fire
unless fired upon by the British.
Captain Nathan Barrett led
his company to defend the
bridge, pursued the British
to Charlestown, and though
wounded, captured Major Pitcairn's
horse, saddle and pistols
and returned home with his
trophies.

Turning, we observe on the other side of the road, nearly opposite, the tablet marking the hillside mustering-field, extending back over what is now known as "Keyes's Hill:" —

On this Field
the Minute Men and Militia
formed before marching
down to the
Fight at the Bridge.

The **house of Colonel Barrett** to which a detachment was sent from the North Bridge before the Fight, to destroy military stores there, is about a mile and three quarters westward, near Annursnack Hill, toward Acton. It is reached by the Lowell road, to the right, as we enter from Liberty Street, and thence by the old Mill Road. It still stands, an ancient farmhouse in a picturesque neighborhood, much the same as in 1775, when the British soldiers swarmed over it and about the farmyard, and were fed in the great kitchen by the wife of Colonel Barrett, who was himself then in the field on Keyes's Hill, the brave woman refusing the proffered pay from the officers, saying, "We are commanded to feed our enemies." "The end door through which the King's troops entered still swings on its time-honored hinges," we are assured, "and the doorstep is the same as when passed by the enemy." The "muster-room," in which Colonel Barrett recruited the militia before the outbreak, is near the entrance door, and in its floor is pointed out a patch which covers a hole, said to have been made by a cannon-ball dropped in the haste of removal of the war stuffs to fresh hiding-places before the soldiers reached the farm. Near the house is "Spruce Gutter," a secluded depression which yet holds this name, where gun-carriages were hidden; the *field where cannon* were buried under fresh furrows may be identified, and also the front yard where the troops made a pile of the *material which they* found, and were about to fire, when the sounds

of musketry coming from the North Bridge hastened their departure. They recrossed the bridge unmolested, for by this time the Fight there was over, and the American companies were hurrying by the path back of the ridge toward Merriam's Corner. In 1775, there were three Barrett houses here, on three farms, — the original homestead divided, — and a mill, constituting quite a colony.

Our route from Liberty Street continues down Lowell Street to the left, and toward the river again. As we reach the turn to the old South Bridge (now called the Red Bridge, in form resembling that at which a British guard was posted on the Nineteenth), we pass in sight of one of the old Hunt houses, over on the right, now belonging to the Hosmers. The old Hosmer house, the home of Captain Joseph Hosmer, adjutant under Major Buttrick in the Fight, is at the other end of the village. From the bridge looking westward, we discern the tablet set in the great boulder known as Egg Rock, against a lovely bank of tree and vine, at the union of the Sudbury and Assabet rivers, and the beginning of the Concord, which reads: —

On the hill Nashawtuk
at the meeting of the rivers
and along the banks
lived the Indian owners of
Musketaquid
before the white men came.

In the opposite direction, looking down the Concord, we have another pleasant stretch of this placid stream. The dainty structure on the right bank, reached by a short field walk from the road, is the Nashawtuk Canoe-house, the shore home of a number of graceful craft, and where hospitality dwells. This is a private clubhouse (Messrs. Hill, Wightman, and Lombard, hosts), with all the comforts which canoeists relish, a shaded porch in summer time, and fireplace within which sheds a genial warmth on chilly days. In the river bend beyond, at the approach to the Old North Bridge, is the more antique canoe-house of the late George B. Bartlett, in life most kindly of hosts. Near by the Bartlett house is the rock from which Hawthorne embarked for his river voyage in Thoreau's boat. Bartlett is commemorated by this graceful inscription engraved upon a rock near a group of hemlocks at the point where the two rivers meet: —

By the ancient hemlocks grim and gray
Our boat drifts slowly on its way.
Memorial
to
George Bradford Bartlett
1896
Most courteous kindly gentleman,
the tender friend of all.

We return to the square by way of Lowell Street, and, taking the street at the left of the Town-house, make our way to **Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.** It is a walk of not over two minutes from the square, by this way, to the entrance gate. The graves which the pilgrim first seeks are in close neighborhood on The Ridge and its slopes, along the northern border of the inclosure, beyond the great green hollow which gives the burying-ground its name. We ascend the wooded hill from the hollow by the Ridge Path. Hawthorne's grave is the first met, at the left of the path in a grove of pines,

The Grave of Hawthorne.

on the ridge summit overlooking the river valley below, — a low mound marked by a white stone with only the name "Hawthorne," inclosed by a hedge of arbor vitæ. It is a spot which was much frequented by Hawthorne, and a favorite musing-place with him. Just below the Hawthorne lot, at the right of the path, is Thoreau's grave in the Thoreau family lot, marked by a granite stone. By his side lies his brother John, whose genius, Bartlett says, might have outshone Henry's, had not he died "in its first flush." Next, near the Thoreaus, are the Alcotts, — Bronson and *his wife and* three of the four daughters, Mrs. Pratt being buried *beside her husband* in another lot, — each grave marked with a low *marble stone* bearing initials only. A few paces westward bring us

to the grave of Emerson, on the right side of the path, under the pine tree which he had chosen years before his death as his resting-

The Grave of Emerson.

place. A worn path made by countless visitors encircles the boulder of pink quartz at its head. On the bronze plate set into the rock we read these lines from his own poem: —

> The passive master lent his hand
> To the great soul, that o'er him planned.

Close by are the graves of Emerson's mother, of his eccentric "Aunt Mary," of his wife, and of his little son Waldo, each marked by slate stones, the stone at the child's grave with these lines from "Threnody:" —

> The hyacinthine boy, for whom
> Morn well might break and April bloom;
> The gracious boy, who did adorn
> The world whereunto he was born.

Down the northern slope of The Ridge, a short walk will bring us to the Hoar family lot, on Glen Path, distinguished by the monument to Samuel Hoar (b. 1778, d. 1856), designed by Hammatt Billings. The epitaph on the face of the monument, recounting the virtues of this notable character, — "long one of the most eminent lawyers and best beloved citizens of Massachusetts, a safe *counsellor, a kind neighbor*, a Christian gentleman," — was written *by the late Judge* E. Rockwood Hoar. Admirably phrased *epitaphs from the* same true pen are on the gravestones of other

members of the family. On the slab above the grave of Edward Sherman Hoar we read this exquisite tribute: "He cared nothing for the wealth of fame his rare genius might easily have won; but his ear knew the songs of all birds, his eyes saw the beauty of flowers and the secret of their life. His unerring taste delighted in what was best in books. So his pure and quiet days reaped their rich harvest of wisdom and content." The grave of Judge Hoar, who died in 1895, is also in this lot.

Back to the square we take Main Street and Thoreau Street to the Fitchburg station, where our walk ends. On the way along Main Street we pass the Public Library building at the junction of streets on the left side. Near by, on the opposite side, is the old mansion-house of the late Edward Hoar, birthplace of Senator and of the late Judge Hoar, now occupied by Mrs. Bradford, daughter of Edward Hoar, and her husband. A little further up the street is the home of Sherman Hoar, in the old house long occupied by his father, Judge Hoar, and next above is the larger house of his brother, Samuel Hoar. On the left side, near the turn of Thoreau Street, is the yellow house behind a mass of trees, in which Thoreau last lived and where he died; and afterward the home of Mrs. Pratt, the eldest daughter of Bronson Alcott, where he spent his declining years and died. On Elm Street, on the river side, a few rods off from Main Street, is the home of Frank B. Sanborn, the author and journalist.

Walk c. In the Punkatasset Hill region and Estabrook Woods, north part of the town, reached from the B. & M. station by way of Monument Street, a few rods east of the station. Making a short cut across by the walk at the side of the railroad track, we take Monument Street at the left and follow it, past the Old Manse, the lane to the Battle-Ground, and other points covered in Walk *b*, direct to Punkatasset, a distance of about a mile.

Nearly every house along the street above Liberty Street, where we turned in Walk *b*, has an historical or literary interest, while we have an almost continuous open view on the right side, the scattered houses above the river bridge being mostly on the rising ground on the left side. The comfortable place above Liberty Street in a bend of the road, the long, low house on a knoll behind a row of elms, is the home and stock farm of Henry C. Merwin, the well-known littérateur who successfully combines the culture of the horse and the dog with the pursuit of authorship. Next beyond is the old Minot Pratt homestead with the Concord nurseries, now owned by Minot Pratt's son, Frederick G. Pratt. The "*Pratt Elm*," in the front yard, near the highway, now nearly *two centuries* old, is alluded to in Dame's "Typical Elms and *other Trees of Massachusetts*" as "the most conspicuous exempli-

fication of the oak-tree type, and worthy to be reckoned among the historic celebrities even in historic Concord." The great tree has a girth, five feet from the ground, of seventeen feet, and it rises eighty-five feet. Two others, one close to the porch of the house, the other by the barn, are almost as notable, if not quite so old. Upon this place and in congenial spots near by, or along the river bank, are many native plants from other sections of the country and some foreign ones introduced by the late Minot Pratt, who was a botanist as well as a lover of nature, companion of Thoreau on many a tramp in Concord woods. Among these are the beech fern, the bloodroot, the larger yellow lady's slipper, the clintonia, the yellow iris, the violet wood-sorrel, the painted trillium, the rose-colored huckleberry. Minot Pratt was a Brook Farmer, and when the community disbanded he moved to this place. In a sheltered spot here, under a great white oak, is the grave of his son, Theodore Parker Pratt, the first child born at Brook Farm. [See Walk No. 36.] The little house next above the Pratt homestead was for many years the home of Miss Marianne Ripley, sister of George Ripley, the originator of the Brook Farm experiment, and one of his most steadfast supporters in it. The quaint cottage with double piazzas, in a maze of shrubbery, perched on a slope of Punkatasset (the side of which the road is now ascending), is the old house of Ellery Channing, the poet, enlarged. The Rev. Samuel Robbins, who was its next owner, lifted the part built in 1843 by Channing, and added the under story, giving the structure its present odd appearance. On the hillside back of the house are the remnants of the original vineyard, yet bearing, from which the Concord grape, propagated by Daniel Hunt by cuttings from Ephraim Bull's vineyard [see Walk *b*], was first marketed. Next is the ancient Hunt house, one of the oldest houses now in Concord. The oldest part is the farther section, showing the "sag of time" in its aged roof, but the "new part" is quite an hundred years old. Here the Provincials were given breakfast on the morning of the Concord Fight while awaiting reinforcements on this hill, their third position before the encounter at the Old North Bridge. The next and last place in the interesting line is the Captain Nathan Barrett house, built some years before the Revolution, much enlarged and modernized by the present owner, the Rev. Charles Hutchins, clergyman and author. This commands the richest view, the beauty of which we may best enjoy from the field on the right side, at the bend of the road. Passing through the bars and taking position on the spur of the hill, we have before us the broad *panorama* of wooded hills, great sweeps of meadow, *the horse-shoe bend* of the river, and hills again. At the left *we have Ball's Hill* and the woods constituting the preserve of

William Brewster, of Cambridge, picturesquely laid out, which some day ought to be a public reservation; above the trees appears the Bedford church spire; below and in front of us are the lovely meadows and the serpentine river; at the right, the hills of Lincoln; farther around, Nobscot Hill in Sudbury.

Monument Street at this point makes a sharp turn to the left, and presently becomes the River Road to Carlisle. We retrace our steps to the old Channing house and mount through the back orchard and field toward the woods of the hill-top. We strike for the upper corner of the boundary walls at the right. On the way up we pass through the old vineyard; and near the top of the field, if we turn and look back, we are rewarded by one of the prettiest of views from Concord hills. Our way goes by an old oak and enters the woods through an opening of the stone wall at the right. Taking the pathless wood up to the summit, we soon reach the **Observatory**, built on the highest point (300 feet), by Mr. Hutchins, whose estate embraces the larger part of Punkatasset. Of course we climb the steep steps to the outlook. Sweeping the horizon from north to south, we see the tips of Wachusett and Monadnock, the nearer Lexington and Arlington hills, through a rift between these hills a shadowy outline of Boston (if the atmosphere be clear and our eyes strong), and southward Lincoln and Sudbury hills.

From the Observatory bearing around to the right of the entrance steps, we take the path leading north by west over the hillside. Passing through thickets of small trees, we enter a grove of tall pines. At this point, about a quarter of a mile from the summit, we strike into these woods sharply to the right. Taking that part of the stone wall running toward the west as our guide, and keeping it on our left, we follow over a moraine to a lovely valley and through a region beautified by noble trees, pines predominating, ferns of various varieties, the partridge-berry, and other trailing plants. On reaching the swamp on the edge of the valley, we bear to the northwest, by a group of very fine pines, along the line of the wire fence here, and, turning with the fence to the westward, come upon the **Asa Gray Spring** in a frame of mossy stone against a wooded bank, shaded by a large red maple. One day in June forty years ago, Professor Gray, tramping through these woods with Minot Pratt, lingered in this enchanting spot, and thenceforth the spring has borne his name, bestowed upon it that day by Mr. Pratt. Still following the wire fence over the stone wall across the wet valley to the northward, and then toward the west, we reach the banks of Saw-Mill Brook, one of the most picturesque *parts* of the Punkatasset region. The site of **the old mill** — a *pencil-mill* which finished its work a century ago, and was then

abandoned — is a few steps up the right bank on the farther edge of the stream, densely shaded by overhanging trees. The singing brook rises a little way off to the westward, and flows to the river. Here by the mill-site it makes a miniature cascade. We may stroll along the ancient mill-dam to the westward a few rods, to another swampy quarter, through a rich flora, by trailing plants and shrubs and shading trees; then back toward the mill-site we direct our steps to Hubbard's Hill. The course is east by north for a short distance, then northward; but if we keep the wire fence in sight, following it on the right side, we shall not go astray.

After passing through a "grown-up" pasture we strike a cart-road, or lane, along the west base of **Hubbard's Hill**. This hill was at one time almost entirely covered with heavy hemlock timber. It now has, with a few hemlocks, and handsome ones, a good growth of white pine, pitch pine, cedar, and black birch. Some of the white pines growing in place of hemlocks cut off about twenty-five years ago are ten inches in diameter. At a turn of the lane we note an exceptionally fine chestnut. But the glory of these woods is a remarkable group of three or four red oaks, probably from two hundred to two hundred and fifty years old, with a beautiful bed of ferns covering the ground under them. These trees are at the left of the lane just beyond the turn, with sycamores, barberries, and privets near by. We follow the lane a few rods beyond, across a wet valley into a pasture dotted with juniper and red cedars. Then crossing a low stone wall, and bearing to the right of a boggy place, we take a foot-path along the edge of the higher wooded land, with its four large boulders well apart, then down the slope beyond, toward a group of tall pines in the distance, to an opening in the stone wall through which we reach the cart-road, leading to the right, out upon Estabrook Road. At the first turn of this cart-road from the point at which we take it, a narrower path branches to the left over a long, narrow eschar covered with magnificent specimens of pines, red and white oaks, and chestnuts. From its summit is a beautiful view through the trees over the valley along which we have come. As we approach Estabrook Road we pass near by, to the right, an ancient lime-kiln overrun with vines, which was abandoned nearly a century ago after use from early times; the old lime-quarry, some distance away on the other side of the road, is on our route.

Estabrook Road extends for about four miles between Concord and Carlisle, a good part through the woods, and is one of the favorite summer drives. We turn into it to the right, toward Carlisle, and follow it to the inviting lane, the first opening at the left, — Peace Orchard Road, by name. The roadway toward the lane

is lined on the right side with pitch pines, rather a remarkable collection, and on the other side by a "pump-log" fence. In the row of pines, if we look closely, we shall observe a curious growth, what may be called the twin pines: a pitch and a white pine very close together, and united by a twig growing from one trunk to the other. By Peach Orchard Road we reach the old lime-quarry a few rods on, at the right, on the edge of the Estabrook Woods. It is an interesting formation, appearing to-day, apparently, much as it appeared when its working ceased. The lime was found in narrow seams between layers of granite rock with a sharp dip. These seams at the widest point are not over four or five feet, and must have been worked with great difficulty. Many colored mosses and lichens are now growing on the walls of the narrow fissures, and running vines make the old quarry picturesque. Just beyond we turn from Peach Orchard Road and take a foot-path bearing slightly to the right, which is soon lost in the sprout land; but we keep the same direction until we strike another cart-road, by which we again enter Estabrook Road. At the corner are yet the walls of the **Estabrook farmstead**, from which the buildings disappeared a hundred years ago, and were then old. The cellar, now filled with sumach, is fully defined by the well-made walls still standing. Extensive clumps of lilac and other old-fashioned plants are scattered about the house site. The Estabrooks were among the early settlers and long established here, but the Concord family is now said to be extinct.

At this point, we take the right turn into Estabrook Road, and follow it back toward Concord. About twenty rods below the wood path near the lime-kiln by which we first entered the road, now on our left, we pass a remarkably graceful white oak in the woods just within the roadside stone wall. It is notable for its size as well as its beauty, measuring about eight and a half feet in circumference, and having a spread of from sixty to seventy feet. Farther along, on the right side of the road, down the bank, is a handsome double white oak; and on the opposite side, a large oak and a large pine; below these two trees, a pretty valley with a spring. Reaching an abandoned road to the left, the old Pencil Mill Road, we come upon the site of **Thoreau's hut** after its removal from the Walden Woods. It stood within an angle in the stone wall on the edge of this road. For a few years while here it was occupied by one Clark, who believed himself a second Thoreau, and imagined that living in the poet naturalist's hut would bring him inspiration. Finally the poor fellow became insane and was placed in an asylum. He was the son of a worthy farmer *who lived* with his large family in a small house still standing

near by, which was enlarged with the boards of the hut after its demolition. When this addition was accomplished, the farmer's wife, contemplating the expanded homestead with admiration, declared that it should be called "The Heavenly Mansion," and by this blissful name it went for years after.

When Thoreau abandoned his hut by Walden Pond, it was "taken by a Scotch gardener, Hugh Whelan, who removed it some rods away" from the original site, "and made it his cottage for a few years" [F. B. Sanborn]. Then, purchased by Clark, it was brought here.

We may now take the field-path from the left side of Estabrook Road, a little way farther on, and cross "Buttrick's New Pasture" and a moist valley to the Pratt nurseries, — a pretty walk, — so reaching Monument Street, by which return is made to the station; or we may keep Estabrook Road to its finish toward Liberty Street, and thence reach Monument Street lower down.

If we can give a day to Concord woods, we should, instead of returning by train from the Maine station, go on to the village, lunch at one of the inns, and then take a tramp through the Walden Woods and into the Fairhaven Bay region, favorite haunts of Thoreau. Starting from the village square for this walk, we should follow Walden Street (opening from Main Street) to the wood road, near its junction with Thoreau Street, leading into the woods. The wood road passes through the "Emerson Woods," and a path leads from it to the site of Thoreau's hut, marked by The Cairn. This is on a steep slope in an opening at the end of a bay which is surrounded by small and medium-sized oaks and hickories. After visiting this spot, return to the wood road and follow it to the west, passing over the railroad bridge at Walden station, and continuing some distance on to Sudbury Road. Then follow Sudbury Road to the top of the hill beyond Nine Acre Corner. Here pass through a pair of bars into a pasture road on the left. Follow this road close to the stone wall on the left to another pair of bars, through which pass to a moist valley, where there is a remarkable specimen of the swamp white oak. Not far beyond this valley the road becomes fully defined. Going to the summit of the ridge, a fine view across Fairhaven Bay to Fairhaven Hill is obtained. Here bear to the right, keeping on the river side of the woods on the top of the ridge. Near this point is a tree-covered ledge on the edge of which is still standing the basswood tree made familiar by Thoreau's writings. This region is called Conantum. The walk continues toward the south along the side of this slope, which ends on the borders of the meadows of Fairhaven Bay, through a foot-path which sometimes follows close to the edge of the meadow, and at other times half way up the

bank, and is densely shaded with beautiful maples, birches, and occasional pines. Keep this path for about half a mile to an exceedingly interesting region with cliffs covered with ferns and shaded by immense pines, hemlocks, chestnuts, with a rich undergrowth. From this quarter the walk may be extended along the bluff to the highway bridge over the river, and thence along the road to South Lincoln station, a distance of about three miles from the cliffs; or return made to Concord village and the Fitchburg station by Sudbury Road. The total distance of this walk is about six miles from the village and back to the Fitchburg station; and a little longer to the finish at Lincoln station.

A pleasant short walk is from the bridge at Walden station over Fairhaven Hill to Fairhaven Bay, and across Baker's Farm, now owned by Charles Francis Adams, to Baker's Bridge station, a distance of about a mile and a half from Walden Pond.

Watertown, Waverley, Belmont.

From Boston (Bowdoin Square) to Watertown line by electric car, through Cambridge, 7 miles; fare, 5 cents: by steam car [Fitch.] to Mount Auburn Station, 6 miles; fare, 10 cents.

From Watertown to Waverley, by way of Lexington Street, 1¼ miles. From Boston to Waverley by steam car [Fitch. or Cent. Mass. B. & M., S. Div.], 7 miles; fare, 12 cents.

From Waverley to Belmont Town Hall, by way of Mill Street and Concord Avenue, 1¾ miles; direct, by way of Pleasant Street, 1 mile. From Boston to Belmont by steam car [Fitch.], 6 miles; fare, 11 cents.

Walk a [No. 28]. In Watertown and Waverley. Features: the "Amphitheatre" near Mount Auburn Station; the Old Graveyard; Revolutionary landmarks; riverside strolls; the bridge and its tablets; the old Coolidge Tavern; footprints of Theodore Parker; pleasant by-walks; the Main Street; the old road to Waverley; Beaver Brook Reservation. Return by steam car from Waverley Station.

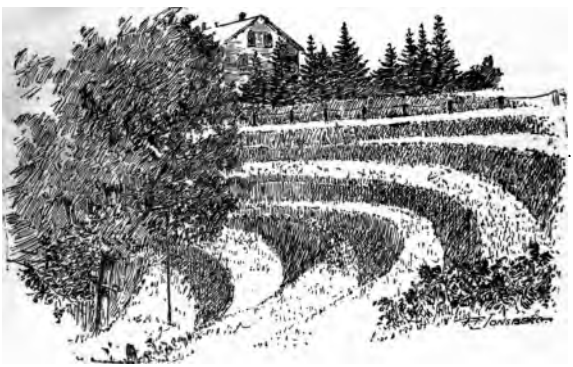
Walk b [No. 29]. From Waverley through Belmont. Covers ancient Mill Street, the Concord Turnpike over Wellington Hill; the grass-grown "abandoned road;" Belmont Village; Common Street; Belmont Street and its wide-spreading estates; Payson Park on Pequossett Hill. Return by steam car from Mount Auburn Station, or electric car from Mount Auburn.

Watertown was named by the Court of Assistants sitting in Charlestown on September 17 (O. S. 7), 1630, in the same order in which Boston was named, which declared that "Trimountaine shalbe called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; & y^e^ towne up y^e^ Charles Ryver, Watertown." The settlement, however, was begun three months before, when Sir Richard Saltonstall, George Phillips, the minister, and others, "several score," having explored the Charles River, "found a suitable landing and convenient fields for agriculture," brought their cattle, of which they had a goodly store, and their servants hither. The landing and the territory first settled are now within the precincts of Cambridge [see Walk No. 28]; and Watertown, from one of the largest and most populous towns in the Massachusetts Colony, for the first fifteen to twenty years next only to Boston, has become one of the smallest, extending but three miles in length and less than one mile in width. From its original territory Cambridge has been enlarged, and Weston, Waltham, and Belmont have in part been formed. It lies at the head of navigation on the Charles River, 8 miles from Boston, mostly along the north bank, occupying fertile plains backed by hills of gentle slopes, of which White's Hill, nearest the town, rises about 200 feet, and Meeting-house Hill, slightly above, 250 feet. It early became widely known for its superior garden-farms and as a cattle-mart. In 1775 the sessions of the Provincial Congress, after the adjournment from Concord, were held here; subsequently, the General Court of the Colony; and, during a part of the Siege, Boston town-meetings. Watertown men had a part in the pursuit of the British soldiers on their retreat from Concord and Lexington; and General Joseph Warren went from Watertown to the Battle of Bunker Hill. The place is also distinguished as the chief settlement of the Norsemen at the opening of the eleventh century, according to the theories of the late Professor Eben N. Horsford, who caused to be placed several interesting tablets at different points in the town. The United States Arsenal is within its limits, the grounds spreading over the river bank for about half a mile.

Waverley is a village of Belmont, and embraces the Beaver Brook Reservation, including the ancient Waverley Oaks, which are also in part within the limits of Waltham, the brook marking the dividing line. On the Waverley Hills, alongside of the reservation, is the extensive estate of the McLean Asylum, a branch of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Belmont, made from outlying parts of Watertown, Waltham, and West Cambridge (now Arlington), was incorporated in 1859. It occupies the slopes and valleys of a fringe of extremely picturesque hills, and contains a number of estates reaching the proportions of English country-seats. In its general appearance it is park-like, with beautiful roads, a noble avenue of elms, charming walks, and many pieces of landscape beauty. Its name was that borne before the incorporation of the town by the Cushing-Payson estate, for many years the most extensive and beautiful country-seat within its limits.

Walk a. We start at the railway bridge by Mount Auburn Station [Fitch.], a few rods beyond the entrance to Mount Auburn Cemetery, and on the line between Cambridge and Watertown, marked by a stone-bound at the bridge-side. Instead of immediately following Mount Auburn Street, which the electric cars take, we turn to the right into Belmont Street, for the purpose of visiting the "Amphitheatre," which the late Professor Horsford



The ancient "Amphitheatre."

identified as the assembly-place of the Norsemen, dating nine centuries back. This is but a little way from the turn, on the right side of the road, beyond a vegetable garden, across which we can see the tops of the stone posts of the chain fence inclosing it. A footpath by the side of the garden leads from the road direct to the place. The public way to it, however, is by Cushing Street, the second street at the right from Belmont Street, and thence by the first street at the left, not yet named. It is a curious depression in the earth into which we gaze from the fence-line on the high ground, — a spacious, natural amphitheatre, with grass-grown seats or terraces, six in all, narrowing as they approach the *plain below*, in which are now growing clumps of fine willows.

The verdant banks are, in the late summer, aglow with blossoming goldenrod. Professor Horsford erected the chain fence which marks the presumed bounds of the inclosure, and provided for its preservation with other Norse landmarks. [See Walk No. 28.]

Having viewed the "Amphitheatre," we return to Belmont Street, take a cross street at the left, and so come again on to Mount Auburn Street. Belmont Street, which here marks the dividing line between Watertown and Belmont, early develops into one of the beautiful roads of the beautiful region of Belmont, but we must reserve it for our Walk *b*. The second turn, by Grove Street, is the pleasanter one, and leads us directly to the first point of interest on Mount Auburn Street, — **the Old Graveyard.** This lies on the southeast corner of Grove and Mount Auburn streets, a serene spot close to the thoroughfares, separated therefrom by a low stone wall over which we can easily step from the sidewalk, with ancient trees and more ancient gravestones scattered over the thickly-grassed turf, wild vine and bush growing among the graves, elms along the street lines. It was the first burying-ground in the settlement, in use as early as 1642, and adjoined the first meeting-house. We find numerous stones of quaint design and inscription with seventeenth-century dates, the oldest reaching back to 1674. Many of the slabs bear names of the earliest settlers, "progenitors and kindred" of many of those "who have lived or are living in almost every town" in New England, and dispersed throughout the country. [Bond.] Here are graves of several generations of the Coolidge family, yet represented in Watertown; of the Wellingtons, the Cutters, the Stones, and of other well-known names identified with Watertown and colonial history. One of the most unique inscriptions is found upon the slab marking the grave of Deacon John Stone, in a family group, "whose life was much desired and whose death is much lamented," which records that he "went rejoicing out of this world into the other on the 26th day of March, 1691." Among the older tablets is the venerable gray stone above the grave of Josiah Tainter, who "sailed from England, June, 1636, and departed this life February 20, 1689 / 90." Most conspicuous in the Shattuck family group is a memorial to William Shattuck, "the progenitor of the race that have borne his name in America." He died in 1672, at only fifty years of age. The inscriptions on the horizontal slabs over several tombs are difficult to decipher, being almost obliterated by time and weathering; but upon one at least — that above the tomb of the early minister Bailey — we may, with a little study, get the drift of the epitaph. As given in Harris's "Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Watertown," it is as follows: —

Here lies ye precious dust of Thomas Bailey. A Painful Preacher, An Exemplary Liver, A Tender Husband, A Careful Father, A Brother for Adversity, A Faithful Friend, A most Desirable Neighbor, A Pleasant Companion, A Common Good, A Cheerful Doer, A Patient Sufferer, Lived much in a little time. A good copy for all survivors. Aged 35 years. Slept in Jesus, Jan. 21, 1688.

The single monument here a granite obelisk of simple design, is especially historic, being to the memory of John Coolidge, the one Watertown man killed in the roadside fighting upon the British retreat from Concord and Lexington. It was erected, as the inscription states, by descendants of Coolidge, and presented to the town on the hundredth anniversary of the battle.

Coolidge was killed by a British flank guard near Arlington Heights. The tradition runs that he was plowing on the morning of the 19th of April, and, hearing of the march of the king's troops, "put up his cattle, took his gun, went to the village, fell in with a small company hastening forward from Needham, and, being more familiar with the road, acted as guide; this small body of men met the flank guard and was fired upon, Coolidge falling."

The outlook from this little burial-place of ancient make is upon pleasant surroundings, busy modern thoroughfares, broad estates, — a rich market-garden covering sloping grounds across Grove Street, backed by a forest in miniature. If it be early summer we may have an old-world picture, over the way, of groups of Italian women, in brilliant colors and gay head-gear, toiling in the fields with more sombre-clad men. At the further side of the graveyard, Grove Street, which continues over to Coolidge Avenue near the river side, makes a junction with Arlington Street. If we chose to follow the latter, we would cross the railroad by the side of the East Watertown Station, and, turning into Elm Street at the right, come out on Arsenal Street by the arsenal grounds, some distance below the official entrance. The way is thickly lined with shade-trees and passes old places, compact market-gardens, dwellings of quaint pattern with an air of ease and comfort, front yards gay with old-time flowers, frequent hedges behind or in place of fences. It is one of the several pleasant short road-walks in the town, but we had better not venture on it now, for it would take us quite out of our course. We should, however, make a note of it for a future "by-walk" (perhaps in connection with a Coolidge Avenue and Grove Street walk some day). Turning, then, from the graveyard on to Mt. Auburn Street, we saunter up the highway, now developed after the modern boulevard fashion, toward the village. It is about half a mile beyond to certain historic spots for which we are bound, and perhaps it would be well to cover this distance by electric car, and save our strength for the rural walk which we are to take further on. By School Street, *the second* thoroughfare from Belmont which crosses the highway,

the fine grounds of the Cambridge Golf Club, covering hill and field, over to the left of the boulevard, are reached.

The highway makes frequent turns, affording views of gently swelling hills on the one side, and now and again broad sweeps of field on the other, between the openings of the clustering houses. Our first stopping-place is by the second roadside burying-ground, occupying the corner of Mt. Auburn and Common streets, right side, for here is the first historic tablet. This burying-ground was the churchyard of the fourth meeting-house of the First Parish, the historic structure in which the Provincial Congress sat after the removal of that body from Concord [see Walk No. 25], and which was associated with other momentous affairs of the Revolutionary period. The heavy stone tablet placed against the fence close to the Common Street corner gives the record as follows: —

Here
Stood the Meeting House
in which met
The Provincial Congress
From April 22 to July 19, 1775.
Here
The Great and General Court
or Assembly
Was originated, And Held Its
Sessions From July 29, 1775
To Nov. 9, 1776
And From June 2
To June 23, 1778.

Several Boston town-meetings were also held here during the Siege; and in March, 1776, it was the place selected for the observance of the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," when the oration was by the Rev. Peter Thacher, of Malden, on the burning theme, "The Dangerous Tendency of Standing Armies in time of Peace." The old church, with its many historical associations, was allowed to disappear years ago, although it was by no means yet an antiquated building (built in 1755, enlarged in 1819, demolished in 1836), and its successor was placed nearer the present business centre of the town.

On Marshall Street, the next street above Common Street, also from the right side of the highway, is the tablet marking the "site of the dwelling-house in which General Warren spent the night before the Battle of Bunker Hill." This was the Marshall Fowle mansion house, which stood here until about 1880, when it was removed to make way for Marshall Street, at that time laid out.

The Fowle house was made use of by the Council because of its nearness to the church where the Congress was sitting. Warren toiled through the night, we are told, in the transaction of public business, of which, as president of the Congress, member of the committees of correspondence and of safety, and on

active leader in the military preparations going forward, his hands were full. His lodging-place was in the Hunt house, on the south side of the town, just beyond the old Coolidge Tavern, across the bridge, on Galen Street. Here he breakfasted, and it is related that before setting out for the field he urged the ladies of the household to spend the forenoon in preparing lint and bandages, observing, "The poor fellows will want them all before night." "Mounting his horse he rode slowly away toward the bridge, paused, then, galloping back to the door, with kisses bade them all again farewell." [Weiss.] Warren went first to the Hastings house in Cambridge, where the committee of safety then held its sessions [see Walk No. 28], and left there direct for the battle-field immediately after the arrival of the news that the "regulars had landed at Charlestown." The Fowle house was subsequently occupied by James Warren, the successor of General Warren in the presidency of the Congress, and here Mrs. Washington was a guest of Mrs. Mercy Warren for a few hours in December, 1775, when on her way from Mt. Vernon to Cambridge, "in her own carriage drawn by four horses, with colored postilions in scarlet and white liveries, military escort, and a guard of honor."

It is but a few rods beyond the Mt. Auburn and Marshall streets corner to Beacon Square, where Mt. Auburn Street ends, North Beacon and Arsenal streets come together, and Main Street starts northward through the heart of the village. But we are to make a broad loop from Mt. Auburn Street, at a point a little way below the historic meeting-house site, to take in the arsenal and the river banks. So, turning back, we retrace our steps to Walnut Street, which opens at the right from Mt. Auburn Street as we are now walking. Thence, by a short walk, we reach Arsenal Street, along the way passing, on the right, the stockyards of the Watertown Cattle Market, and crossing the railroad track just below the shabby Union Market Station. On Arsenal Street, turning to the left, we shortly reach the arsenal gates. It is a dreary neighborhood hereabout, but we soon pass to cheerier parts. Permission to explore the arsenal grounds, within certain defined limits, is easily obtained. A permit is necessary, as we learn at the guard-house, but this is courteously issued at the commandant's office, with slight formalities, when we state our harmless business. The official buildings attract because of their old-fashioned make and roominess; and the grounds, well kept, extensive, sloping toward the winding river, invite the stroller. But, to the man called practical, perhaps the great workshops where heavy ordnance are made are most engaging. In one building we may see the ponderous trip-hammer, capable, we are told, of striking a blow equal to the weight of 125 tons: and in others fine machinery working in the manufacture of gun-carriages, projectiles for seacoast guns, and other warlike contrivances.

This arsenal was established in 1816, and the first buildings were completed in 1820. The original purchase embraced but 40 acres, and no additions were made until after the Civil War. Its total area at the present time is 100 acres.

Leaving the arsenal grounds by the way we entered, and going *back* a few rods toward the point where we crossed the railroad

track, we take short Prospect Street to the Riverside (so called, perhaps, because of the pleasant river-view which it opens from the dreary railroad neighborhood), and so pass to North Beacon Street, which comes out this way through the Brighton District of Boston. Here we turn to the right and proceed westward in the

Charles River by the Arsenal.

direction of the village centre. Some day we may follow the river-bank the entire distance, instead of the road, by the parkway of the Charles River Reservation (in connection with the Cambridge and Boston riverside parkways), but this is yet to be developed. The highway, however, is not unpleasant, and, being afoot, we can make a turn or two along the way through private roads to the river-bank, getting here and there a stretch of **Riverside Walk.** From the second opening on the left (the openings here are far apart), a private road makes up to a distant bank of trees, resembling a little forest. Venturing upon this road, we come to the Stickney place, one of the old estates of Watertown, backing on the Riverside, in a quite picturesque situation. The mansion house here is of early nineteenth-century style, set within a grove of splendid trees, with a tree-lined avenue leading to **Riverside Street,** the public way on the west side. The sign, "No Trespassing," confronts us on the outskirts of the grove, but we have the permission of the present owners, who occupy the estate in the summer season, to cross it if we keep to the roadway. From

Riverside Street, by taking the first right turn, we may come out again on North Beacon Street; but we should by all means keep to Riverside Street, for the highway is uninteresting beyond the point at which we left it — and dusty; and both streets finish in Beacon Square. Moreover, from Riverside Street, pretty throughout its modest length, we may swing, by a cross street, to the river, and stroll along the waterside for a little way where the parkway is to be, returning by a new cross street, further along, at the opening of which the present river-path ends abruptly. Riverside Street narrows at its finish into a lane close to the river's brink, with two pleasant mansion houses of old type on the opposite side.

Now, crossing Beacon Square, we enter Main Street. The first opening on the left is Galen Street, an early county-road, and the way to Newton, which the electric cars take. We must turn into this street and stroll down to and across the bridge, to pass historic spots, read more tablets, and enjoy the up-river view. The foundry of the Walker Pratt Company, on the east side of the street, covers the site of the Blackman house, where Benjamin Edes, escaping from Boston with printing-press and type at the beginning of the Siege, published the "Boston Gazette and Country Journal," from June 5, 1775, to October 28, 1776.

On the bridge, the tablet against the parapet on the east side informs the passer that the "old bridge by the mill" crossed the river "near this spot as early as 1641." This old bridge was a foot-bridge built by Thomas Mayhew, then owner of the mill, and a man of importance in the settlement. He afterward moved to Martha's Vineyard, becoming "governor" of Nantucket, the Vineyard, and the Elizabeth Islands, and, with his son, was a missionary among the Indians. The mill was the first town grist-mill, built by Edward How (afterward Elder How), at the "joint expense of himself and Matthew Cradock," whose plantation on Mystic Side we pass in Walk No. 14. The other tablet, on the west side, is one of the series placed by Professor Horsford along the river, marking landmarks of the Norse settlements. It bears this inscription: —

Outlook upon the stone dam
and stone-walled docks and wharves of
Norumbega.
The seaport of the Northmen in
Vineland.

Erected by
Eben Norton Horsford
Dec. 31, 1892.

Professor Horsford contended that "the basin, wharves, docks, *and canals* of this ancient seaport underlie" the Watertown of to-

day, and are yet connected with and serve "its most prominent industries." The Newtonville cars, on the south side of this bridge, turning to the right, pass Cook's Pond dam, of which that part of the wall at right angles to the street is supposed to have been built by Northmen.

Up-river from Watertown Bridge.

The view from the bridge up-stream is a pleasant mingling of town and country, waterfall and factory, meadow and field, about the river banks. Along the south side beyond the dam is a walk over a footpath under the trees, which might be worth the taking if it were longer or led to pleasanter parts. Just over the bridge, on the easterly side of Galen Street, there still stands the old **Coolidge Tavern** (referred to in connection with the Warren tablet, p. 213), but now a dwelling. For a long period, and notably during Revolutionary days, this was a popular resort. It was the appointed rendezvous for the Committee of Safety in May, 1775. Washington, when President, spent a night here on his return from his last visit to New England in 1789. Although of his entertainment Washington wrote in his Diary in disparaging terms, recording that "we lodged at the house of a Widow Coolidge near the bridge, and a very indifferent house it is," it would seem that pains were taken to make his stay agreeable; for he was given supper in state in the great dining-room, "served by attendants who wore white dresses and neat checked aprons," and the best room, overlooking the river, was placed at his disposal. But the great man, whom we know to have been very human, was out of sorts, irritated at having been directed in Lexington to take the way by Watertown rather than by Waltham, so adding five miles to his journey, and he was probably in no mood to appreciate the Widow Coolidge's hospitality. Water Street, at the side of the

old Coolidge Tavern, a narrow lane, in early times called a "gangway," keeps in sight of the river for a short distance, then swings sharply around to the right and climbs the hill back again to Galen Street, by the side of the Parker Schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was named for Theodore Parker, for the reason that the private school which Parker kept in Watertown in 1832 was near by. This school was in a little building, once a bakery, which stood on Water Street, behind the old house on the upper corner. Parker at this time boarded in the corner house, and here he met and wooed Lydia Cabot, who became his wife.

Recrossing the bridge and back again to **Main Street**, we take our course through the village centre to Lexington Street, a quarter of a mile or so beyond, opening at the right just above the railroad bridge. Along the broad thoroughfare we pass public buildings and old dwellings, several of them full of years. By Church Street, on the corner of which the Town House stands, Watertown Station on the railway is reached. The notable piece of modern architecture along Main Street is the **Free Public Library** building, a brick structure in the French Renaissance style, with front columns and pilasters and gabled roof, well placed on a slight knoll back from the roadway.

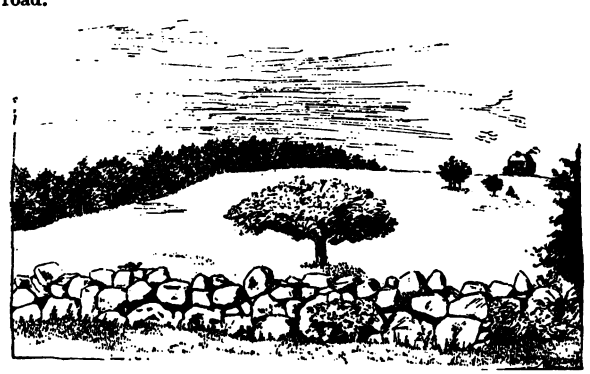
The Library building was designed by Shaw & Hunnewell, architects, Boston, and erected in 1882–83. The interior is well arranged with reading, reference and study, distributing, book, and librarian's rooms, separated, with the exception of the last-mentioned, by arches only, so that the whole interior is open to view. It is open-timbered, and the walls are finished with faced and moulded brick frescoed. In the basement story is a Patent Office Report library, and a large reading-room supplied with periodical literature, including newspapers "of particular interest and use to the industrial portion of the community," in accordance with the terms of the Asa Pratt fund, which was provided in 1888 by the heirs of Asa Pratt, a cabinet-maker who lived and worked at his trade in Watertown for more than sixty years. The Free Library was first opened in March, 1869, with 2,200 volumes. It now has upward of 20,000 volumes and 25,000 pamphlets. The first selection of books was, in large part, made by the Rev. John Weiss, the author and essayist, who was minister of the First Parish in 1843–45, and again in 1862–69. It was preceded by early established public school and teachers' libraries.

Back of the Free Library and the Green beyond it are pleasant streets lined with trees. By White Avenue, the next street on the further side of the Green, — the public Common, — we may reach and climb **White's Hill** (about 200 feet), which rises yonder at the right. Palfrey Street, lower down in the village, — opening from Mt. Auburn Street, — extends over this hill. The view from its top, where the standpipe of the local water-works is placed, embraces the village and the winding river. The higher Meeting-house Hill (220 feet) lies further over toward Belmont, partly in Belmont, and we shall come upon it in Walk *b*.

***Lexington* Street** starts northward and leads to Waverley by

pleasant turns, a final sharp one to the left at its junction with Belmont Street. It was the old Concord Road, and at first passed around or on the slopes of Elbow Hill, over which it now goes. We find it, for the most part, a rural road, with extended views on the right side over valley to upland. For some distance along the hillside we can trace the old road, grass-grown, through field and pasture. At the junction with Belmont Street we are at what used to be called "Commodore's Corner," and by the site of the meeting-house of the "Middle Precinct" set up in 1694, which occasioned much bickering between the sections of the town, and was finally abandoned. From the corner, Lexington Street broadens and soon makes down to the valley below Elbow Hill and the **Waverley village** business centre. Here it crosses the railroad, or railroads, — the Fitchburg and Central Massachusetts lines running side by side, — and continues a few rods farther to Mill Street, by the Beaver Brook Reservation. According to the guide-post just over the railway-crossings, we have come two miles from Watertown Main Street.

Pleasant Street, branching off at the right, is the direct way to Belmont, one mile, and to Arlington beyond, finishing in Massachusetts Avenue. [See Walk No. 16.] The high ground at the right, locally known as Waverley Heights, is occupied by the Convalescent Home of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and the buildings of the McLean Hospital for the Insane, connected with the same institution, which were formerly in Somerville on the hill known as Cobble Hill in the Revolutionary period [see Walk No. 14], now absorbed by the Boston and Maine Railroad.



Hillside trees in Waverley.

The **Beaver Brook Reservation** lies on both sides of the road (Lexington Street making into Trapello Road, or North Street, to Waltham), partly in Waverley (or Belmont) and partly in Waltham, the dividing line being the brook. It is the smallest of the several public reservations within the country round about Boston, having an area of only 58.61 acres; but in this small territory is embraced much beauty which has inspired poet and artist. "The Oaks" comprise the south section, and "The Waterfall" and "The Ponds" the north section. We naturally turn first toward "The Oaks."

The main entrance for both carriages and foot-passers is from Trapello Road by a pretty, shaded avenue alongside the brook, the course of which is marked by a picturesque belt of tree and shrub. This leads past two or three of the oaks to an open, upon the upper borders of which we find the principal group, occupying a beautiful moraine. According to Agassiz, no trees on the Western Continent have attained greater age than these. They were venerable before the first European touched this soil. "They might have been standing when Leif and Thorfinn visited Vineland the Good," one writer has observed; "and if the Charles River is 'the river which flowed through a lake into the sea,' Gudrid, the wife of Thorfinn, may have rested under" their branches. However much of fancy there may be in this engaging theory, conservative authorities have estimated their age at somewhere between four hundred and nine hundred years. It has been stated that an examination of one which fell some years ago indicated that "it had withstood the tempests of more than eight hundred years."

There are in all, within the reservation, twenty-six of these aged oaks, the most notable, perhaps, being the eight along the kame. The largest stands on the northern slope. Its dimensions, as given by Dame in his "Trees of New England," are: about 80 feet in height, 18 feet 7½ inches in circumference five feet from the ground, enlarging to some 28 feet over the swell of the roots. Several of the groups have passed their prime, as was made evident, when they were examined by experts for the park commission, by the gradual dying back of the ends of the leading branches, by huge gaping wounds leading into the hollows in the trunks in which the wood was rapidly decaying, and by parts of dead branches over which they were vainly trying to push a protecting cover of healthy wood and bark. In all of them there were many small dead branches. They were accordingly subjected to careful and skillful treatment under the direction of Mr. *Warren H. Manning*, the arboriculturist, with most satisfactory

results. The dead branches were amputated close to the trunk in such a way that the healing operation could go on with the least interruption; and the wood inside of these cavities exposed by amputation, and of other surfaces not covered with healthy bark,

The Oaks.

was carefully cleaned and tarred. Some of the trees required over twenty-five hundred cuts to remove all the dead branches and decaying wood.

Besides the great oaks, other trees in this part of the reservation are well worth attention, — fine specimens of the elm, the ash, maple, sycamore. On the east slope, and at the south end of the eschar bearing the principal oaks, we find cedars, pines, and the old pasture-plants, — buckthorn, English hawthorn, privet, barberry. The belt of bushes and trees along the brook, and covering the steep bank east of it, continues to the old wall crossing the meadow; and beyond the meadow and the railroad bank is another thicket, covering wet land to the point where the brook leaves the reservation. In the southeasterly corner a fine growth of old oaks, beeches, and maples covers the ridge, extending from

the railroad bank to the brook. Mr. Manning, in his "Notes on the Vegetation of the Reservations" (Report of the Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners, 1895), observes that here the old pasture-plants are more highly developed than in any other reservation. The buckthorns have been growing so long that they have become trees. Some of the clumps of privet and barberry are quite old. The English hawthorn, abundant and hardy, appearing with these introduced plants, has not gained a foothold in the old pastures of the other reservations.

The Brook.

The regular entrance to the upper or northern section of the reservation is from Mill Street up the hill, as the guide-board on the street corner points, "To the Waterfall." But if we continue farther along Trapello Road a few steps to the watering-trough, we may here enter at the western end, and, bearing to the right of the reservation buildings, reach the brook-side, which can *be followed up* to the "Cascade," or the Waterfall, as it is now

called. It is a walk over wet bottom-lands, a scramble through thickets, tangled vines, and along a rocky way, but exhilarating and full of beauty. In "dry times," when the brook is but a gentle stream "trickling softly down," one may take the bed quite up to the foot of the cascade. From the side cliff by the cascade, at the right, a narrow path leads around to the main path, which passes by the first pond and across the bridge, from which we may look down to the waterfall. Here was once, "beneath a bony buttonwood," the little mill which sent up "its busy, never-ceasing burr." This was an ancient mill-race, the first mill having been built in its neighborhood in 1662 or 1663 for fulling cloth. The old wall at the foot of the cascade is part of that into which the last mill here was built, — a satinet factory, — a remnant of which remained until 1876. Some local authorities think that this stood on the site of the first one. The two ponds, and the wet bottom along the brook below, occupy a considerable part of this section of the reservation. Of the vegetation, Mr. Manning calls attention to the ferns and flowering plants in the thickets on the wet bottom-lands; the scattered groups of cedars and of white and pitch pine along the rocky knolls to the northwest; the patches of hay-fields on the uplands; and the thickets of bush and tree, both young and old, filling the wet valleys toward the upper end. The territory embraced in the two sections of this reservation Mr. Manning regards as the "most interesting example of an ancient and long-cultivated ground that the Commission controls." It should be remarked that on the map the brook is called "Clematis Brook;" this is the local appellation, but the Commissioners have wisely held to the old name, thus perpetuating Lowell's "sweet Beaver."

This reservation was established in 1893. The Commissioners, in their report for that year, remark that their "action was greatly facilitated by the liberality of the widow of the late Elisha Atkins, of Belmont, and her son, the present Edwin F. Atkins, who contributed the large sum of $12,500, more than half its entire cost, toward the preservation of this most interesting locality."

Walk b. From Waverley through Belmont. Starting from the Beaver Brook Reservation, the short way to Belmont Town House, in the central village, is by Pleasant Street, just below the foot of Mill Street. It is, too, a pleasant way, for a good part being alongside of the richly-wooded ridge over which the beautiful McLean Asylum grounds extend, with the picturesque valley on the other side through which the railroads run; but the longer way, by Mill Street and Concord Turnpike (avenue, now called) to the north, is the pleasanter. Let us, then, take the latter.

Upon leaving the upper end of the reservation, by a path from

the ponds, and emerging on the street, we turn to the left, up-road, instead of to the right. A few steps beyond bring us to the main entrance to the **Asylum grounds**, on the right side of the road, through which we have a fuller glimpse of the beautiful domain than at other points along the way. These grounds and buildings are the objects of the greatest interest in Belmont. No more notable collection of structures in different styles of fine modern architecture than these are to be found in Massachusetts. They are superb in every way, — in interior arrangement, fittings, and finish, as well as in exterior beauty, — and the grounds are as attractive as the buildings. Onward the way continues over high ground, and soon an expanding view opens on the left which keeps company with us for the remainder of the short walk to the **Concord Avenue** junction. Here Mill Street ends, and we take the right turn eastward into the avenue, which we rejoice to find is yet no avenue of fine fashion, but remains a country road with grassy sides, mounting Wellington Hill in easy grade through lines of roadside bush and tree. Just before reaching the grounds of the Highland Stock Farm on the brow of the hill, we get from the road, looking off to the southwest, the most interesting and far-reaching view from any point in Belmont, covering the valley of the Charles River for miles, and taking in Monadnock and Wachusett in the distance. By the side of the "speeding-course" of the Stock Farm, at the left, we observe a road opening invitingly, with grassy surface, indicating an **abandoned way**, and vista of pleasant country. We may safely gratify the temptation to explore it, for it early curves in the direction in which we are going, and ultimately makes connection with Concord Avenue by a narrow lane some distance down. By taking it we indeed miss passing the fronts of several handsome estates farther along on the avenue (among them the Atkins places — those of the late Mr. Elisha Atkins, director of the Union Pacific Railroad, and his son, Mr. Edwin F. Atkins — and the Clarke estate, afterward owned by Mr. Charles Fairchild, of Boston, upon which Mr. William D. Howells lived for a while); but we enjoy, what is more to our fancy if we love the turf, a stroll through one of the most delightsome of lanes, apparently remote from the town, albeit within hailing distance of things urban. For half a mile and more, the mossy way rambles on through tangled trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers in wild luxuriance; then from lane it becomes a narrow road, and then a conventional street, whence the connecting lane back to the avenue shortly opens on the right and makes its path along the ridge upon the slopes of which the central village *lies. From* start almost to finish, the old road wanders by fertile

fields (on the right side, for some distance, the rear of the Edwin F. Atkins estate), and from its heights are fair prospects across to the hills of Arlington; while from the connecting lane, as it enters the avenue, we have a splendid view over the valley to town and city beyond.

Brook near Concord Avenue.

At this point Concord Avenue makes a sharp turn southward, and then a sharper turn eastward, down the steep declivity across Pleasant Street to the railroads in the valley, and thence on through the length of Belmont into Cambridge, past the Fresh Pond Drive, and finishing at the Colleges. The chief ornament of the central village is the **Town House and Public Library** at the foot of Wellington Hill, on the northerly corner of Concord Avenue and Pleasant Street, a brick and terra-cotta structure, of the so-called Queen Anne style of architecture. When it was completed in 1882 it took rank among the finer buildings of its class in the suburbs of Boston, notably those designed by Richardson

for Woburn and Malden, though less elaborate or rich in exterior decoration.

This building was the design of Hartwell & Richardson, architects, of Boston. The main entrance, under the broad, deeply-recessed arch, leads to the various town offices and the public hall above, an ample assembly-room with galleries, broad lobby, and ante-rooms; while the side entrance on the same front admits to the section of the building occupied by the Public Library.

Belmont Town House and Library.

The latter is complete in its appointments, having all the requirements of the modern library, and an especially fine reading-room occupying the southern corner with alcove in the circular tower. The lot which constitutes the Town House and Library grounds, containing upward of 40,000 square feet, was presented to the town by the late Elisha Atkins. The cost of the structure was about $50,000.

The Belmont Public Library was established in 1868, largely through the efforts of Mr. David Mack, who became the first librarian. It began with about 800 volumes, 118 of them from the library of the Farmers' Club, a local institution of long standing. At the close of the second year, the number of volumes had more than doubled. The present number is about 8,000. Mr. Edward W. Brown is now the librarian. The reading-room is open every week-day and a part of Sunday.

On Pleasant Street, just below the Town House and Library, on the opposite side, is the house in which David Mack long lived. He was one of the early Brook Farmers, and warmly interested in the fortunes of that most interesting and unpractical of socialistic ventures. [See Walk No. 36.] Later this house was occupied for a short time by George Fuller, the artist. Adjoining this estate, and facing the abandoned part of the turnpike, — at the right as we descend the hill, just above the Town Hall, which ran into the turnpike about an eighth of a mile westward, — is the house of Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, the writer for young folk. The old-fashioned house against which the Town House and Library grounds

back, was for long years the homestead of the late Eleazer Homer, and note is made by the historian of the town of a specimen of the rare mountain laurel which used to adorn its front yard.

Crossing the railroads, let us stroll farther along Concord Avenue toward Belmont Park, a few rods past the stations, taking a look at the Unitarian Church, picturesquely set, — a building of field-stone, with gable and tower of plaster over wood (built in 1889, Hartwell & Richardson, architects), — and then, coming back, turn into Common Street, which branches off southward. We are in a park-like quarter of broad estates spreading over the undulating ground. **Common Street** leads to Watertown, two and a half miles distant. Opening most attractively, it so continues almost its entire length to Mount Auburn Street, and the site of the meeting-house in which the Provincial Congress sat. The estates at the turn from Concord Avenue into Common Street are among the older places of this section of the town. That extending for some distance up the road, originally the S. O. Mead place, is now occupied by three families of Underwoods, whose property runs to the corner of Common Street. Farther along Common Street, on the right, we come upon an ancient house, set on a slight knoll with stone-walled bank, and an aged tree, whose spreading branches shade the front, which lends the scene a pleasing touch. This old homestead was standing at the time of the Revolution, and on the morning of the historic Nineteenth of April its owner, Peter Clark, had all his household goods packed on a wagon ready for quick removal in case the British troops should go by the turnpike on their way to Concord. Just beyond, the road bends gracefully to the right, and so it curves as it goes on. Not far above the ancient house, the crossing thoroughfares of Waverley Street to Waverley at the right (one mile), and School Street to Mount Auburn at the left (two miles), start out. Now our road gradually ascends a hill, and from the highland, looking back, we have fair views to the spires of Arlington above the trees. We pass more broad estates. One, on the right, combines a little grove, with distant bit of pond, the mansion house above, with side garden of flowers of brilliant hue and roadside hedge. On this estate we note the water-tower, boxed in with ornamental frame. Here, close to the sidewalk, plump squirrels dart across the turf from tree to tree. A few rods beyond we have a fine view, over the orchard in the little valley on the right, of the line of Waverley hills. Soon, close upon another bend to the right, our road makes a sharp turn to the left, by the market-garden with the wooden tower, which has been before us for some distance, looking like an elongated powder-house. Here Washington Street,

an ancient road, makes off to the left, toward the summit of Pequossett Hill, then down to the Fresh Pond valley. Shortly we pass a couple of interesting old houses in the midst of farms, one, on the right, screened from the road by thick shrubbery; the other, on the left, a little way above. We are in a region of highland market-gardens, closely cultivated. Over to the right we have the richest view of all across to the "delectable" hills.

At the approach to its junction with North Street, our road passes, on the left, the back of the old Cushing-Payson estate, the original "Belmont" which gave the town its name; and on the opposite side a late eighteenth-century house close to the road line. Of the former we shall see more from Belmont Street, on which it fronts. North Street is the highway through Waverley to Waltham, in which is absorbed the ancient Trapello Road between the two sections of the Beaver Brook Reservation. Crossing North Street, we soon reach **Belmont Street**, where we are to leave Common Street. At this point the sign-posts inform us that we are three and a half miles from Waltham in one direction, and one and a quarter from Mount Auburn in the other direction, — that in which we are going, to the left of Common Street. At the North Street junction we had covered one mile from Belmont central village. Before starting down Belmont Street, we should turn and take another look over to Waverley Hills, crowned with the McLean Asylum buildings, the tops of which appear in clear outline.

We enter Belmont Street at its pleasantest part. On the right lies Meeting-house Hill (220 feet at its highest point), over a corner of which Common Street continues to Watertown. On either side the estates spread back over picturesque grounds. For a short distance North Street, over at the left, narrowing into a lane-like way, runs nearly parallel with our statelier thoroughfare, finally joining it by the Cushing-Payson estate. Almost imperceptibly Belmont Street now widens and becomes the beautiful avenue, with lines of noble trees set behind the stone walls bounding the estates on either side, and casting their refreshing shade over the sidewalks. On the right, great lawns sweep up to distant mansion houses; on the left is the Cushing-Payson place, yet beautiful, though shorn of its glory by the cutting off of large portions for modern house-lots and the development of the residential quarter, to which the name of **Payson Park** has most appropriately been *given.* In its prime, this place embraced upward of a hundred *acres about* the mansion house, and "furnished the best example *of an* American residence upon English models to be found in *this part of* the country." [Thomas W. Davis.] In front of the

mansion house, itself a copy of an English country-seat (erected in 1830), the undulating lawn spread over thirty acres; the side driveway was lined with lofty elms; back of the house was a great flower-garden with greenhouses and conservatory, and farther up the hillside a deer park.

John P. Cushing, who built the mansion house and thus developed the estate, had made a fortune in China. He died in 1862, and then the place was purchased by Samuel R. Payson, a Boston merchant, who occupied it for a quarter of a century, maintaining it in the style of its first owner.

The estate on the opposite side of the way, embracing about one hundred and fifty acres, was long the country-seat of the late Alvin Adams, the founder of Adams' Express. This also in its day was renowned for its tasteful embellishment. In the large conservatories rare flowers and fruits were cultivated, and its noble lawn was the pride of the place. Fine stock browsed in the fields far back from the roadway, and the Adams herds were famous. The first mansion house (the present one is the second, the first having been burned), occupying the distant swell of land toward which the lawn sweeps majestically, had a castle-like air, with its long front and tower, as seen from the road through the vista of stately trees. A fine picture-gallery was once a feature of this house, generously thrown open to the public. Behind the house was a lovely grove, spreading over the highland, a remnant of which yet remains.

Payson Road, opening invitingly on the left, in frame of shrubbery and hedge, passes by the side of the Cushing-Payson place and leads to Payson Park on the summit of the hill; Pequossett Hill this is. We must take it, both for its charm as a walk and for the views it affords. Very soon, as we mount, there spreads out on the right a broadening picture of Cambridge and connecting municipalities, with Fresh Pond glinting in the foreground; while on the other side we have the hedge line of the Payson place, through which we get a near view of the stately mansion house. The road makes a sharp ascent and curves toward the summit, where now, in place of the deer park and the little forest which once were here, is the **Cambridge Reservoir**. The proper thing is to take the view from the Observatory here, — a brownstone structure quite elaborate in design. A panorama of wide extent greets the eye from this as well as other points on the hill-top, embracing a generous part of the circuit of surrounding country.

Instead of returning to Belmont Street by the way we came, we might take the **old country road** at the fork, as we descend, making off with a curve to the left. It will take us across to School Street, *by which* Belmont Street is reached at a point perhaps a *quarter of a mile* below Payson Road. It is a trifle rugged, this

old road, but its unevenness we shall not mind while we walk toward the Fresh Pond valley, and in view of the sparkling pond itself, a little on the left of us. At the end of the road in School Street, we take the right turn and so shortly rejoin Belmont Street. School Street here appears to stop, but we observe that, from the grassy triangle just above, it makes a fresh start, and wends its way by pleasant places across to Mt. Auburn Street and beyond, making a final finish at Arsenal Street, near the river. The estate on the north side of Belmont Street, extending from the Payson Road, is the Hittinger estate, originally the seat of the late Jacob Hittinger, one of the founders of the American ice business.

We take the left turn from School Street into Belmont Street and, after passing Grove Street, strike the beginning of our Walk *a*. Passing again within sight of the chain-fence bounds of the "Amphitheatre," across the vegetable patch on the left, and on the opposite side the remnant of the ancient **Bird Tavern** (in Revolutionary days Richardson's Tavern, one of the places in which the cannon and intrenching tools of the Provincials were concealed, and which stood originally at the intersection of this and the Watertown road), we are soon at the bridge by Mt. Auburn, and at the end of our walk. We may return either by steam car from Mt. Auburn Station [Fitch.], or by electric car coming from Watertown or Newton.

Cambridge.

From Boston to Cambridge by electric car, over Harvard Bridge, 3 miles; fare, 5 cents.

Walk No. 30. From the Cambridge City Hall by a loop to the college grounds, passing the "Rindge buildings;" by old landmarks; through the College Yard; up Divinity Avenue and around the various university buildings outside the Yard; over the Common and its historic neighborhood; by Radcliffe College; along elm-shaded Brattle Street, old "Tory Row;" by Mt. Auburn; over a stretch of river-side; across to Soldiers Field.

What is now Old Cambridge was selected before Boston for the seat of government by the Winthrop company, the leaders seeking an inland position as "more easily defensible against the enemy from whom the most was to be feared, — not the Indians, but the warships of King Charles." [John Fiske.] They chose this spot for a fortified town on December 28, 1630, two months after the naming of Boston, and it was agreed that they should build their houses here and remove the ordnance and munitions thither. This agreement, however, was not carried out. Winthrop, after starting his house early in 1631, removed its frame to Boston; but Dudley, with Simon Bradstreet, his son-in-law, and some others, remained. Dudley, therefore, is called the founder of Cambridge. The settlement, first known as the Newe Towne, came to be called Cambridge after its selection in 1637 as the seat of the College, and in 1638 this name was formally adopted by order of the General Court. It was taken in honor of the English university town, where most of the ministers then in the colony had been reared. In 1632 a stockade of trees, with a fosse, was built around 1000 acres of the Newe Towne, and the imposition by the Court of Assistants of a tax upon the several plantations to meet the expense of this "pallysadoe," "furnished the occasion for the first great assertion of the principles of constitutional law and free government in New England." [Fiske.] This assertion was made by the men of Watertown who refused to pay their share of the tax because they were not represented in the body imposing it, and a result of the discussion which followed was the erection of the House of Deputies, representing every town, which sat with the assistants as the General Court. The first considerable body of settlers in the Newe Towne consisted of the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his congregation from Braintree, England, who came in the summer of 1632. Four years later, however, wanting "more room," and perhaps not content with the policy of the Bay Colony in restricting the suffrage to Congregational church members, they moved away through the wilderness to Connecticut. Shortly before their departure the Rev. Thomas Shepard arrived with his congregation and started the settlement anew. The territory of the Newe Towne was repeatedly enlarged by grants to meet the complaints of insufficient land until, by 1655, it included the present Brighton District of Boston, Newton, Arlington, Lexington, and parts of Bedford and Billerica. Cambridge is distinguished as the place where the first printing press in the country was set up, as well as the birthplace or home of notable groups of American men of letters and scientists, centred about the first American college. It became a city in 1846. It is locally divided into four sections: East Cambridge, where are the Middlesex County Courts; Cambridgeport (so called after 1805, when Cambridge was made a port of entry); Old Cambridge, and North Cambridge.

Our walk is so planned as to cover the most interesting historical and literary attractions of Cambridge in one trip. It will be a pleasant walk, but as a whole a walk more urban than rural. For Cambridge long since ceased to be a "great academic grove buried in a philosophic calm," and in its development from the tranquil college town to the university city, while gaining in magnitude and impressiveness, it lost, with its air of "classic repose," the

rural aspect it wore in the old village days, or of Lowell's "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."

The best way out is by electric car, marked Harvard Bridge, which follows Massachusetts Avenue, and brings up at Harvard Square by the colleges. There is little, now, of interest in the "Port," through which the car passes, save, perhaps, the shell of Washington Allston's studio. This little building is on Magazine Street, some distance from the car line. Its value as a "landmark," however, is slight, for it is removed from its original site and much changed. At the foot of Brookline Street, the first street at the left, into which branch tracks turn, is the famous shop on the river shore of Alvan Clark & Sons, where their great telescopes are made. Through Pearl Street, the next above Brookline Street, the Riverside Press, also on the river shore, is reached; the more direct way to this great printing house, however, is from Central Square beyond, by River Street or Western Avenue. Magazine Street is next above Pearl, and runs to the river.

We step off the car at the City Hall, where our walk begins in order to pass the several "Rindge gifts" to the city of Cambridge. This City Hall, of quarry-faced stone, is one of these gifts. Others are the Public Library building and the Manual Training School, a third of a mile westward on Broadway. They were given by Frederick H. Rindge, a native of Cambridge, and upon simple conditions, mainly that they should bear certain inscriptions provided by the donor. His inscription for the City Hall, built in 1889–90, which appears in the front over the main entrance, reads: "God has given commandments unto men. From these commandments men have framed laws by which to be governed. It is honorable and praiseworthy faithfully to serve the people by helping to administer these laws. If the laws are not enforced the people are not well governed." The building stands, as we see, in a fair-sized lot, back from the street, approached through slightly terraced grounds. Thus its handsome facade, with the well-designed pointed clock-tower, is displayed to advantage. It has a recessed court at the back. The interior arrangement is excellent, and the finish in good taste [Longfellow, Alden & Harlow, architects].

To reach the other Rindge buildings, we take Inman Street, at the right of the City Hall, cross Harvard Street, and turn into Broadway, at the left. So we pass, on Inman Street, a few steps from Main Street, west side, the tablet marking the site of General Putnam's headquarters during the siege of Boston.

The house which the general and his wife occupied was the Inman mansion-house, at that time on the Inman farm, spreading over several acres, which

belonged to Ralph Inman, a refugee loyalist. It was a house three stories high, of large size and proportions, finely situated, and commanding an open view of Boston. Inman left it with all its costly furnishings, and with horses and equipages in the stables. These Putnam considered a part of the head-quarters appendages, and Madam Putnam enjoyed her airings in the family coach.

Putnam's battery was a mile or two off, on Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge. Its site is marked by a tablet in the wall of the Putnam school-house, on the corner of Otis and Fourth streets, near the Court House. It was from this fort that the ball was fired which hit the old Brattle Square meeting-house in Boston.

The Public Library stands in a park, the Public Library Common, next above the High School building, the site for which was also given by Mr. Rindge. The Library building, with its grounds, including one hundred and fifteen thousand feet, was the first of the Rindge gifts. It was built in 1888-89 [Van Brunt & Howe, architects]. Its style is described as a modified Romanesque of southern France. The beauty of the design, a low, long stone building, with finely arched end entrance by a round tower, and the richness of the exterior embellishment, give it a rank with the most notable structures of its class in the country about Boston. In the entrance division are the reading-room, finished to the arched roof, the reference library, and the memorial rooms, while the fire-proof "stacks" are in the other portion. The inscriptions provided by Mr. Rindge for this building, are: "Built in gratitude to God, to his son, Jesus Christ, and to the Holy Spirit;" the ten commandments and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Men, women, children, obey these laws. If you do, you will be happy; if you disobey them sorrow will come upon you;" "It is noble to be pure; it is right to be honest; it is necessary to be temperate; it is wise to be industrious; but to know God is best of all."

This library had its origin in the Cambridge Athenæum, incorporated in 1849, for the establishment of a lyceum, public library, reading-room, and lectures on scientific and literary subjects. In 1858 the Athenæum library was transferred to the city. It was made free to the public in 1874. Under the city's administration it was first called the Dana Library, in recognition of Edmund T. Dana, a benefactor of the institution, and became the Cambridge Public Library in 1879. It is now opened on Sunday afternoons, as well as on week days and evenings. It contains about 30,000 volumes.

The Manual Training School is the next neighbor of the Public Library, comprising a main building with large wings designed in the Romanesque style [Rotch & Tilden, Boston, architects]. Mr. Rindge's inscription is here seen over the entrance: "Work is one of the greatest blessings; every one should have an honest occupation." The interior is thoroughly equipped for training boys and youth in all branches of the mechanic arts, including carpentry

and joining, blacksmithing, wood-turning and pattern-making, iron-fitting, machine-shop practice, and mechanical drawing. The school has been supported wholly by Mr. Rindge since its foundation. Mr. Rindge's gifts have reached a total value of a million dollars.

We turn from Broadway, taking Ware Street, at the left, to Harvard Street, whence, to the right, we approach the colleges. At the entrance to Quincy Square, where Harvard Street and Massachusetts Avenue meet, are Quincy Hall, on the right, and Beck Hall, on the left, two of the numerous private dormitories for students; that is, dormitories outside the college grounds, not owned by the University.

Quincy Street, opening at the right, marks the western bound of the College Yard. On this street the President's house faces. The corner place, on the yard side, was originally the Dana mansion-house, built in 1823, by the family of Chief Justice Francis Dana. It was for some time occupied by Professor Felton, and in later years was the home of the Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, the long-time preacher to the university, of fragrant memory. In this house the first Harvard astronomical observatory was established in 1839, when a revolving dome was erected on the cupola for the telescope. Astronomical work was regularly done here under William Cranch Bond, as "Astronomical Observer to the University," until 1844, when the present observatory farther out, on Craigie Hill, was built. The President's house is the next above the Dana house, seen through the trees, as we pass along the avenue. Nearly opposite the President's house, on Quincy Street, is the Colonial Club house, refashioned from the dwelling of the late Professor Henry James, father of Henry James, the essayist. Above, on the southeast corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, is the Agassiz house, where the eminent Louis Agassiz lived the latter part of his years in Cambridge, — a large, plain, square, many-windowed structure, suggesting a roomy and light interior. This house was built for Professor Agassiz by the College. Here his famous school for young women was kept from 1855 to 1863. On the southeast corner of Kirkland Street, where Quincy Street ends, is the old house of President Jared Sparks, now, with the adjoining estate, occupied by the New-Church Theological School, its pleasant grounds extending from Cambridge to Kirkland streets.

The entrances to the College Yard from Massachusetts Avenue are a few rods above Quincy Square, under the shade of the trees, within the yard, if we keep close to the right side. Once the *street* was lined with splendid elms, until one day all were sacri-

ficed by order of the city rulers, to permit the laying of the asphalt paving. The first foot-path leads toward the President's house. The entrance beyond is the carriage-way and broad walk curving by the Library, Sever Hall, and Appleton Chapel. The foot-paths above lead direct to the Quadrangle. The older parts of the grounds are at the turn of the avenue by Harvard Square. Boylston Hall, near the sidewalk, by which the first paths to the Quadrangle pass, covers the site of the homestead of the early ministers, Hooker, Shepard, and Mitchell; also the spot where afterward dwelt President Leverett and the Professors Wigglesworth, father and son, as inscribed on the side wall toward the street: —

Here was the homestead of
Thomas Hooker
1633–36
First pastor at Newtowne.

Thomas Shepard 1636–49
Jonathan Mitchell 1650–68
First and second ministers
Of the first church of Cambridge

John Leverett 1696–1734
President of Harvard College
Edward Wigglesworth 1726–68
First Hollis Professor of Divinity

and
Edward Wigglesworth 1765–94
Second Hollis Professor of Divinity.

The homestead was granted to Hooker in the first allotment of lands. Shepard took it upon Hooker's departure for Connecticut, and it fell to Mitchell through his marriage to Margaret, Shepard's widow.

The Wadsworth House, most interesting and picturesque of landmarks on this side of the yard, — broad and deep, with gambrel roof, dormer windows, early colonial style of finish, embellished entrance porch at the sidewalk edge, — dates from 1726. It was built, at the joint expense of the colonial government and the college corporation, for President Benjamin Wadsworth, and was the official dwelling of successive presidents for upward of a century. The royal governors made it their headquarters on Commencement celebrations during provincial times; distinguished men were its frequent guests; and it was the first house assigned by the Provincial Congress for the headquarters of Washington. The room in the rear of the old drawing-room was the president's study "until the presidency of Webber, when the end of the house was added with a kitchen and chamber and dressing-room. . . . The brick building was built at the same time for the president's study and freshman's room beneath it, and for the preservation of the Col-

lege MSS." [Eliza Susan Quincy.] The ancient house is now employed as a dormitory, while in the extensions is the bursar's office.

Wadsworth House.

The original "Newe Towne" lay in the narrow quarter on the south side of this part of the present avenue, between Harvard Square and the river, from Holyoke Street (nearly opposite the Wadsworth House), on the east, to Brattle Square, on the west, — a worn quarter now, but with some quaint old houses jumbled with all sorts of structures, which give it picturesque touches. Thomas Dudley's house, possibly the first one finished in "Newe Towne" (1631), and evidently the finest, for Winthrop chided the deputy governor for his extravagance, in embellishing it with a wainscot of clapboards, was on Dunster Street, the next street above Holyoke, at the corner of South Street. The first meeting-house (1632) was also on Dunster Street, at the corner of Mt. Auburn Street. Samuel Bradstreet's house (1631) was on Harvard Square, at about the corner of Boylston Street. The house of Henry Dunster (first president of the College), in which the first printing press in America was set up (1639), is supposed to have been on ground now covered by Massachusetts Hall in the College Yard. The first school-house (1648), built of stone and paid for in "wheat, rye, corn, and pease, the current rate," was on Holyoke Street. These sites, with the exception of the places of the Bradstreet and Dunster houses, are duly marked by tablets.

The College Yard is that portion of the university grounds which *is inclosed* between Massachusetts Avenue, Peabody Street on the *west, Broadway* on the north, and Quincy Street on the east. The *entire territory* owned by the university within the limits of Cam-

bridge covers eighty-two and a third acres, — land enough, as President Eliot has said, "to make it certain that the setting of the university buildings will be an open one for many generations to come. . . . They will continue to be surrounded by grass and trees, even though the number of students in Cambridge should be multiplied by three, four or five in the generations to come."

Entering the yard by the upper path, that nearest to Harvard Square, with Wadsworth House on our right and Dane Hall on our left, we have the pleasantest approach to the elm-shaded Quadrangle. Dane Hall is the old Law School building (built in 1832,

The Quadrangle.

enlarged in 1845), occupied by the school until the erection of Austin Hall, outside the yard. It was named for the distinguished jurist and statesman, Judge Nathan Dane, of Beverly, who founded the Dane Professorship of Law, first held by Judge Joseph Story. The building is now used by the Harvard Coöperative Society, a voluntary association of officers and students, which supplies members of the University with books, stationer's materials, and various other goods. We come upon the Quadrangle, with the Gothic Matthews Hall at the left, and plainer Gray's Hall at the right. Gray's forms the south side of the Quadrangle; Weld, University, and Thayer halls, the east side; Holworthy, the north; and Stoughton, Hollis, and Matthews, the west side. Boylston Hall is back of Gray's. Gore Hall, or the Library, the President's House, Sever Hall, Appleton Chapel, and the Fogg Museum of Art spread over the east side of the yard. The North Gate, on

Broadway, is just above Thayer. The West Gate, on Peabody Street, is at the original main entrance, which leads to the Quadrangle between Matthews and Hollis. Harvard and Massachusetts Halls, on either side of this entrance, face the earlier College Green. Massachusetts is the oldest hall now standing in the yard. The Class Day Tree is back of Harvard in the small quadrangle, three sides of which are formed by Harvard, Hollis, and old Holden Chapel.

Gray's is believed to cover the site of the first college building, set up in 1638–42, — the small, rudely constructed wooden house, of two stories, with calked and daubed walls, gambrel roof, dormer windows, projecting turret and belfry [A. McF. Davis, "The First College Building"], which served all purposes of the College upward of thirty years, and in 1677 fell to pieces. Matthews is over the site of the second building, the "Indian College," built in 1654, for the training of Indian youth, only two or three of whom tried the college course, entering from the grammar school, while but one managed to attain the degree, and he died of quick consumption shortly after. During the greater part of its life of forty-four years, the "Indian College" was used principally as a dormitory for white students. The second printing press in the country, also controlled, as was the first, by President Dunster, was set up in this little building, and here Eliot's Indian Bible was printed. It was a brick structure, only 20 feet by 30 feet, of two stories. Harvard Hall stands on the site of the first Harvard Hall, the first substantial college building, begun in 1672, and nearly finished when the old one collapsed. It was a long building of brick, two stories high, with gambrel roof and dormer windows. Edward Randolph described it in 1676 as the "New College," with "twenty chambers for students, two studies in a chamber, a large hall which serves as chapel, one that is a convenient library, with some few books of the ancient fathers and school divines." Its cost was met from a fund of £1890, contributed by the several towns of the Colony.

This and the decaying Indian College constituted the college buildings until the year 1700, when the first Stoughton Hall, the first distinct dormitory, a gift from Chief Justice Stoughton, was erected. The new hall was placed slightly back from and at right angles with Harvard, stretching from its eastern end across the Green. It was also of brick (the bricks from the Indian College went into the frame), fashioned after the style of Harvard Hall, and bore on its front the name of the witchcraft judge. A facsimile of it is seen in the background of the familiar portrait of Stoughton, in Memorial Hall. In 1719–20 Massachusetts was built,

so that the three dignified structures formed three sides of the Green, Harvard and Massachusetts, as now, presenting their ends to the roadway. Then in 1762–63 appeared Hollis, the third dormitory, north of Harvard, a larger and more ambitious structure. In the fire of January, 1764, which destroyed the first Harvard with its precious contents (including the philosophical apparatus, and John Harvard's library, of which but one volume was saved, this one happening to be out in the hands of a borrower), the other buildings barely escaped destruction. They were saved only through the exertions of citizens, "members of the General Court, and even of the governor himself, who, notwithstanding the extreme rigor of the season, exerted themselves in supplying the town engines with water." The General Court had been occupying the burned hall, having been moved temporarily to quit Boston because of the prevalence of small-pox there. Two days after the catastrophe the court adopted a resolve to rebuild at the public expense, and the present building was immediately raised. It was planned by Governor Bernard, and built under the superintendence of Thomas Dawes, the architect of Hollis. The tablet on its front gives these dates: —

Harvard Hall.
Here stood the second collegiate building
the college built 1672–1677.
Burnt 1764 while in use by the General Court
Rebuilt 1764–1766 by the Province. — Altered
1842. — Enlarged 1870.

All of these buildings and Holden Chapel (built in 1744) were used for barracks, the yard for the commissariat, and Wadsworth House for officers' quarters, while the American army was stationed in Cambridge, after the Lexington and Concord affairs, the College removing to Concord. In a chamber in Stoughton the press of the "New England Chronicle and Essex Gazette" was set up, from which "issued streams of intelligence, and those patriotic songs and tracts, which so preëminently animated the defenders of American liberty." Washington, upon his last visit to New England, in 1789, was formally received in Harvard Hall.

Massachusetts, one hundred feet long, of three stories, with high gambrel roof, ornamented by a balustrade and dormer windows, was the most elaborate of the earlier buildings. It was built by the Province, in accordance with a resolve of the General Court in 1718, and cost £3500. In outward appearance it has been little changed, but the interior has been radically reconstructed, halls now taking the place of students' chambers, used in part for college examinations. During its service of a century and a half as *a dormitory, many* men who attained distinction occupied its

rooms. Some of these names are recorded on the bronze tablets against the walls in the entry: —

In their college days here lived
William Ellery, 1747, signer Declaration of Independence.
Artemas Ward, 1743, commander Massachusetts forces, 1775.
Robert Treat Paine, 1751, signer Declaration of Independence.
William Cushing, 1751, chief justice of Massachusetts.
John Lowell, 1760, chief justice United States Circuit Court.
Elbridge Gerry, 1762, Vice-President of the United States.
Francis Dana, 1762, first minister to Russia.
Theophilus Parsons, 1769, chief justice of Massachusetts.
Joseph Story, 1798, justice of Supreme Court of the United States.
Charles Henry Davis, 1825, admiral of the United States Navy.
Robert Gould Shaw, 1860, soldier.

Mather Byles, 1751, clergyman and wit.
Jeremy Belknap, 1762, clergyman and historian.
Samuel Gilman, 1811, author of "Fair Harvard."
James Walker, 1814, president of Harvard College and historian.
Jared Sparks, 1815, president of Harvard College and historian.
John G. Palfrey, 1815, professor and historian.
George Bancroft, 1817, statesman and historian.
Horatio Greenough, 1825, sculptor.
Richard Hildreth, 1826, historian.
Francis Parkman, 1844, historian.
Phillips Brooks, 1855, bishop of Massachusetts.

The tablet on the face of the building is thus inscribed: —

Massachusetts Hall.

Built by the Province 1720.
Occupied by
the American Army
1775–1776

Used for students' rooms
until 1870–71.

The large wooden tablet surmounted by a pediment on the west end was once a sun-dial. The gnomon was removed years ago, and the lines and figures have long been obliterated.

The beautiful West or Main Gate, flanked on each side by a wall of massive stone-capped brick piers, with carved emblems [McKim, Mead & White, architects], was set up in 1890. It is the result of a bequest of Samuel Johnston, of Chicago, a graduate of the College, class of 1855, — who left for this purpose $10,000, which lay at interest for a number of years. On the street front, wrought in the iron-work of the arch above the central portal, appears the cross. On the pillars on either side are carved the seals of the Commonwealth and the College, and on tablets set in the walls are cut the following facts of history.

In the south wall this extract from "New England's First Fruits *in Respect* of the Progress of Learning in the College at Cambridge

The Harvard Gate.

in Massachusetts Bay," the pamphlet published in London, in 1643, giving the earliest account of the founding of Harvard: —

After God had carried us safe to New England
and wee had builded our houses
provided necessaries for our livili hood
reared convenient places for God's worship
and settled the civill government
one of the next things we longed for
and looked after was to advance learning
and perpetuate it to posterity
dreading to leave an illiterate ministery
to the churches when our present ministers
shall lie in the dust.

In the north wall: —

By the General Court of Massachusetts Bay
28 October 1636, Agreed to give 400 £
towards a schole or colledge whearof 200 £
to be paid next yeare & 200 £
when the worke is finished & the next Court
to appoint wheare & w^t^ bvilding
15 November 1637. The Colledge is ordered
to bee at Newe Towne
2 May 1638 It is ordered that Newe Towne
Shall henceforward be called Cambridge
15 March 1638-9 It is ordered that the colledge
Agreed vpon formerly to bee built at Cambridge
Shallbee called Harvard Colledge.

On the pillars on the yard side are the seal of the city of Cambridge and the giver's name.

The first Stoughton was poorly constructed, and after lingering

to the age of eighty years, having some time before been condemned as unsafe, was torn down. The present Stoughton was built in 1804–05 by the college corporation, the cost being in large part met from the proceeds of a lottery authorized by the General Court, to raise funds for its building and for repairs on Massachusetts. Among the noted men who roomed here when students, were the brothers Alexander H. and Edward Everett; Judge William Pitt Preble, of Maine, a justice of the first supreme court of that State, afterward minister to the Netherlands; Josiah Quincy, George S. Hillard, Caleb Cushing, Horatio Greenough, C. C. Felton, Charles Sumner, George T. Bigelow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles T. Brooks, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, and Edward Everett Hale. Hollis was built by the Province, and commemorates Thomas Hollis, of England, the first of six of the Hollis family who were benefactors of the college. Prescott the historian, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the elder Charles Francis Adams, Wendell Phillips, Henry D. Thoreau, Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, occupied rooms here in their college days. Holden Chapel was given by the widow of Samuel Holden, sometime governor of the Bank of England, a leading "Dissenter." It was used for college prayers until 1766, then for anatomical lectures and dissections, and later was reconstructed into recitation rooms. Holworthy was built in 1812 from a bequest of Sir Matthew Holworthy, merchant, of Hackney, Middlesex, England, and money received from a lottery. Among many others famous in after years who lived here when seniors were George Bancroft and Phillips Brooks.

Thayer, on the east side of the Quadrangle, was, when finished in 1870, the largest and, in style, the most imposing of the dormitories on the college grounds. Its cost was met by Nathaniel Thayer, capitalist of Boston, a generous citizen, especially helpful to Agassiz's scientific work, who erected it in memory of his father, the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, Unitarian minister in Lancaster for fifty years, and of his brother, John Eliot Thayer. University Hall, dating from 1815, was the first stone building in the yard, and when new was "the pride of college architecture." This hall is the centre of the University, where are the offices of the president, dean, and others, where the faculty meet weekly, and the academic council holds its sessions. It has been occupied for these purposes since President Sparks's day. On the steps of the southern entrance the college dignitaries have been wont for years formally to receive distinguished visitors. President Monroe was so received in 1817; Major-General Worth, with the West Point Cadets, in 1821; Lafayette in 1824; Jackson and Van Buren in 1833.

Of Lafayette's reception by President Kirkland Dr. Peabody speaks with especial warmth in his "Harvard Reminiscences." No one that witnessed it, he says, "could ever forget it, and Dr. Kirkland's presentation of the assembled students to the illustrious guest. It was probably the grandest moment of his life, and it is impossible to overestimate the lifelong impression which he made on all who saw and heard him. Years afterward Lafayette spoke of this as having transcended all similar ceremonies in his honor."

University at first contained the chapel, commons, and recitation rooms. The parts not occupied by the college officers are yet used for recitations and for examinations. There was originally on the building a roofed piazza. This was removed during a period of rigid discipline, Dr. Peabody tells us, "to check the 'grouping' of students, which used to be a penal offense, two having been a sufficient number to constitute a group; while, in at least one instance, an extra-zealous proctor reported a solitary student as evidently waiting to be joined by another, and thus offering himself as a nucleus for a group." Weld and Matthews followed Thayer, both being completed in 1872, and then esteemed the finest halls in the yard. Both were gifts from individuals — Weld from William J. Weld, erected in memory of his brother, Stephen Minot Weld, and Matthews from Nathan Matthews, capitalist of Boston. On the broad steps of Matthews the college Glee Club meet to sing on pleasant evenings. Gray's is older than its nearest neighbors, having been built in 1863. It commemorates members of the Gray family of Boston, — Francis C. Gray, John C. Gray, and William Gray, graduates of the college, and liberal givers of gifts to it. Boylston, the chemical laboratory, built in 1857, enlarged in 1870, was named for Ward Nicholas Boylston, a descendant of Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, the introducer of the practice of inoculation into America [see Walk No. 33]. He was a benefactor of Boston in various ways, and left to the college an accumulative fund for the erection of this building.

Of the east side buildings, Gore Hall, built in 1841, under President Quincy's auspices, especially for the College Library, is the oldest. It was named in honor of Christopher Gore, governor of the Commonwealth 1809–10, and United States commissioner to England under the Jay treaty, who left a bequest of seventy thousand dollars to the College. Well constructed of granite, and in design after the chapel of King's College at the English Cambridge, it held for some time the place of chief ornament of the grounds. The east wing, larger than the original structure, was built in 1877. The "Louisburg Cross," above the main entrance door, was brought by Massachusetts troops from the siege of Louisburg in 1745. The Library here housed, which Charles Eliot Norton has called "the centre of the intellectual life of the

University," is the largest of the university libraries of the country, containing about four hundred thousand volumes, many of them rare treasures, and three hundred thousand pamphlets. Its rich stores are accessible to scholars without as well as within the University. It has been largely developed under the administration of Justin Winsor, as librarian (since 1877). Sever Hall, the finest of the lecture and recitation halls in exterior design and interior arrangement [H. H. Richardson, architect], was built in 1880, the cost met from a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, given for the purpose by Mrs. Anna E. P. Sever, whose name it bears. The stone Appleton Chapel commemorates Samuel Appleton, merchant and philanthropist of Boston, whose gifts to the college amounted to two hundred thousand dollars, and who gave away a small fortune in benevolent work during his lifetime. It was built in 1858, and in subsequent years was considerably improved by the children of Mr. Appleton's brother, Nathan Appleton, merchant and statesman, one of the founders of the city of Lowell. Its neighbor, the low, light-colored stone Fogg Art Museum [Richard M. Hunt, architect], facing the street, was built

The Fogg Art Museum.

in 1895, a gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Fogg, of New York, who bequeathed two hundred thousand dollars for its erection and maintenance. It contains lecture and exhibition halls, in which are collections of casts, electrotypes of coins, Greek vases, and Italian renaissance work. Sections in plaster of the Parthenon frieze form the frieze of the main hall. The museum is open to the public daily, including Sunday afternoons.

The North Gate, in general character with the West Gate, though less elaborate in style and extent, was a gift of George Von L. Meyer, of Boston, class of 1879. It was set up in 1891, a year after the completion of the other. Leaving the yard by this gate, we cross to stately Memorial Hall, on the delta opposite, with Daniel C. French's bronze sitting statue of John Harvard in the

open space at the side. French's work will bear close inspection. It is an ideal figure and face, for no likeness of the founder exists. It was a gift to the College from Samuel J. Bridge, and was placed in 1883. Memorial Hall, with Sanders Theatre [Ware & Van Brunt, architects], the monument of Harvard graduates to comrades who fell in the Civil War, was built in 1873–76. To the cost of the theatre was applied the accumulation from a bequest of Charles Sanders, who was steward of the College in President Quincy's time, and a generous friend to various causes. The hall is west of the great square tower, rising two hundred feet; the theatre, east. In the noble transept the names of the graduates and students who lost their lives in the rebellion are displayed on marble tablets. The hall is now used for Commons by the Dining Association of students. Its walls are adorned with portraits by Copley, Stuart, and other early American painters, and busts by American sculptors of many worthies identified with the college. These are open to public view when the students are not at meals. The bust of Longfellow here is a replica of the one in Westminster Abbey. Images of scholars, poets, and heroes of past times fill the windows. In the theatre is a statue of Josiah Quincy, in marble, by Story.

We leave Memorial Hall by the north door, and take the curving path at the right to the street — Kirkland Street, — from which we turn into Divinity Avenue, opposite the end of Quincy Street, for a circuit of the other college buildings outside the College Yard. The comfortable old mansion-house across the street from the north door is Foxcroft House, the boarding-place of the large Foxcroft Club of students. On Quincy Street, close by, is the New-Church Theological School in the Sparks-Greenough houses already mentioned; and looking down Quincy Street we may see the Agassiz house.

The walk along Divinity Avenue, with its double row of trees on either side, is full of refreshment, and we regret that it is so brief. A few steps from the entrance, between old-fashioned posts, bring us to the Divinity School buildings on the right side, — Divinity Hall, Divinity House, and Divinity Library, — and the magnificent museums on the left, covering nearly three sides of the quadrangle on which old Divinity (dating from 1826) faces. The several museums, constituting the **University Museum**, embrace: the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, occupying the south wing of the great structure, fronting on the avenue; the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, with its various laboratories, occupying the north wing, facing the quadrangle, and a part of the west wing, fronting on Oxford Street, next west of

the avenue; the Semitic Museum, in the Archæological wing; the Botanical Museum, with laboratories of cryptogamic and phanerogamic botany, forming the central part of the Oxford Street front; and the Mineralogical Museum and laboratories, in the same section. The Peabody Museum bears the name of the philanthropist, George Peabody, who gave the college $150,000 for establishment; it was first opened in 1877. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy is a monument to Louis Agassiz, from whose collections of natural history, begun in 1848, it developed. It has grown to its present proportions, as contemplated in the original design of the great naturalist, by successive additions, the cost of which has been defrayed largely by his son, Alexander Agassiz, who has been the curator since 1875. The Botanical Museum was established by the eminent botanist, Dr. Asa Gray, who first came to Cambridge in 1842. The Oxford Street façade of the building has two entrances, one being the public entrance, the other leading to the lecture rooms and laboratories in zoölogy and geology. The museums are open to the public between specified hours on week days and Sunday afternoons.

Following Divinity Avenue to the point where the sign "Private Grounds," appears across the lane, hung high in the trees, Norton Field and the remnant of Norton's Woods lying to the right, we turn into the lane at the left and so reach Oxford Street. The home of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, a mansion-house of early nineteenth-century type, on "Shady Hill," lies over to the north of Norton's Woods. On **Oxford Street**, the two large dormitories of brick and marble trimmings, to the right as we enter from the lane, are Conant Hall, east side, and Perkins Hall, west side [Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, architects of both], completed in 1894. The former was built from a bequest ($140,000) by Edwin Conant, of Worcester, at the time of his death, in 1891, the oldest member of the Worcester bar; the latter, from a bequest ($150,000) by Mrs. Catharine P. Perkins, of Boston (died in 1893), as a memorial of three generations of Harvard graduates, members of the family of her husband, who died in 1886: the Rev. Daniel Perkins, class of 1717, for sixty-two years minister of Bridgewater; his son, Richard Perkins, class of 1748, who practiced medicine in Bridgewater, and his grandson, William F. Perkins, class of 1819, who died in 1820, eldest brother of her husband. Behind Perkins Hall, and on the north side of Jarvis Street, lies **Jarvis Field**, for many years devoted to college football and tennis; and *on the south* side of Jarvis Street, **Holmes Field**, the famous *old baseball* battle-field, now abandoned for Soldiers Field. The *Carey Athletic* Building [Longfellow, Alden & Harlow, archi-

tects] given by Henry R. A. Carey, a graduate, is on the Jarvis Street side of Holmes Field. Jarvis Street runs to Massachusetts Avenue, on the corner of which is Society House (1850).

Crossing Holmes Field diagonally, we pass the rear and side of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, on the left, and reach Austin Hall, the Law School building, at the right. The Lawrence Scientific School, in front of the Jefferson Laboratory, and its neighbor, the Hemenway Gymnasium, are on the line of Kirkland Street. The **Jefferson Laboratory** was built in 1884, a gift of T. Jefferson Coolidge, banker, of Boston, and minister to France in the administration of President Harrison. The **Lawrence Scientific School** was founded in 1847 by Abbott Lawrence, the leading Boston merchant in his time; here Agassiz's connection with the College began in 1848 in the chair of zoölogy and geology. The **Hemenway Gymnasium** [Peabody & Stearns, architects] was built in 1879, a gift of Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, H. C. 1875: one of the best of its kind, and free to all the students of the university. **Austin Hall** [H. H. Richardson, architect] was built in 1883, a gift of Edwin Austin: the richest building in the group, constructed of handsome stone, with the characteristic Richardson arches, the conspicuous feature of its composition.

The Law School Library, in Austin Hall, has a number of old portraits, which may be seen by visitors. The interior of this building is as effective as its exterior. Its front ground embraces the site of "The Gambrel-roofed house," of which Holmes has so delightfully discoursed — the autocrat's birthplace; in Revolutionary days, the Hastings house, headquarters of General Artemas Ward, where the plan for the movement which resulted in the Battle of Bunker Hill was formed, where the Committee of Public Safety met, from which Warren hurried to the battle-field, from the doorstep of which President Langdon offered prayer for Prescott's men, starting on the silent march to Charlestown the night before the battle.

We now cross Massachusetts Avenue to the Common. Behind Austin Hall, backing on Holmes Field and facing Massachusetts Avenue, is **Walter Hastings Hall**, one of the largest of the newer dormitories, built in 1890, from an ample bequest of Walter Hastings. Back of the sidewalk on the Common side, opposite the path from Austin Hall to the avenue, we note the tablet marking the site of the oak under which elections of governor and magistrates of the Colony were held in some of the early years of the settlement. Of one of these only is an account preserved: that of 1639, when *Harry* Vane was defeated by Winthrop, on which occasion *the Rev.* John Wilson, the Boston minister, climbed the

oak, and from this pulpit delivered a fervid speech, which turned the tide against the Vane party, and precipitated the election, which they had striven to delay until a certain petition had been read. The lusty young tree behind the tablet, we read, is a scion of the Washington Elm. The Soldiers' Monument, with the cannon grouped about it, is of especial interest because the cannon are historic. They are of the ordnance captured by Ethan Allen, at Crown Point, in 1775, for which Washington the following winter dispatched General Henry Knox, and which Knox brought across country to Cambridge, on two great sleds, drawn by eight yoke of oxen. They were employed on the American redoubts in the siege of Boston. Two of them are English guns bearing the broad arrow mark; the other is of French make, and was probably captured at Quebec in 1745. The bronze statue off at the right, in the northeast corner of the inclosure, is of John Bridge, the Puritan, in the costume of his day, a good piece of sculpture by Thomas R. Gould and his son, Marshall S. Gould. It was given to the city by Samuel J. Bridge, the giver of the John Harvard statue to the College, a direct descendant of the Puritan. The services of John Bridge in the Colony are fully detailed in the inscriptions on the statue. He was one of the Rev. Thomas Hooker's company, settling here in 1632, and remained when that company moved to Connecticut. He had supervision of the first public school, was a selectman for twelve years, deacon of the church twenty-two years, member of the General Court four years, and a commissioner to lay out lands in the town and beyond. He died in 1665, and was buried in the old burying-ground, toward which our steps next turn.

This ancient "God's Acre," as it once was called, south of the Common, lying picturesquely between the two old churches, — the First Parish on the avenue, and Christ Church on Garden Street, — contains the graves or tombs of first settlers, early ministers, presidents of the College, grandees of the town in Provincial days, many of which are unmarked. The names of tenants of several costly tombs, it is said, are forgotten; some tombs of once prominent families, built on a level with the sod, are now "walked over unknown;" and others, above ground, are nameless, the lead in which the tablets once upon them were embedded having been cut out at the time of the Revolution, for use in bullet-making. Among the early settlers buried here were Stephen Daye, who set up the first printing-press, and Major-General *Daniel Gookin*, the associate of John Eliot in his work among the *Indians;* among the early ministers, Thomas Shepard, Jonathan *Mitchel*, Urian Oakes, Nathaniel Gookin, Nathaniel Appleton,

the college presidents, Dunster, Chauncy, Willard. The Yard is entered by the path at the side of the First Parish Church. Near the Garden Street corner is the Vassall monument, with the armorial bearings, the figures of a vase and the sun. The Vassall tomb is beneath Christ Church. The graves of three of the Cambridge minute-men, killed in the Nineteenth of April fight, are marked by a monument of red granite, erected by the city in 1870, bearing this inscription: —

> To the memory of
> John Hicks, — William Marcy, — Moses Richardson
> buried here.
> Jason Russell, — Jabez Wyman, — Jason Winship,
> buried in Menotomy.
> Men of Cambridge,
> Who fell in defence of the liberty of the people,
> April 19, 1775.
> Oh! What a glorious morning is this!

Near the Gookin tomb, which is on the avenue side of the inclosure, is the tomb of Governor Belcher, unmarked. The ancient mile-stone, with its legend, "8 miles to Boston," which stands in the corner of the yard with its face to the avenue, was first set up in 1734, by the Court House, then in the middle of Harvard Square. It directed the traveler by the only way to Boston at that time, over the "Great Bridge" at the foot of Brighton Street, to Brighton, and thence through Roxbury. Abraham Ireland, the carver, whose initials it bears, is buried near by.

The **First Parish meeting-house** is the successor of the first meeting-house of the town. It has stood here since 1833. Its predecessor, in which the first Provincial Congress, which organized the minute-men and the Committee of Safety, assembled, and where the public commencements of the college were celebrated for more than seventy years, stood in the College Yard opposite, near Dane Hall. It became Unitarian in 1829, when the majority of the parish dismissed the Orthodox Dr. Abiel Holmes, and the church went out with him, ultimately building a new meeting-house, of which the Shepard Congregational Church, near the Washington Elm, is the successor. **Christ Church** was the first Protestant Episcopal Church in the town, opened for service in 1761. It was designed by the architect, Peter Harrison, who planned King's Chapel in Boston. The model is said to have been taken from Italy. At the opening of the Revolution it was used for barracks, and for a while the Connecticut troops were quartered in it. At that time the organ pipes were melted into bullets. On the last Sunday of 1775, Washington and his wife, with others of the "company at headquarters," attended a special service

here. After the Revolution, in 1790, the church was restored, and about thirty years later it was enlarged as it now appears. It has a chime of thirteen bells given by Harvard alumni when it

Christ Church.

had completed its first century. The interior, with its decorations and mural monuments, is most interesting. In the vestibule is a revolutionary bullet-mark. The Vassall tomb, built by Henry Vassall, is marked by a low mound in the floor. It was finally sealed in 1865, when it contained ten coffins, one of which holds the bones of "Darby Vassall," once Henry Vassall's negro slave, who died at the age of ninety-two years.

It is but a few steps along Garden Street to the **Washington Elm.** The old monarch now appears worn and feeble, and before many years the tablet with Longfellow's familiar inscription, "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army, July 3d, 1775," will mark only its rugged trunk. The unique old house with bays from ground to roof, almost under the *shadow of the* Elm, is Fay House, home of **Radcliffe College.** *Built early in the present century, it had been for years notable before it was acquired by this now famous college for women.* At

different periods between 1810 and 1835, Professor McKean, Edward Everett, Francis Dana, son of Chief Justice Dana, Daniel Davis, solicitor general of Massachusetts, and Judge Dwight Foster dwelt in it; and then for half a century it was the home of the family of Judge Samuel Fay, judge of the probate court, who died in 1857. On the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard College (1836), the Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., a brother-in-law of Judge Fay, was the family guest, and here he wrote — in the room in the northwest corner of the

The Washington Elm.

second story — the words of "Fair Harvard," which were first sung at that celebration. The house was purchased for "the Annex" in 1885, and has since been twice enlarged.

Radcliffe College developed from a movement begun in 1878 by Arthur Gilman, the present regent of the college, and a few others, to secure for *women parallel courses* of instruction outside of Harvard University by its *professors, making* it possible for women to take all the work required for a

bachelor's degree. Having the favor of President Eliot and a number of the professors, the movement broadened rapidly. In February, 1879, the first circular was issued, signed by Mr. Gilman as secretary, and a committee composed of seven ladies. An advisory board was formed, consisting of professors and the lady managers. In 1882 the managers, with a few others, became a corporation under the title of "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women," and the institution became known, unofficially, as the "Harvard Annex," — a "nickname" bestowed upon it by one of its students. In 1894 it was chartered by the General Court as Radcliffe College, the president and fellows of the university being made responsible for the grade of its work, and the authority of the college seal and the president's signature given to its diplomas. The name of Radcliffe was taken in honor of Lady Ann Moulson, who in 1634 gave to the Rev. Thomas Weld, minister of the church in Roxbury, the sum of £100 for Harvard College, with the condition that the income should be bestowed upon some poor "scholler:" thus establishing the first scholarship in Harvard, and the oldest foundation of the kind in the country. This fund lapsed, and, being discovered anew by Andrew McF. Davis, was reëstablished through the publication of his researches at about the time that the incorporators were seeking a name for the new college. Lady Moulson was widow of Thomas Moulson, Lord Mayor of London in 1634, and her maiden name was Radcliffe.

If we follow Garden Street for about half a mile beyond, we shall reach the **Astronomical Observatory,** just above Bond Street, and the **Botanic Garden,** by Linnæan Street, on the opposite side. These important departments of the university should be visited, but we must take them on a by-walk, for they are out of our present way. The Garden (founded in 1805) is open to the public between certain hours daily. It covers about seven and a half acres, and embraces the herbarium, established by Dr. Asa Gray, the founder of the botanical department, and a large conservatory.

Holding to our original plan, we turn into Mason Street between Fay House and the **Shepard Congregational Church,** — with its tall spire topped by the cockerel-vane, which once adorned the "Cockerel Church" in Boston, North End, and was blown from it by a September gale, in 1869, — and so cross to Brattle Street.

Turning into Brattle Street at the right, we are on the line of old "**Tory Row**" of Provincial times. This was then the "Old Road" to Watertown. It was the exclusive quarter of the town, as it is now one of the most attractive parts of the city. Loyalists owned and occupied almost every estate bordering on this street between Brattle Square, where it begins, and Mount Auburn. Their estates were expansive and elegant, with gardens and orchards, extending to the river. There were seven families of them connected by relationship, and they composed a "select *social circle* to which few others were admitted." Once a year *each family* gave a social entertainment to the president and professors of the college, "from a sense of propriety rather than

congeniality or inclination," and, this duty discharged, confined itself to its own set. Those were the days when "the scarlet-coated, rapiered figures of Vassall, Lechmere, Oliver, and Brattle creaked up and down" this road "on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-cornered hat, and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box." When the Revolution broke out all of

Tory Row.

the occupants of the "Row" became refugees and their fine mansions fell into the hands of the Provincial government.

Of these mansions, two or three besides the famous Longfellow and Lowell houses — the one a Vassall, the other the Oliver house, — yet remain, pressed by dwellings of modern styles. Near the beginning of the street, a few steps from Brattle Square, the **General William Brattle house** still stands, now occupied by the "Social Union." Just around the turn from Mason Street, we pass the group of stone buildings of the **Episcopal Theological School** (St. John's, founded in 1867), with the St. John's Memorial Chapel at one end, and the Deanery, the house of colonial aspect, at the other. Opposite, on the corner of Hawthorne Street, is the **Henry Vassall house**, built early in the eighteenth century by a Belcher, and for some time in the possession of the royal governor. Major Henry Vassall died in 1769, and his widow, *Penelope, daughter of* Isaac Royall, of Medford [see Royall house,

Walk No. 14, pp. 87–90], who long survived him, was living here when the Revolution scattered the dwellers of the "Row." The house is locally known as the Batchelder house, from Samuel Batchelder, its hospitable occupant for many years from 1842. In the Vassalls' day it was a great house, with broad entrance hall leading into a grand "saloon" of rounded end, itself opening into a conservatory. Here Dr. Benjamin Church was imprisoned after his arrest for treason, disclosed in his secret correspondence with Gage.

Across the way is the stateliest of all the "Row," — the **Colonel John Vassall house**; headquarters of Washington while in Cambridge; after the war for a while the dwelling of Nathaniel Tracy, from Newburyport, who ran one of the largest fleets of privateers during the Revolution; then occupied by Thomas Russell, a Boston "merchant-prince;" then the long-time dwelling of Andrew Craigie, who maintained it magnificently; in later periods lived in by Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Joseph Worcester, the lexicographer; and from 1835 to the death of the poet, the cherished home of Longfellow. The public ground which the mansion-house faces, **Longfellow Garden**, was reserved through the efforts of the Longfellow Memorial Association. Over and beyond we have the view of the marshes and the river, which the poet has celebrated, with the Longfellow Park on the Brighton side of the stream, given by Longfellow and others, in 1870, to Harvard, to be developed into an ornamental pleasure-ground. The approach through the yard of elms and shrubbery, is to the same massive door in the pilastered front which swung open for Vassall and for Washington. The large front room at the right of the hall was the poet's study, and behind it his library, an apartment of noble proportions, the same rooms which Washington used for the business of headquarters, himself occupying the front room and his military family the other. Across the hall, on the left side, is the long, lofty drawing-room, wainscoted in carved panels, on one side a high mantel with Corinthian pilasters, where the Vassalls entertained sumptuously, and Madam Washington held her receptions. At the rear is the handsome dining-room. The southeast chamber of the second floor was Washington's sleeping-room, and this was Longfellow's room when he first came to the house as a lodger, during its occupancy by the Widow Craigie. The estate was purchased for him by his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, after the widow's death, in 1843. The house dates from 1759. Colonel Vassall was a nephew of Major Vassall.

The next house in the "Row" was the **Richard Lechmere house**, occupied at the outbreak of the war by Jonathan Sewall,

attorney general of the Province: a roomy structure of fine interior, which stood on the corner of Sparks Street, first above the junction of Craigie Street with Brattle. This was the house occupied by the Baroness Riedesel, while in Cambridge with her husband, General Riedesel, after the surrender of Burgoyne. In later years it was the homestead of John Brewster, who raised it

The Longfellow House.

and put a story underneath. Subsequently it was moved to the corner of Riedesel Avenue, the next street above, and part of it we see in the present house here. When it was moved it was necessary to cut off the top story, leaving the house half old and half new. It was built by Lechmere in 1760, and Sewall acquired it in 1771.

Next above the Lechmere house at that time, now the second house from the corner of Appleton Street, is the **Judge Joseph Lee house,** one of the oldest houses standing in Cambridge, but yet a fine and rugged specimen of colonial workmanship. It is believed to have been built before the days of Charles II. It was originally the mansion-house of an extensive farm extending to Fresh Pond, half a mile off, and in front to the river. Judge Lee purchased it in 1758, and made it one of the handsomest houses of its type. Judge Lee was a mild Tory, and after the siege of Boston, during which he was in the beleaguered town, he was permitted to return to his home, where he spent the remainder of his *days. The house* remained in the Lee family till about 1880.

The picturesque modern house, of modest design and proportions, occupying the upper corner of Channing Street, on the opposite side, was the home of the brilliant young William E. Russell, mayor of the city when under thirty, serving four terms (1884–88), and governor of the State three terms (1891–94), whose untimely death in 1896 was widely deplored.

At the next corner, again on the right side, — Fayerweather Street, — is the **Fayerweather house,** back from the main way. This was built by Captain George Ruggles about 1745, and purchased by Thomas Fayerweather a few months before the Revolution. Ruggles was a wealthy planter of Jamaica when he came to Cambridge, married a sister of Major Henry Vassall, and built this house. Later he became embarrassed, and finally in October, 1774, the property came to Fayerweather. Fayerweather's wife was a daughter of Thomas Hubbard, treasurer of Harvard for a quarter of a century. Some time in the twenties the place became the homestead of the late William Wells. Although the house has been enlarged and modernized since the Fayerweathers' day, its interior retains most of the peculiarities of construction of its period, — the spacious hall, handsome staircase, broad rooms, high-ceilinged parlor with paneled wood-work.

It will be pleasant to stroll up Fayerweather Street to the **Reservoir grounds,** on the hill above Highland Street, the first turn at the right, for the view to be had from the reservoir path, of city, town, and chain of hills. Comfortable estates are in this neighborhood on Appleton and Highland streets, several of them occupied by Harvard professors and professional literary men. Back to Brattle Street, we cross to Elmwood Avenue, and thence [illegible] the end of "Tory Row" in **Elmwood.**

The old mansion-house, built in 1760 or thereabout, by Thomas [illegible]r, the royal lieutenant-governor of 1774, has been pronounced one of the best specimens in New England of the country seat of a Provincial magnate. Generous in proportions, of three stories, the upper story with square windows of less height than those below, flat roof with balustrade, it has an air of dignity and spaciousness which many a more pretentious modern country seat fails to match. Through all the years of ownership by the Lowells it has been preserved practically unchanged. The entrance door from the broad steps is the same to which Oliver was summoned by the men of Middlesex who had flocked, with arms, to Cambridge Common on that September day of 1774, after Gage's raid on the *Old Powder* House in Somerville [see Walk No. 13, p. 79], to hand *over his resignation* as lieutenant-governor. And within, you may *see the room* where, perhaps, the "dapper little man" wrote upon

the document to which his signature was demanded: "My house in Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands, I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." Oliver soon after left the house and went into Boston. At the evacuation he sailed for England, never to return.

The Lowell House.

After the battle of Bunker Hill the mansion-house was used for a hospital. Then, in 1793, the patriot Elbridge Gerry became its owner, and it was his country seat during the remainder of his life, through his service on the mission to France in 1797–98, as governor, and as vice-president. His name was given to the ancient "Landing" on the river hard by. In 1817, four years after his death, his widow sold the estate to Charles Lowell, then minister of the old West Church in Boston, and it has remained in the Lowell family from that time. James Russell Lowell was born here in 1819; here he died in 1891; and his grave in Mt. Auburn is almost in sight of the beautiful homestead. Charles Lowell did much to beautify the estate; and the poet, to whom it descended upon his father's death in 1861, cherished every tree and shrub upon it. The noble arching elms which gave it its name are mostly of the English variety, though there are a few fine specimens of the American elm in the yard. The pine grove back of

the house, though somewhat thinned and curtailed since the poet's day, has yet a charm. The interior of the house is embellished in plainer fashion than the Longfellow house, but after its general style. The hall, eight feet wide, runs through the middle, with broad glass doors at either end, opening to the grounds. The drawing-room, in the south corner, is wainscoted, and with large fireplace, on either side of which are deep recesses, furnished with panels, the recess at the left lighted by a window upon the shaded lawn. Back of the drawing-room is the well-stocked library, also with paneled fireplace. The poet's study, where he did all of his work, was on the third floor. On a window-pane in this room is cut the inscription: "Libertas, 1776." The house is filled with rare old furniture.

From Elmwood Avenue we take Mt. Auburn Street to the right. Coolidge Avenue, opening between the attractive old estates on the opposite side, leads over to the Arsenal in Watertown [see Walk No. 23, p. 214], a pleasant road passing Mt. Auburn on the right and Cambridge Cemetery, picturesquely situated, on the left. The entrance to Mt. Auburn is reached a few rods above, at the junction of Mt. Auburn and Brattle streets. Fresh Pond Lane, nearly opposite this point, leads to Fresh Pond Park, with its three miles of driveway around the borders of the pond, and paths through hillside groves, a distance of about a third of a mile.

In "Sweet Auburn," embracing thirty miles of avenues and paths over a beautifully diversified surface, half a day would be required to visit the most distinguished among its thousands of graves and tombs, and its most notable monuments and pieces of sculpture. Within a comparatively short stroll, however, we can see the graves of numbers of eminent persons and some of the finest monumental work or statuary in the ground. Not far from the entrance gate, to the left, we find the stately sarcophagus of Longfellow, on Indian Ridge Path; near by the tomb of Motley; a few steps beyond, on Lime Avenue, the grave of Holmes; and at the base of Indian Ridge (on Fountain Avenue), just below the Longfellow tomb, Lowell's grave, under tall pines. To the right of the gate, following a curving main avenue, we pass Ball Hughes's bronze statue of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, the eminent mathematician. In front of the chapel, beyond, is the majestic Sphinx, in granite, chiseled by Martin Millmore, and placed in 1872, to commemorate the dead of the Civil War, with this inscription: —

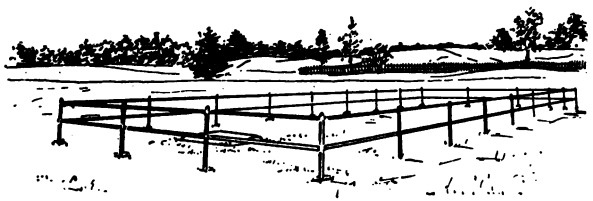
American Union preserved
American slavery destroyed
By the uprising of a great people
By the blood of fallen heroes.

In the chapel itself, a cathedral in miniature, are the marble statues, placed in the fifties, designed to represent the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, the Republic, and Law: the first, the sitting figure of John Winthrop, by Horatio Greenough; the second, the standing figure of James Otis, by Thomas Crawford; the third, John Adams (standing), by Randolph Rogers; the fourth, Judge Joseph Story (sitting), by his son, William W. Story. A little way from the chapel, toward the right, is the grave of Phillips Brooks, on Menoza Path. On Spruce Avenue are the marble sarcophagus of Anson Burlingame, and the monument, with elaborate inscription, to Dr. Thomas G. Morton, the revealer of anæsthetic inhalation. On Walnut Avenue, the sarcophagus of Rufus Choate and the grave of Nathaniel P. Willis. On Elder Path, between Spruce and Walnut avenues, is the grave of James T. Fields. On Greenbriar Path, leading from Pine Avenue, William Ellery Channing's grave. On Sweetbriar Path, the graves of Josiah Quincy and John G. Palfrey. In the neighborhood of the battlemented tower, rising from the highest hill, the monument to Margaret Fuller, on Pyrola Path; the grave of Agassiz, on Bellwort Avenue, marked by a granite boulder from the glacier of the Aar in Switzerland; the graves of Charles Sumner, on Arethusa Path, leading from Walnut Avenue, of Edwin Booth, on Anemone Path, of Charlotte Cushman, on Palm Avenue, of Edward Everett, on Magnolia Avenue.

Leaving Mt. Auburn, our way is back along Mt. Auburn Street to Willis Court, the lane at the right, just below the opening of Coolidge Avenue, which forms the entrance to the Charles River Reservation, and leads to the Norse landmarks indicated by the late Professor Eben N. Horsford. These are the site of Leif Erikson's house in Vineland and the supposed ruins of Thorfinn Karlsefin's settlement.

The first opening at the right out of Willis Court is Bank Lane, sometimes called the Bridle Path. This leads through the supposed ruins of Thorfinn's settlement of about A. D. 1003. After passing the first bend in the road we see, on the right, the low stone walls of an old hut. These show the stones placed between layers of turf, presenting smooth natural surfaces, both being characteristics of Icelandic stone-built houses of that period. On the left is the sjá-gata, or sea-path, leading to the river, where it is joined by another stone-laid path, which appears to have led from a dwelling since destroyed. Depressions in the ground between Bank Lane and the sea-path show where a long house built of turf or wood probably stood. Here has been found a typical Icelandic rectangular fireplace surrounded by upright stones. Across the

meadow, at a point behind the lower of the Cambridge Hospital buildings, we come upon the supposed traces of Leif Erikson's



Site of Leif Erikson's House.

house, inclosed by a stone and iron fence, within which a flat tablet bears this inscription: —

On this spot
in the year 1000
Leif Erikson built his house
in Vineland.

This site can be reached directly from the end of Willis Court.

Turning here and following the river bank along the end of the hospital grounds, we come upon Mt. Auburn Street again. Our next objective point is "Soldiers Field," the Harvard athletics' ground, on the Brighton side of the river, which we are to make by this street, Brattle Square, Boylston, and North Harvard streets. When the parkway of the river-side reservation is completed it will be a cheerful walk over, so far as Boylston Street, by a shady path parallel with a driveway; but by the thoroughfares it is not especially attractive, except for a little way along Mt. Auburn Street from our entrance point. So let us take the electric car near the Willows, where the river sweeps away from the street side, and ride to Brattle Square. Leaving the car and again afoot, now on Boylston Street, we pass the Weld Boat-house at the left, as we approach the bridge. The University Boat-house is farther down stream, at the foot of DeWolf Street, which comes over from the lower part of Mt. Auburn Street.

Soldiers Field is just beyond the bridge, on the right, — a large tract given to the university by Colonel Henry L. Higginson for use for athletic sports. The monument facing the broad main entrance — a tall and slender pillar of white marble, on a base and *plinth of gray* marble, crowned by a sculptured anthemion, colored *in its sunken* portions with red and gold — bears this eloquent inscription: —

To the happy memory of

James Savage
Charles Russell Lowell
Edward Barry Dalton
Stephen George Perkins
James Jackson Lowell
Robert Gould Shaw

Friends, comrades, kinsmen who died
for their country, this field is dedicated
by Henry Lee Higginson.

Though love repine and reason chafe
There came a voice without reply:
'T is man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.

The picturesque low structure along the side of the entrance is the university athletic building.

Our Cambridge walk ends here. But to reach the electric cars for Boston, we must return, by the way we came, to Brattle Square, or keep Boylston Street to Harvard Square.

Newton, Weston, Waltham.

From Boston proper to Oak Square, Brighton District, by electric car, 6 miles; fare, 5 cents; or by steam car, to Faneuil (B. & A.), 6 miles; fare 12 cents. Return from Newton Upper Falls, by steam car [New Eng.] 9½ miles; fare, 22 cents; or by electric car, via Newton & Boston, and Central Boulevard lines, 10½ miles; fare (with "transfer"), 13 cents. Or from Newton Lower Falls, by steam car [B. & A., N. Lower Falls Branch], 11 miles; fare, 24 cents.

From Boston to Riverside, by steam car [B. & A., main line or N. Circuit], 10 miles; fare, 22 cents. Return from Waltham by steam car (Fitch.), 10 miles; fare, 18 cents; or by electric car, via Watertown, 10 miles; fare, 10 cents.

Walk a [No. 31]. Over Bigelow Hill, Brighton; over Nonantum Hill, Brighton and Newton, by the Eliot monument; along the Newton Central Boulevard; through Chestnut Street to Newton Upper Falls; over Echo Bridge and about the Hemlock Gorge Reservation; along Charles River side between Waban and Newton Lower Falls.

Walk b [No. 32]. From Riverside, Newton, through parts of Weston to Waltham. Features: the river path along the boating course; South Avenue and River Street, Weston; Norumbega Tower; Stony Brook Reservoir; Summer Street and Central Avenue; the Norse dam and canals; Weston Street; Prospect Hill and the summit views. By-walk in Weston.

Newton, set off from Cambridge in 1688, constituted, with the Brighton District, the territory of the Newe Towne beyond the stockade, on the south side of the Charles River. From Nonantum, the Indian name, it came to be called "Cambridge Village," or "Little Cambridge," and so was known until 1691, three years after it became a separate town, when it was formally named Newtown by the General Court. The change to Newton was made spontaneously, the historian says, without any formal authorization. The town became a city in 1875. In area Newton is now one of the largest suburban municipalities of Boston, embracing nearly 11,300 acres, and its natural attractions are such that it has acquired the sobriquet of "the Garden City." It spreads over numerous hills of varying heights, and intervening valleys, with the picturesque Charles winding around it for more than sixteen miles, in two of its villages breaking into falls of much beauty as well as utility. The higher elevations are: Hunnewell Hill (200 feet), Mt. Ida (206), Nonantum Hill (200), Waban Hill (320), Chestnut Hill (280), on the northeast and east; Institution Hill (300), Newton Centre; Newton Highlands, on the south; Winchester Hill (223), Bald Pate (300), and Oak Hill (290), on the extreme south; and Beacon Hill (200), on the southwest. The city is divided into fourteen distinct villages: Newton, Chestnut Hill, Newtonville, Nonantum (or North Village), West Newton, Auburndale, Riverside, Waban, Newton Lower Falls, Newton Upper Falls, Newton Highlands, Eliot, Newton Centre, and Oak Hill. The Boston & Albany main line passes through the city; the Newton Circuit (branch of the B. & A.), with fourteen stations, traverses three sides; southern portions are touched by the New England Railroad; and electric lines from Boston connect with lines passing through its territory, from village to village, and to adjoining places. The Hemlock Gorge Reservation, of the Metropolitan Parks system, is in Newton Upper Falls.

Weston, set off from Watertown in 1712, included the "White Pine Meadows" and the "Farm Lands" of that township, and was long called the "*Farmers'* Precinct." It occupies high land above the neighboring towns, *overlooking* extensive scenery. Doublet Hill, its highest elevation (east summit, *360 feet*; west summit, 364 feet), in the eastern part toward Newton and

Waltham, commands fine views over the Charles River Valley. "Norumbega Tower" is within the town's limits, on the river-side. Weston is a rural place, to a considerable extent occupied by country seats.

Waltham, set off from Watertown in 1737, was at first the "Middle Precinct" of Watertown, and after the incorporation of Weston, the "Western Precinct." It was named for the English Waltham Abbey, from which some of its residents came. It was made a city in 1884. Its principal landscape features are the river and beautiful hills, — Prospect Hill (482 feet), the highest, Bear Hill (340), Helmet Hill (240), on the east side, and other lesser elevations.

Walk a. We go out by electric car through the Brighton District, taking car marked Newton, via Commonwealth Avenue. By this route the ride is along Commonwealth Avenue between Beacon Street and Brighton Avenue, passing "The Speedway" on the left side just beyond Cottage Farms, where we may see, as we spin along, some brisk brushes, and perhaps some good horsemanship; then by connecting thoroughfares to and through the village centre of old Brighton, past the few relics of the heyday of the Brighton cattle-mart, notably the huge hotel of lofty portal and deep piazzas, once a place of cheer and bustle on market days; past comfortable houses of old townsmen; then into a more open country alongside of swelling hillslopes.

We leave the car at Oak Square, before the Boston-Newton line is crossed, for our walk begins on the Brighton side. Nonantum Hill lies over to the left of the highway, Hunnewell Hill beyond to the westward, and Bigelow Hill to the right of Oak Square; the first two mostly in Newton, the latter in Brighton. We are to take Nonantum Street, opening from the left side, nearly opposite Oak Square and close to Tremont Street, into which our car turns and makes its way over to Newton Village; but first **Bigelow Hill** (140 feet) invites us. Accordingly we cross Oak Square; but instead of mounting by Bigelow Street straight ahead, we turn into Faneuil Street, opening from the foot of Bigelow Street, at the right, back of the car stables. This takes us past the Luther Adams place (now occupied by Frederick Tudor), with its magnificent trees, along to Dunboy Street, at the left, up which we continue; so getting, first, the eastern and southern views, — harbor views and a sweep over compact cities, — and afterward the northern.

If we prefer to come by steam car, we leave the train at Faneuil station, and arrive at this point by way of Brooks and Bigelow streets. Taking Bigelow Street at the end of Dunboy, we keep on around to Oak Square, with the view up the river. At the top of the hill, or near it, from the field at the left, spreading over a long surface, we have the fairest prospect to the north and

westward: directly below, the river winding through Watertown; beyond, neighboring towns and cities in detail; along the horizon from west to north, Belmont and Arlington hills; northward, the Fells.

Back in Oak Square, we start into Nonantum Street. Our course is shaped to include the monument to Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, commemorating his first service with an Indian congregation, in 1642, which is on the farther slope of the hill, to the southward. This leads us away from the village, where are some interesting landmarks (for Newton Village, formerly known as Newton Corner, was the place of the earliest settlement, and contains in the old graveyard on Centre Street, on the site of the first meeting-house, a monument to the first settlers, with other historic memorials), but it takes us along shaded walks with yet a touch of country about them, the quarter being in good part occupied by estates with fair grounds.

Nonantum Street runs along the side of the hill parallel for some distance with Tremont Street, on which are the electric car tracks, in the valley. We should keep our eyes to the left rather than the right, for the right side is lined with unsightly or at least unlovely structures, while on the left is a succession of old estates, each with goodly acres embellished with fine trees. The first of these expansive estates, which lies on the Brighton side, is the Breck place. The generous domain farther along, over the Newton line, with the stateliest mansion-house, on the distant hill-top, is known as the old Bowman place. Nonantum Street enters **Waverley Avenue**, which we follow to Kenrick Street, on the left, and thence reach the lane leading to the **Eliot monument**. The estate on the avenue extending to Kenrick Street, and covering about forty acres, largely of beautiful woodland, is that of John S. Farlow, giver of the public park in the village, which bears his name. The lane to the monument is the opening from Kenrick Street by the yellow house, on the right side. It is but a few steps down to the unique structure placed in an open field, facing fair landscape, — a handsome terrace with heavy balustrade of stone, thus inscribed on the front: —

> Here at Nonantum, Oct. 28, 1646, in Waban's wigwam near this spot, John Eliot began to preach the gospel to the Indians. Here he founded the first Christian community of Indians within the English colonies.

Beneath this inscription, on tablets, are cut the names of the *chief and* of Eliot's associates, Shepard (the minister at Cambridge), Gookin (Major General Daniel Gookin), and Heath (elder

of the Roxbury Church). At this first service John Wilson, minister of the First Church in Boston, was also present. The view from the terrace embraces the wooded side of Waban hill, at the right; the broad glen between the hills, in front, with Strong's and Chandler's ponds, and the buildings of the Catholic College, — St. John's Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary, — rising from masses of trees. From Waban Hill covered reservoir, not far out of our course farther on, is a fine view, which should not be missed. Here you look over all the Brookline, Newton, and northern hills, and see the Blue Hills, those in Worcester County, and some of the Cheshire and Hillsboro summits in New Hampshire.

We take the street back of the terrace, up the hill, to **Waverley Avenue** again. This road we are now to follow southward for some little distance, turning at length, just beyond the junction with Ward Street, into Grant Avenue, which leads directly to

Newton Central Boulevard.

Commonwealth Avenue extension, or the **Newton Central boulevard**, which continues the avenue from the Boston line through the full length of Newton to Weston, — a sweep of upward of five miles.

Here is one of the finest boulevards of "Greater Boston," broad, *with firm, hard roadways* on either side of the reserved middle *ground over which* the electric cars pass, sweeping, often in mag-

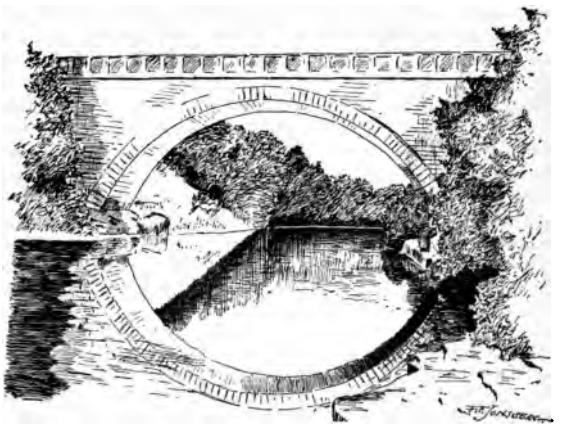
nificent curves, across a country never tame and in parts most interesting. It is the favorite finish of the "grand drive" out from Boston, and the paradise of bicyclers. Our way is up the boulevard so far as Chestnut Street, about two miles above our point of entrance, where we turn for the longer walk over to Echo Bridge and the Hemlock Gorge Reservation. **Centre Street,** the third street above Grant Avenue, crossing the boulevard, is the highway connecting Newton Village with Newton Centre, near by at the left, and Newton Highlands beyond. The first crossing **electric line** connects Newtonville at the north, with the Highlands and Newton Upper Falls at the south; in Newtonville tapping the Waltham and Newton, and the Newtonville and Watertown lines, and just south of the boulevard starting a branch to Newton Centre. **Chestnut Street** comes over from West Newton, passes through Waban, and finishes in the village square of Upper Falls. The next crossing highway, farther up the boulevard, is **Washington Street,** the great thoroughfare coming through Brighton (over which our electric car came to Oak Square), Newton, Newtonville, West Newton, and going on to Newton Lower Falls and through Wellesley. Auburndale and the river are but a short distance beyond the Washington Street crossing.

West Newton is the municipal centre, having the city hall. In Newton is the Free Library. In Newton Centre is the Baptist Theological School on Institution Hill. The pretty pond in the southern part of this village, now called "Crystal Lake," once had a fitter name in "Wiswall's Pond" because it was included in Elder Wiswall's homestead in the middle of the seventeenth century.

The way by Chestnut Street to the **Hemlock Gorge Reservation** is plainly pointed by the swing sign on the left side of the boulevard — "to Waban and Echo Bridge." It is a walk of about two miles over, — long country miles. For the first mile the street is a rural road, cutting through small woods here and there, and winding in country fashion. In one of the bends we pass a handsome grove coming down close to the road, along the edge of which we may make our path. Not far beyond this grove our road crosses Beacon Street from Boston, eight miles off, the big guide-board here tells us. The second mile is less interesting until Waban is passed and **Newton Lower Falls** approached, when we have the river views at the right.

In the village we cross Boylston Street, — the old Worcester turnpike from Brookline, about which are clustered some quaint *old weathered* houses, — mount the hill, and are soon at the guide-*board pointing* direct to **Echo Bridge.** The entrance here is by *a narrow* plank walk between two houses, the broader main

entrance to the reservation being below, from Ellis Street out of Boylston Street near the river. From the plank walk we cross the massive bridge, and descend at the farther side by a long flight of steps to the Gorge. The Ellis Street entrance is to the Gorge below the bridge. It is one of the most romantic spots of the



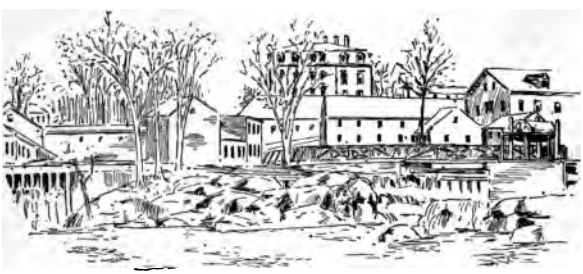
Echo Bridge.

Charles River region which this smallest of the public reservations preserves. The hemlock growth over the wild rocky banks is magnificent, and the narrow river cutting its swift way through makes lovely pictures from various points of view. The fine stone arches of the high bridge, named for its remarkable echoes, show to best advantage, perhaps, from the northwestern side. From the bridge the views are charming on either side. The mills and the surging waterfall are not the least of the many landscape features of the place. In the grove we may wander along winding paths and over rustic bridges. The reservation includes, in addition to the Gorge, the banks of the storage reservoir adjacent to Worcester Street on the Wellesley side, and the pond, or "backwater," is used for boating.

The Gorge extends over Newton bounds into the limits of Wellesley and Needham, embracing twenty-four acres. Boylston Street forms the northern boundary; Ellis Street, the eastern boundary; Central Avenue bridge marks the southern end of the public river bank; and the new road from Central Avenue to Reservoir Street in Wellesley makes the western border. Echo Bridge carries the Sudbury aqueduct of the Boston water system across the river. This reservation was established in 1895.

The terminus of the Newton electric line is within three minutes' walk of the reservation, and return to Boston can be made by connecting lines over the Newton Central and the Beacon boulevards. A "transfer" to the central boulevard lines costs eight cents, and an additional five-cent fare takes the passenger from the Boston bound (at Lake Street opening, Brighton), at which the Newton lines connect with the West End system, into town. Return may also be made by steam car from the Upper Falls station.

Since our walk has not been a long one, instead of returning by either of these routes, we should take the electric car so far as Newton Highlands, here take steam car on the Circuit line to Waban station, thence walk over to **Newton Lower Falls,** and return from that village by steam car. This will involve an expenditure of thirty-two cents, a light investment for the pleasure obtained. For from Waban to the Lower Falls we take the river bank (reaching it by Waban Avenue and the second curving street at the left), coming out on Washington Street near the falls, which are here most picturesque.



Newton Lower Falls.

Walk b. Start at **Riverside,** ten miles from Boston, which we reach by steam car. Electric cars come out so far as Auburndale, about a mile back. From the pretty stone station overlooking the river we cross by the passage-way under the tracks, to the farther side, where are grouped about the river shore the Newton Boat Club house and other structures devoted to boats and canoes, — a canoe factory, a public "boat livery," indicating the chief industry of the little hamlet, — while the water is gay with dainty craft. This is the favorite rendezvous of canoeists on the stream. On holidays in the season they number hundreds, when the scene

here rivals that on the English Thames. Water carnivals, or festivals, are summer and autumn features, generally timed for moonlight nights, and the procession of gay, illuminated boats makes this the starting-place of the course down to Waltham. The regular **three-mile boating course** extends from the dam at Newton Lower Falls to the Waltham dam. Across the river are the grounds of the Boston Athletic Association; and a little way down on the farther shore is the club-house of the Boston Canoe Club.

At the end of the road from the station we take the foot-path at the side of the hill-slope opposite the Newton Boat Club house to the river, and follow it down stream. The **river path** runs close to the stream's edge, bending with its bends, through magnificent groves which cover the grandly sweeping hill-slopes, and by frequent luxuriant growths of shrubbery and vines on the water line. Similar growths of green characterize the opposite shore, and no break occurs to mar the beauty of the region. After nearly half a mile of this walk we see ahead the low four-arched bridge and causeway, where this river-side walk ends. Presently emerging on the road, we are at the finish of the long Newton Central boulevard (Commonwealth Avenue), which here, at the Newton-Weston line, makes into South Avenue, the thoroughfare through Weston and Wayland to Framingham.

Crossing the bridge we follow **South Avenue** to River Street, the first opening at the right from the high ground which the avenue takes, and turning into **River Street** we are bound to Professor Horsford's "Norumbega Tower," a little more than half a mile down river. Note for a **by-walk**, — South Avenue farther on to the Newton Street crossing, through attractive parts with pleasant side estates, notably the charming place on the left side, in a long, deep dell, with its cheery brook, natural grounds, and comfortable mansion-house (birthplace of the artist Bush), all spread in full detail from the roadside. Then Newton Street to the northwest toward Doublet Hill, with expansive views from the road on high ground, over meadows, open fields and valley to the south, and beautiful stretch of country down to the river eastward. Then back to the crossing of the avenue, and through East Newton Street, over to Newton Lower Falls, passing "Keewaydin," the extensive estate of Francis Blake, the scientist and inventor, with the castle-like house on high stone-wall faced bank; and beyond, the line of the Newton water park.

River Street to **Norumbega Tower** is a pleasant way, with high land on one side and occasional bits of river view on the other. *After several bends* of the road, as we pass the most extensive

country seat here, with grounds sloping to the river, the massive tower appears in view ahead to the right, above the trees. A few rods beyond bring us to the carriage-road and path leading through small woods direct to the open in which the tower stands. The

Norumbega Tower.

point is at the confluence of Stony Brook with the river; also the meeting-place of the river and the northern highlands of the metropolitan district. Thence the lower reaches of the river and the easy roads of its valley, as Charles Eliot has pointed out, lead through populous regions to Boston, while the upper river valley leads southeastward along the border of the metropolitan district toward the southern highland of the Blue Hills. The tower is a rugged, substantially built structure of rough stone, with interior stone stairway leading to a "lookout" at the top. The large inscribed tablet set in its face states in detail that it commemorates the pre-columbian voyages of the Northmen to the New World: —

A. D. 1000 A. D. 1889

Norumbega
City · Country · Fort · River

Norumbega = Nor'mbega
Indian utterance of Norbega the ancient form
of Norvega, Norway · to which the
region of Vinland was subject.

City
at and near Watertown
where remain today
Docks · Wharves · Walls · Dams · Basins.

Country
Extending from Rhode Island to the St. Lawrence
First seen by Bjarni Herjulfson 985 A. D.
Landfall of Leif Erikson on Cape Cod, 1000 A. D.
Norse canals · Dams · Walls · Pavements
Forts · Terraced places of assembly remain today.

Fort
at base of tower and region about
was occupied by the Breton French in the
15th, 16th and 17th centuries.

River
the Charles
Discovered by
Leif Erikson · 1000 A. D.
Explored by
Thorwald · Leif's brother · 1003 A. D.
Colonized by
Thorfinn Karlsefni · 1007 A. D.
First Bishop
Erik Gnupson · 1121 A. D.
Industries for 350 years
Mǽsur-wood · Burrs · Fish · Furs · Agriculture
Latest Norse Ship returned to Iceland in 1347.

Near the base of the tower, in the recess at the left, is set a large flat stone with a bowl cut into it, which is exactly like the "blótsteinn" frequently found in Iceland near old ruins; its use is now unknown there, but the word means "worship-stone." This stone was found in the neighborhood during Professor Horsford's explorations, and was saved for preservation in this structure. On the side wall at the left a small round stone is modestly inscribed: "This tower was erected by Eben Norton Horsford, A. D. 1889."

A few steps beyond the tower an opening in the woods shows the old ditch or moat which surrounded the fort. This we may follow nearly all the way round the fort-site and up Stony Brook so far as the street, near by the old mill. A foot-path belonging to the same period skirts the river on the other side of the wood road by the tower. A Norse dam and canals which the inscription on the tower alludes to as traceable to-day, we shall come upon *farther along in our walk*, near the line between Weston and Wal-

tham. At the foot of the path from the river to the tower is the boat-landing for use of visitors coming by water.

River Street goes on pleasantly to Roberts Station, Fitchburg Railroad, about three-quarters of a mile below the tower, where it connects with South Street to Waltham Centre. Roberts being

View from Norumbega Tower.

the railroad station nearest the tower, the direct way from Boston by railroad is to this point.

We cross, instead of following River Street farther, and, taking Summer Street, at the side of the reservoir opposite, make our roundabout way to Prospect Hill. The route we take is by Summer Street, about two miles to Central Avenue, thence into Weston Street on the Waltham side of the line, and along Weston Street, for about a mile and three-quarters, to cross-streets leading to the hill. The reservoir, which belongs to Cambridge, holds the waters of **Stony Brook** in a long narrow valley, whence they flow to Cambridge or escape to the river. The brook dashes into the reservoir through the rocky passage at the valley's head. Doublet Hill lies off to the south; Prospect Hill to the north.

Summer Street swings around the reservoir, then gently mounts the high land, and continues with numerous bends along tree-clad hillsides, coming with a final sharp turn to its finish at Central Avenue. It is a rural road, passing old farms, and through the latter half narrowing into little more than a single wheel-track. At the first bend beyond the reservoir, as we approach the gray farmhouse on the right beside the large ash with unusual spread of branch, we have a pleasing view, through a broad open, over cultivated lands, the water, the tower, toward Newton and its distant hills beyond. Midway along the road we have distant hill views to the right. And as the last bend, the final turn toward Central Avenue, is approached, we look down upon and over fair fields and rolling lands of a comfortable farm spreading through a pretty dell.

Central Avenue comes from the Boston Road in Wayland across Weston from west to east, and is continued by Weston Street on the farther side of the railroad (Fitchburg), at Stony Brook station (the next station beyond Roberts), about a quarter of a mile below Summer Street, to the right. We follow the avenue in this direction, turning off before the railroad is reached, to visit the **Norse dam and canals** as traced by Professor Horsford. The walk down is enlivened by interesting side and front views. Now we pass a great dome-like ledge covered with hardy trees, rising close to the sidewalk; now, on the other side, a picturesque lane, with glimpses of dingy old structures among its trees. The way to the Norse landmarks is the inviting old grass-grown wood road leading uphill from the left side of the avenue within a few steps of the railroad. Following this road for about a quarter of a mile, we reach an opening on the right leading down to a meadow. Here turning, we strike the stone-walled canal on the meadow's edge, and from this point easily trace it through the bushes to its source. Turning here to the left, a few steps up the stream bring us again upon the wood road, at a bridge over a pool. And from this bridge we see the ancient dam, with the depression of a hut on the left. The curious double-stone walls, or foundations, and a pavement found in this depression were a puzzle to archæologists until it was known that Icelandic walls were commonly built in the same way. Old ditches similar to those found in Iceland are scattered along Stony Brook and its tributaries.

We are tempted to follow the path farther into these attractive woods, but this would carry us out of our way, so we must turn back to the road from which we entered. On the main road again, we cross the railroad track, and at the end of the plank walk are in Waltham — two miles from the Centre, so the guide-board states. As we proceed along **Weston Street** we are cheered by pleasantly changing views, while the road itself is fair. A mile or so out from the Weston line, at the approach to a sharp turn to the right, we have a full view of Prospect Hill, with the neighboring lesser height of Bear Hill. A few rods beyond the junction with the back road to Lincoln and Concord, we walk toward a good view of Waltham city. Soon we come again in view of Prospect Hill, lying in long line over to the left of us, and it accompanies us a good part of the rest of the way to the junction of our road with Main Street, marked by the rugged elm, where we take the street at the left leading toward the slope.

We reach the rising ground on the farther side of the railroad track — the old Central Massachusetts line (now B. & M.), — a little *way beyond, bear to* the left through the small woods, and after a

short tramp strike the path leading up the hill to its highest point. Friendly Waltham folk whom we meet will cheerfully point the way, and perhaps turn aside to act the guide until assured that we are on the right course. The mount is comfortable, though steep, the path being broken at intervals so that it has the semblance of a series of far-apart steps. At intervals, also, are rustic seats where we may rest, if so inclined, and enjoy at ease the beauty of the region which expands as we ascend. At length on "**Big Prospect**" **summit**, attained by a final sharp pull, a glorious view spreads about us, embracing almost the entire sweep of the horizon: on the north, west, and northwest, far-off mountain ranges; on the southeast, clustering towns and cities, the river valley down to the harbor line, the Blue Hills range, and the sea. We are here on the highest ground, next to the Blue Hills, in the Metropolitan district — four hundred and eighty-two feet above sea-level. The panorama in detail, as shown on the chart drawn by the accurate observer, E. G. Chamberlain, includes the following conspicuous points.

Facing the west and following to the north, we have in clear view the three principal summits of the range of mountains sometimes called "the backbone of Massachusetts," — Asnybumskit, in Paxton, thirty-three and a half miles off; Wachusett, in Princeton, the highest, thirty-three miles; and Watatick, in Ashburnham, resembling a huge haystack, thirty-nine miles. This range may be followed to the northwest into New Hampshire by Kidder Mountain in New Ipswich, forty-two miles, the Temple Mountain, forty-four miles, the two Pack Monadnocks, near Peterboro', forty-six miles, and Kearsarge, in Warner, seventy-five and a quarter miles, — the most distant point observed. The southern peak of Pack Monadnock appears directly over Lincoln Village in the foreground, four miles off. Over this range is seen the Grand Monadnock, a little to the left of northwest and just to the right of Watatick, fifty-four and a half miles off, the highest mountain (3177 feet) visible. East of the range, in southern New Hampshire, we can see, among other isolated mountains, Pinnacle, in Lyndeboro, forty-six and a half miles; dome-shaped Joe English, in New Boston, forty-four miles, and the two Unkonunocks, in Goffstown, forty-four and a half miles, the latter just north-northwest. West of north lies Bedford, seven and a half miles, with Lowell beyond and to the right, seventeen and a half miles. Nearly north is Billerica, twelve miles, and beyond, Fort Mountain, *in* Epsom, N. H., fifty-four and a quarter miles. About *north-northwest* is Andover, showing Phillips Academy and the *Theological* Seminary, nineteen miles, with Holt Hill, and Boston

Hill, in North Andover. In front of Andover are Lexington and Burlington. More to the right is Bald Pate, in Georgetown, twenty-five miles. About northeast is the State Lunatic Asylum, in Danvers, twenty miles; next in line, and nearer, Stoneham, Turkey Hill, and Arlington Heights. A little north of east is Nahant; over Nahant, Egg Rock and its light-house.

Now, looking easterly, Boston and suburban cities appear, and then the harbor. At the right of the State House dome we see successively Boston Light, Long Island Light, Forts Independence and Warren, Nantasket, and the Atlantic House, about east-southeast, twenty-two miles. To the east is Massachusetts Bay, the sea horizon line twenty-nine miles distant. Minot's Light appears, twenty-six and a half miles off. Toward the southeast, in the foreground, lies Waltham; beyond, Newton, Newtonville, and Newton Centre; over the latter, the Quincy portion of the Blue Hills range, with Great Blue, to the right, fourteen miles off. A little more to the right is West Newton; over Newton, Stoughton, twenty miles; just south-southeast, Dedham, ten and a half miles; nearly over the watch factory in Waltham, Newton Upper Falls; more to the right, Sharon, eighteen and a half miles; about south, Auburndale; over the latter, Needham. About south-southwest is Franklin, with Dean Academy, twenty-two miles; to the right, Woonsocket Hill, Rhode Island, thirty-two miles. About southwest is Hopkinton, seventeen and a half miles; nearer west, Marlboro', fifteen miles, directly in line with Asnybumskit Hill; about west, Rutland, thirty-six miles; farther to the right, Princeton, just left of the Wachusetts.

Mr. Chamberlain has identified in this panorama some prominent building in more than seventy-five villages.

This hill, sweeping over long territory, with its two summits, Big and Little Prospect, the beautiful valley between them, the craggy shoulders of the elevation covered with forests, its picturesque slopes, has well been called one of the noblest of the Boston basin bounds, and its preservation as a public park by the city of Waltham is rightly deemed a matter for congratulation. The park now includes about one hundred acres. It is easy of access from several directions with a carriage drive, or forest road winding through it, of about two miles in length from Main Street to Winter Street in the north part of the city.

Returning to Main Street, we may take an electric car and ride to the Common, across which is the station of the Fitchburg Railroad; or before going to the station continue farther down the street into the quarter toward Watertown. In this quarter, on *lower Main Street*, is the historic Gore mansion-house, in its day

one of the most notable of country seats, — the stately brick house in the centre of expansive grounds, embellished with noble trees and gardens, surrounded by a walk of a mile in circuit, — and yet a fine example of the architecture of its period. It was built at the close of the last century by Christopher Gore, then distinguished as a lawyer of Boston, the first district attorney for the Massachusetts district appointed by Washington, and afterward diplomatist, governor, and United States senator, whose name is perpetuated in Gore Hall, the Harvard University Library building, erected through his munificence. This was his country home for many years, maintained with quiet elegance and gracious hospitality. The estate subsequently became the seat of the late Theophilus W. Walker, whose family still occupy it, preserving its characteristics without change.

We may also, before taking the return train to Boston, find pleasure in strolling about the river-side.

Brookline.

Boston to Brookline, Village Square, by electric car, via Huntington Avenue, 3¾ miles; fare, 5 cents. By steam car, to Brookline station [Newton Circuit, B. & A.], 4¼ miles; fare, 8 cents. For Walk *b* same route out.

Boston to West Roxbury, Central station, by steam car [Dedham Branch, Prov. Div.], 7 miles; fare, 13 cents.

Walk a [No. 33]. About Brookline Village and by a circuit route to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. Features: the town centre and its neighborhood; Aspinwall Hill, Gardner Road; the hill-top view; Sumner Road; Walnut Street and the ancient cemetery; country seats along Warren Street; Reservoir Lane; Wright's Woods. Return from Chestnut Hill Reservoir, by electric car over Beacon Boulevard, or steam car from Reservoir station.

Walk b [No. 34]. From Village Square into rural parts. Along the Brookline side of Leverett Park, and an edge of Jamaica Park; Pinebank; the Francis Parkman place within the park, a Parkman memorial; up Perkins Street; through Goddard Avenue; along Clyde Street; Clyde Park and the Country Club House; Boylston Street; over Fisher Hill. Return by the Beacon Boulevard.

Walk c [No. 35]. In Brookline woods.

Brookline has been called the most beautiful town in the vicinity of Boston, and the wealthiest in the country. Wedged into the territory of Boston, with the Brighton District along its northwestern boundary, the Back Bay District on the northeast, Roxbury and West Roxbury districts on the east and south, it has resisted all appeals and pressure to unite with the municipality, and has maintained its simple system of town government from its establishment. Before it became a separate township, however, it was a part of Boston, and was set off only after a struggle. From 1635 to 1637 it was a part of Cambridge, then Newe Towne. The place was at first known as Muddy River, from the once turbulent stream forming its eastern boundary. For a time it went by the name of Muddy River Hamlet or Boston Commons. It became Brookline (first spelt Brooklyn) in 1705, when, on November 13, it was incorporated and its inhabitants were "enjoyned to build a meeting-house and obtain an Orthodox minister . . . to be settled among them." It was earliest occupied for grazing farms by settlers in Boston who kept their "swine and other cattle" here in summer "whilst corn is on the ground at Boston." The town limits at the beginning extended to the Charles River on the northeast, but in 1855 a strip here was lopped off and returned to Boston. Other changes in the bounds were made in later years, and the area is now 4,300 acres, or about seven square miles, surrounded by Boston, with the exception of part of the west and southwest where it lies against Newton. The land rises gradually from the northeast in gentle elevations and a succession of hills, the highest of which, Lyman Hill, west of the territorial centre, is 336 feet. Others are Aspinwall Hill, Fisher Hill, Corey Hill, Goddard Heights, Fairmount, Hyde (later Walley's) Hill, and Walnut Hill. The "Village," which is the business centre, where the public buildings are situated, is on the northeasterly side. Longwood, the English-like quarter in the northeast corner, was early Sewall's Farm, so called from Judge Samuel Sewall, who came into possession of a good part of its territory through John Hull, the "mint master" of Boston (first coiner of money in Massachusetts Bay), whose only daughter he married. Her dowry, as was commonly reported, says Hutchinson, was thirty thousand pounds in New England shillings. Later, this section came to be known as "Cottage Farms" or "Farm," from Sewall's cottage, which stood here from 1689 to 1851. The name "Longwood" was adopted about the year 1821, when the territory began to be occupied for country seats. It was suggested by the "beautiful woods on the *rolling ridges of land*," which at that time extended from the Charles River *to Brookline Village.* Brookline is especially noted for its numerous exten-

sive estates, pleasant woods, and fine landscapes. The southwestern parts are the most rural. The grounds and racing-course of Clyde Park, with the Country Club House, are in the southeasterly part. West of South and Newton streets, extending into the West Roxbury District, is a strip of wild woods, a rocky and marshy region in which game is yet found.

Walk a. Our starting-point is Village Square, through which the electric cars from Boston via Huntington Avenue pass. Another line passing through the village connects at the Roxbury Crossing, Roxbury District, with Tremont Street, Columbus Avenue, and Jamaica Plain cars, and by a short walk from the crossing with Dorchester lines. The Brookline station on the steam railroad is near by Washington Street, a few steps above the Square. Village Square is the old village centre, a worn and ragged quarter now, formed by the junction of Washington and Boylston streets. Washington Street was the highway, much traveled before railroad days, to the interior country; Boylston Street was formerly

The Riverway.

a part of the old Worcester Turnpike, which still extends, under various names, to the "heart of the Commonwealth."

If we go out by electric car over Huntington Avenue, we pass the avenue to Longwood, at the right, — Longwood Avenue, the first crossing street beyond the Fens, — which crosses the Riverway near the Longwood station, steam railroad, and extends to Harvard Street, near Beacon Street boulevard. Beacon Street, coming *out from* Boston, enters Brookline at the northeast corner, and, *cutting* through Longwood, crosses Washington Street a mile and

one third beyond Village Square. If we drive out or ride by horseback or bicycle, we can reach the village centre by Beacon Street, Kent Street through Longwood, and Station Street; but the pleasanter way is through the Back Bay Fens, entering the town by the Riverway, and thence by Brookline Avenue (the "Punch Bowl Road" of early days) and Washington Street to the Square.

The earliest settlement of Muddy River was made about and to the west of Village Square, but all landmarks are gone. An early eighteenth-century house, however, is yet to be seen as the Square is approached by Huntington Avenue. This is the ancient dwelling on the right side of the avenue a short distance above Francis Street, built, as the date, 1709, on its chimney indicates, a few years after Muddy River had become Brookline. It is known as the old Crafts house, so called from Ebenezer Crafts, cordwainer, who erected it, and whose descendants have been its occupants until modern times. Crafts, who came to Brookline from Roxbury, was a man of importance in local affairs. He was connected through marriage with the Whites, and his daughter married into the Heath family, both early Muddy River families. In this old house were once kept several slaves, one of whom was in the family for sixty years. The garrison house of the first settlers stood about half a mile west of Village Square, near the corner of the present Cypress and Walnut streets, then on the outskirts of the settlement. And in the near neighborhood, five and seventy years after the garrison house was built, the first meeting-house was placed.

The famous "Punch Bowl Tavern," built in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, which gave the name of "Punch Bowl Village" to the region round about Village Square, stood on the south side of Washington Street. The main portion was a large two-story hipped-roof structure of frame of oak, painted yellow; and the additions, made from time to time by splicing on old houses bought in Boston and moved out, spread back over a generous lot. Against the face of the house, under a projection of a portion of the second story, was a long bench where loungers were wont to sun themselves and the village Solons congregated to gossip of men and things of their day. In front stood two great elms (cut while yet in good condition within five years). Between these trees, suspended from a tall red post, was the swing-sign with its emblem, painted in loud colors: a huge bowl and ladle beneath a lemon tree resplendent with fruit. The "Punch Bowl" was the regular stopping-place for stages and the great goods-wagons traveling between the back country and Boston so long as Washington

Street remained the only thoroughfare, or until the completion of the Mill Dam (now absorbed in Beacon Street) across the Back Bay, in 1821. Famous dinners were given here; and the punch, tradition avers, was rich and rare. Before the Revolution the tavern was much frequented by British officers from Boston. It had a large dancing-hall, in which the most fashionable "dances" of the winter seasons — the "Brookline Assemblies" of those days — were given. After a career of nearly a hundred years, it was torn down in 1830, and the solid oak in its walls and beams went to the making of nine houses on the site. The Dana Tavern, contemporary of the Punch Bowl, also a gambrel-roof house with spreading outbuildings, stood near by, fronting the Square. Its career as an inn, however, ended much earlier than that of the more famous tavern.

High Street, opening at the left of Village Square, leads up to a quarter of pleasant old streets bordered by attractive dwellings; and Walnut Street (originally the Sherburne road), crossing it, extends at the right to Warren Street and beyond, into a region of fine estates on picturesque roads, which we shall reach by a more circuitous way.

We leave the Square by Washington Street, curving off to the right, cross the bridge over the railroad track, pass through Harvard Square (Harvard Street, at the right, is the old Cambridge road), and soon reach the stone Town House and the brick Public Library. Where the Town House stands and back of it, was once a high hill, with terraced slopes, which the town, after becoming its owner, spent twenty years or more in leveling, slowly digging it away as gravel was required for road uses. These two public buildings, although not so elaborate or showy in design and finish as those of some other suburban places, are substantial, and they are practically planned, as we shall see if we step within their doors. The Town House, built in 1873 (Samuel J. F. Thayer, of Boston, architect), is the third on this site. The first, erected in 1825, is still standing, but some distance off, having been removed, when this site was cleared for the second house in 1845, to a lot on Walnut Street back of the First Church. It is now "Pierce Hall," connected with the church. On the occasion of the dedication of the present Town House, Robert C. Winthrop made the dedicatory address.

The Public Library (Louis Weisbein of Boston, architect) was one of the earliest of suburban free library buildings, and Brookline also has the distinction of having been the first town in the Commonwealth to avail of the general statute providing for the establishment of free libraries in cities and towns. The institution dates from 1857, and the building from 1869.

The wing was built on in 1888, enlarging the library to a capacity of seventy-five thousand volumes. It now has in round numbers forty thousand volumes, admirably selected. The reading-room is called Gardner Hall, for John L. Gardner, who gave the institution the sum of ten thousand dollars, the largest fund which it has received. There is also a children's room, similar to that in the Boston Public Library.

Just beyond the library, Cypress Street, in part a delightful old street, opens at the left and passes into the southwestern section, crossing Boylston and Walnut streets; while School Street, at the right, leads across to Harvard Street, from which are a series of pleasant streets on the left side, and at the right a little way beyond, Sewall Avenue branches off into Longwood. We may make a circuit of the left side quarter, taking in the **Harvard Church** (Congregational), whose shapely stone steeple is a conspicuous object in Brookline views, and come out again on Washington Street by Aspinwall Hill; or we may keep Washington Street direct to Aspinwall Hill about half a mile above. If we make the circuit we follow School to Harvard Street, Harvard to Marion Street, Marion to Park Street, and Park Street, at the left (the right leads to Beacon Street boulevard near by), to Washington Street again. The cathedral-like structure on Park Street is the **Methodist Episcopal Church** (George A. Clough, of Boston, architect), one of the largest church buildings of this denomination in New England. It was completed in 1896. The Harvard Church (Edward Tuckerman Potter, architect) was built in 1871–1873, and subsequently enlarged to more than twice its original size. Its style is defined as a secular Gothic, and it has been ranked with the higher types of modern ecclesiastical architecture.

As we approach **Aspinwall Hill** from Washington Street we get but little idea of its extent and height. With the exception of the steeply sloping field which rises on the southerly side of the highway nearly opposite the opening of Park Street, pleasant tree-embowered estates cover its slopes; and the elevation has been so laid out by the landscape architects, to whom happily the treatment of a large share of it was intrusted, that its attractions unfold gradually as its acquaintance is made. Let us ascend by the hedge and vine-bordered flight of steps along the further edge of the mound, which, we read on the sign half hidden among the vines on the tree-trunk, is **Gardner Path**. This way leads up to Gardner Circle, and a place of artistic suburban houses so set in circling roads that each has its fair and wide view. At the right of the long mount we have glimpses through the thick growth of pleasant places fronting on Gardner Road, the carriage-way which *leaves the highway* some distance above the path entrance; at *the left is the Blake* estate, one of the most extensive seats in this

section of the town, and occupying a portion of the original Muddy River farm of John Cotton, second minister of the First Church in Boston.

Emerging from Gardner Path upon **Gardner Road**, which has curved up to this point, we enter the Circle at its most picturesque part. Across the road at the right, in the midst of modern architecture, conspicuous by contrast, is the old Aspinwall mansion-house, a plain, ample, spreading structure, under the shadow

Old Aspinwall House.

of fine elms, upon which the eye rests with peculiar satisfaction. This house dates from 1803 and was built by Dr. William Aspinwall, notable in his day as a physician, a Brookline "minute-man" and Revolutionary patriot, fourth in line from Peter Aspinwall, who set up the first Aspinwall house in 1660 in Muddy River Village, which stood for two hundred and thirty years. When it was built it was the only dwelling on this side of the then well-wooded hill, and commanded an unbroken view of the Charles River, and Boston beyond. During Dr. Aspinwall's time, and for some years after, there were fine orchards of fruit trees on the place, gardens, and greenhouses, in which roses of many varieties were grown in rich profusion. The estate originally embraced about forty acres of cleared land and woods covering the hill-top, and was purchased by Dr. Aspinwall in 1788. As we continue along the walk on the *left, more of* the beauty of the Blake estate is seen over the high *spruce hedge* extending beyond the finish of Gardner Path. The *house, a stone* country mansion of English pattern, appears through

the grove of beautiful oak trees which covers the upper side of the place and is its crowning feature. Near the edge of this little forest, and in sight from Gardner Road, are two remarkable trees, — a Southern cypress, one of the largest in this section of the country, and a handsome specimen of the Kentucky coffee tree. Birds tenant this grove, and the nimble squirrel is at home in it. The house was built early in the thirties by Lewis Tappan, whose name is perpetuated in the street beyond, into which Gardner Road turns, and, although enlarged by succeeding owners of the estate, has not been materially changed in outline or style. Before Mr. Tappan transformed the place into a country seat it was a large farm known as the "Croft Farm." It has been in the Blake family for many years.

The summit of the hill is over at the right, and we may reach it by the circling Rawson Road, which connects with Gardner Road opposite an entrance to the Blake place. Bearing round to the right we follow Rawson Road to Winthrop Road, take this road to the left, turn into the field a little way up the road on the left side, cross Crescent Terrace, and make the highest point by cross lots. From the observatory, which was here for many years, a sweeping view of the town, with the outlying southern and western parts of Boston, was outspread. But now the clustering houses shut off much of it. Still between the houses we get glimpses of country hills; and in the foreground can trace the boulevards coming out from the Back Bay District for some distance, with the varied architecture thickening along them, the line marred here and there by ugly tall structures rearing their impertinent heads far above their fellows, monuments of bad taste. The pleasantest way back to Gardner Road is by **Rawson Path**, another of the vine-framed sweeps of plank walk and steps, which may almost be said to abound in Brookline. It starts from the hill-top and, curving past attractive homesteads, comes out near the Tappan Street end of the road. In this part of Gardner Road observe the beauty of the grounds about the houses on either side — the picturesque "lay" of the land, the artistic massing of shrubbery, the fine grouping of trees, the vines trailing naturally over the stone wall bounds, largely the design of the landscape architects.

At **Tappan Street** we take the left turn. This street connects Beacon Street, about a mile off to the right, with Cypress Street, three-fourths of a mile to the left, near the Brookline Hills station, steam railroad. We follow it down the hill to the triangle, where Blake Road runs into Sumner Road. The great plain structure *which looms up above* its neighbors on Tappan Street beyond the

triangle is the Brookline High School, built in 1894–95 (Andrews, Jacques & Rantoul, architects). When in course of time its flat, monotonous brick walls are covered with the Boston ivy now creeping over them, the ornamentation it lacks will be furnished by Nature.

From the triangle we turn into **Sumner Road,** cross the railroad bridge, and go on to the finish of this road in Boylston Street by the gate-house of the Brookline Reservoir (Boston Water Works), a hill, valley, and hill walk, of about a quarter of a mile toward a neighborhood of old estates and historic houses. At **Boylston Street** we might turn to the right, and stroll by the fine places which line this thoroughfare for some distance on one side, the reservoir on the other, — the Jonathan White and Joseph White estates, extending from the Sumner Road corner and spreading over a fair hillside, the old Boylston mansion-house on the site of the first Boylston house, which gave the name to the street, the Henry M. Whitney house with its south side covered with English ivy to the eaves, and beyond the reservoir, on that side of the way, the Edward Atkinson place, — but we had better now cross Boylston Street and take **Walnut Street,** nearly opposite the end of Sumner Road, in order first to cover the beautiful Warren Street region with its succession of country seats. Going up Walnut Street we pass the Moses Williams estate, occupying the Boylston Street corner, and next, on the same side, the place of Henry V. Poore, the compiler and publisher of "Poore's Railroad Manual." The long, low stone church in fair grounds on the right, at the opening of Warren Street, is the **First Unitarian,** successor of the First Parish in Brookline. It is a modern work, finished in 1894 (Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge, architects), and one of the architectural monuments of the town. Back of it, facing Walnut Street, is the old stone town-house, now Pierce Hall (named for the Rev. Dr. Pierce, minister of the First Parish from 1794 to his death in 1849), the removal of which to this spot has been remarked.

Before turning into Warren Street we should visit the **ancient burying-ground,** a few rods below the church on Walnut Street, where are memorials of distinguished residents of early Brookline. The pleasant estate with its wealth of trees which we pass on the left side is that of Martin P. Kennard, United States subtreasurer at Boston through three administrations. The old cemetery lies close to the sidewalk, a small inclosure of mounds and vales, with rural paths winding around the aged tombs and moss-grown graves, shaded by venerable trees. On the higher mound nearest the street are the Gardner and Boylston family tombs.

The flat slab covering the Gardner tomb is crowded with names, thirty in all, among which is that of the one Brookline minute-man slain in the Lexington affair of 1775. The grave of the eminent Dr. Zabdiel Boylston bears this extended inscription: —

Sacred to the memory of Zabdiel Boylston Esq.
physician and F. R. S. who first
introduced the practice of inoculation
into America. Through a life of ex-
tensive benevolence he was always faithful
to his word, just in his dealings, affable
in his manners, and after a long sickness
in which he was exemplary for his patience
and resignation to his maker, he quitted
this mortal life in a just expectation
of a happy immortality on the First
day of March A. D. 1766, ætat 87.

With him lies here buried Jerusha
his wife who died on the 15th
day of April A. D. 1764. Aetat 85.

A tall locust shades this good man's grave, at its head is a barberry bush, along the side is the white day-lily and the bouncing bet, a very old-fashioned flower, and in a crevice of the slab sweet william is growing. Scattered through the yard are markers over graves of Revolutionary soldiers, eight or nine in all; and in a group of more ancient graves, beneath the mound upon which are the Gardner and Boylston tombs, is a headstone thus inscribed: —

Here lies buried the body of
Mrs Hannah Mather
widow of the Rev. Increase Mather
of Boston.
Note. She was formerly the wife of
Mr. John Cotton of Hampton. She deceased
March 29 1737 in the 74th year
of her age.

Walnut Street crosses Cypress Street (on which is the electric car line) a little way below the burying-ground, and continues on to Village Square.

Back to the green in front of the church, we now take **Warren Street.** The road forms a great loop, starting in a southerly direction and so continuing for some distance, then curving toward the west and northwest, then in a northerly direction, at length ending in Heath Street. By Heath Street, bearing to the right, Boylston Street is reached at a point about a mile and a quarter above the Sumner Road corner where we crossed it. Warren Street was named for Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, eminent among surgeons in his day, who owned and occupied lands through which it passes.

The new places at the entrance of Warren Street, on the right,

occupy the old Bowditch estate, upon which stood, until 1896, one of the most interesting mansion-houses of the neighborhood, for many years the summer home of Nathaniel I. Bowditch, distinguished as a leading conveyancer of Boston from 1825 to his death in 1861, and as writer of the "Gleaner Papers," "Suffolk Surnames," and other contributions to Boston history. The first road opening on this side cuts through the old estate. On the left side we pass a line of picturesque ledges close to the sidewalk, a piece of natural beauty, the preservation of which is due to the good taste of the owner, Captain James Welch. Below, on the opposite side, at the point where Dudley Street enters, the broad old house, half hidden by surrounding trees, behind a spruce pole fence with a hood over the entrance, all densely covered with the evergreen trailing euonymus, front yard with luxuriant vines, shrubbery, and flowers, the whole resembling one of those little English country places of the type which William Black is fond of picturing, — is the home of Frederick Law Olmstead, the landscape architect whose work is displayed in the public parks systems of Boston and other cities, and who has done so much to elevate the public taste. In extensions toward Dudley Street are the work-rooms of the present firm of Olmstead, Olmstead & Eliot. The house is an old one, formerly

The Olmstead Place.

known as the Clark house, having been built by Deacon Joshua C. Clark early in the century. The country seat beyond, on the same side, covering many acres of beautiful planted upland and slopes, with house of early nineteenth-century pattern, is the John L. Gardner estate. That on the left is the famous estate of Professor Charles S. Sargent, the finest, as respects landscape, in Brookline, especially notable for its large collection of plants, including an exceptionally rich display of rhododendrons and other woody

plants. Next beyond, on the left, at the opening of picturesque Cottage Street (which leads by Jamaica Pond to Jamaica Plain), is the quiet, retiring place where Henry H. Richardson, the famous architect of Trinity, Boston, lived and worked. On the right is the Goddard house, ancient and unique, dating from 1730, — as marked on the broad chimney, — in style and setting one of the most interesting of the older houses of the town. We shall rarely find in all our walks a richer show of syringa than the magnificent growth, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, over the piazza on the side toward Warren Street, or a finer horse-chestnut than the great fellow in the front yard. The best view of the house and grounds is from the Cottage Street side, for from this side we have them in detail, — the long, quaint outside galleries, one above the other, the oddly shaped roof, the generous entrance, the old-fashioned yard and garden. The next place, left side, one of the largest and most beautiful on the street, is the country seat of Barthold Schlesinger. Of the house, a comparatively new, castle-like structure, we get but glimpses from the road over the low stone fence and across the valley in the foreground. And from this point we see the rear elevation, for the house faces the other way, fronting a lawn marked by great oaks. Next, on the same side, opposite the point where Dudley Street, which has made a loop from the Olmstead place, rejoins Warren Street, is the Winthrop place, the favorite home of Robert C. Winthrop, rich in woodlands, extending to Clyde Street.

On Clyde Street are the grounds of the Country Club, and Clyde Racing Park, which we pass on Walk *b*. The junction of the two streets, we observe, is a centre for the neighborhood, the police patrol, the fire alarm, and the mail box being here grouped against the guide-post in the middle of the roads, in vivid red, green, and white. The guide-board points to West Roxbury, three and one-half miles, and Dedham Court House, six and a half miles. Keeping Warren Street we pass in succession, on the right, the Upham, formerly the Hamlin place, with the broad-piazzaed house well back from the deep lawn; on the left, the Henry Lee estate; again on the right, the Augustus Lowell estate; again on the left, the Lewis Cabot estate; each of generous proportions, with lawns and masses of beautiful trees, giving beauty to the landscape.

Reaching **Heath Street** at the end of Warren Street, we come upon the English-like Theodore Lyman estate, which is referred to in Downing's "Landscape Gardening" as one of the two best specimens of the modern style of country seat. From the Warren Street approach, looking across the splendid lawn sweeping up to the house in the distance, a type of mid-century architecture, we

have the finest park view in the region round about Boston. And from Heath Street, a few steps to the right from the corner, we have a rare vista down the long entrance avenue of tall, arching elms and noble pines. This place has been in the Lyman family since 1841, when Theodore Lyman, mayor of Boston in 1834–36, purchased the property and built the present house. It has been maintained as originally developed, by the present Theodore Lyman, whose home it has been through life. From the hill at the west of the house are fine views. Formerly this estate was occupied by the distinguished lawyer and statesman, Jonathan Mason, United States senator for Massachusetts in 1800–03.

Now taking Heath Street to the right, and skirting the Lyman place, we presently reach Pound Street opening at the left. Turning here, we follow **Pound Street** for a few rods across Boylston Street, to Reservoir Lane, which in part marks the path taken by the Apostle Eliot in his pilgrimage from Roxbury to the Indian village at Nonantum, now in Newton. On Pound Street we pass the old Town Pound, at the right, and have a closer view of the Lyman estate, with the mansion-house at the left. The pleasant old-fashioned cottage, with its pillared entrance-porch and side piazzas, on the Heath and Pound streets corner, was for many years occupied by Dr. J. Sullivan Warren. The round **stone tower** in the yard, on the Pound street side, is not a relic of Indian workmanship as some aver, but a modern structure, said to have been built by Dr. Warren for a "lookout." Another tower of similar make is farther up, beyond the Lyman place. Boylston Street, about half a mile above the crossing of Pound Street to Reservoir Lane, becomes very beautiful, passing through a fine hemlock and beech grove partly within the old Wright estate. Below the Pound Street crossing, or from Heath Street back to the Brookline Reservoir, is the stretch of country seats on Boylston Street, toward which we looked from the Sumner Road corner. This we shall cover toward the finish of Walk *b*.

Reservoir Lane yet retains the lane characteristics, and is quite picturesque in parts, although some of its sightliest points, commanding extended views, are disfigured by unkept holdings of small kitchen farmers. It wanders in an irregular line, over high land and across valley, for about a mile to the Pumping Station of the Boston Water Works on the farther side of the railroad track, ending in Beacon Street. A little way below its start at Pound Street is a piece of wild woods, on the left, embraced in the Wright estate, which we have mentioned as facing upper Boylston Street, and locally known as **Wright's Woods**. Leaving the lane at the old aqueduct, the mound of which appears in the

field soon after we pass the abandoned toboggan slide, on the long hill-slope, and following the aqueduct line for a few rods, we may strike into the heart of these woods, and, bearing around to the right, ultimately emerge on the lane near the railroad. These woods are well worth doing; indeed, it will be a mistake not to

Pumping Station.

"do" them. They are natural woods in the midst of great ledges, and include, with other venerable trees, fine specimens of the white pine and a number of magnificent oaks, one of which must be almost, if not quite, as old as the renowned Waverly Oaks [see Walk No. 29], and are as impressive in form and outline.

Entering Beacon Street from the lane, and turning to the right, our walk continues along the boulevard, or the banks of the reservoir, as we choose, and ends at Beacon Circle, about three-quarters of a mile distant, where we take the electric car for the return to Boston. We have a choice of three routes: the Newton or Reservoir lines, taking the Beacon boulevard into the Back Bay District, which are the more direct; or the Brookline line (blue cars), which passes from the boulevard by way of Washington Street through Brookline Village, and enters Boston by Huntington Avenue. Or we may return by steam car from the Reservoir Station, a short walk from the Circle.

Walk b. From Village Square by way of the parks and old roads, into the rural southeasterly parts of the town, thence northward, finishing on the Beacon boulevard. Leaving the Square by

High Street, our course is over the hill to a cross road, east, toward Leverett Park; through Leverett Park on the Brookline side to Perkins Street; thence along Jamaica Pond side in Jamaica Park; a detour across the former Francis Parkman place to Prince Street; thence to Perkins Street again, and so on to and through Goddard Avenue into the southeasterly quarter; northward along Clyde Street; thence by Warren, Heath, and Boylston streets to Fisher Hill; over Fisher Hill and by cross streets to the finish.

High Street extends to Chestnut Street, the highway connecting Walnut Street with the upper end of Leverett Park and Jamaica Park at Perkins Street. But we follow it only a short distance to Highland Road, at the left, which takes us toward the middle of Leverett Park. On the way along High Street at the top of the hill, just after passing the little stone **Swedenborg church** on the corner of Allerton Street, we have from the opposite side our first view of the valley through which the park chain passes. The fullest view is from Edgehill Road, a step or two from the corner, looking over the low stone wall on the Storrow estate, at the left. By Highland Road (passing by Jamaica Road on the right) and a cross path it is a walk of but a few rods to **Leverett Park.**

The point at which we enter is about midway. Just below, or northward, Willow Pond Road cuts through to Jamaicaway, the boundary drive on the farther or Boston side; and lower to the north lies Leverett Pond, the largest of the three ponds of the park, picturesquely set and embellished, on which a little fleet of row-boats is employed for public use at slight fee. On the other water-ways of the chain from the Back Bay Fens to the Jamaica Park link, only canoes are permitted.

Leverett Park is the section of the Boston parks system extending from the Riverway at Tremont Street to Jamaica Park on Perkins Street. It comprises fifteen acres of land in Brookline, and sixty acres within Boston limits. Leverett Pond covers twelve acres, and Ward's Pond, at the upper end, two and seven-tenths acres. Willow Pond is a small pool. The section is named Leverett for Governor Leverett and the family which was long associated with its territory from Colonial days.

Crossing Pond Street, the Brookline boundary road (ultimately to be provided with an electric car line, the tracks set in the strip of green turf on the park side), we take **Brookline Road** southward. This lies within the park. On the left, as we walk on, we look across the centre driveway, separated from our road by lines of shrubs, to wooded hills and hill-slope walks. The succession of shallow pools connected by rivulets coming down from the upper pond were laid out in the original design for a fresh-water *natural history* garden to be supplied by the Boston Natural History Society; but its completion has been delayed through the

inability of the society at once to raise the needed funds. On the right side our road winds around a wooded bluff. From the entrance of Jamaica Road we approach an open, backed by thick woodland in which are splendid trees. At Chestnut Street the guide-boards afford us a wealth of information. We read that to the right Brookline railroad station is but three-quarters of a mile off, Brighton two and seven-eighths miles, Cambridge four and a quarter; to the left, Jamaica Pond an eighth of a mile, West Roxbury four and a quarter miles, Dedham seven and a quarter. And we observe that Pond Avenue at this point is but four and a quarter miles from Boston City Hall.

Now following the curve of **Chestnut Street** from left to right, up an easy grade, we are soon at the fine finish of this park and in sight of the next link of the lovely chain. The brick building at the left, with ivy-covered front, is the old pumping-station of the Jamaica Pond Aqueduct Company, now utilized as a bicyclist's rest. We may ascend the steep, wooded knoll on the opposite side by the granite stairway near the Perkins Street corner, and stroll through the narrow wood path on the crest, enjoying picturesque vistas toward the pond; or we may cross Perkins Street and explore "Pinebank," at the left; or, better still, "do" both, for both are worth the doing. **Pinebank** is a domain of about nineteen acres, occupying the peninsula which juts into the north end of the pond, covered in large part by a grove of noble white pines and larches, with a mixture of elm, maple, beech, poplar, and butternut trees. For nearly a century before the taking of the place for park purposes, it belonged to the Perkins family, which gave the name to the street, and early became one of the most notable of the several fine country seats along the pond shores. It is especially rich in landscape features. Winding paths beneath the trees lead to the Pinebank House or Pinebank Refectory, occupying the site of the stately family mansion-house unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1895. The flight of weather-beaten sandstone steps leading from the shore up the west bank are historic, being the identical steps which led to the old Hancock mansion-house in Boston, and were trodden by many distinguished persons of provincial and revolutionary days. They were secured by the former owner of this estate when the Hancock house was being torn down, and then set in this place. Upon the terrace in front of the Pinebank House, the prospect from which is exquisite, the bronze fountain of "Cupid," designed by Miss Anne Whitney, which has been presented to the city of Boston by a number of citizens, is to be placed. On the shore front of Pinebank the water-side promenade is artificial, made by filling in the pond here to the width of about twenty-five feet.

Our walk up Perkins Street, southward, covers an edge only of Jamaica Park, an edge, however, from which we have an extended view over the pond, and of its picturesque setting. We may keep the roadside, or take the water-side path, but from the roadside the view is broader and more varied. The Drive, The

Jamaica Pond.

Ride, and The Walk make the circuit of the pond, a distance of about a mile and a half. On the easterly boundary the Ride and the Walk are brought close to the pond by an esplanade along the shore, protected on the water side by a stone wall on which vines are to be trained. On the westerly side the verdure-clad banks reach the water's brink, and the paths are carried inside the shore line. The boat-house and float of the Park Boat Service, with the fleet of canoes and row-boats, appear in near view to the northward. The electric launches make regular trips around the pond.

The total area of Jamaica Park is 120 acres, of which the pond forms more than half, or 65½ acres. The boundary roads cover 13 acres of the total. It is connected with the Arnold Arboretum, the next great feature of the chain of parks, by the Arborway, between Jamaicaway at Pond Street, and Centre Street in Jamaica Plain. The beautiful shores and neighborhood of the pond were early in the days of the Province selected for country seats. Here were the "elegant places" of the royal Governor Bernard, of the younger Sir William Pepperell, of Governor Bowdoin. The pond is the largest piece of fresh water within the limits of Boston. It is said to reach a depth in the middle of about fifty-five feet. It was the first source of water supply for Boston, the primitive "water works" being established in 1795, the conduit composed of pitch-pine logs bored out like pump-logs.

We may pass to the old **Francis Parkman place** by a path from the street, at the left, along the pond bank. A path leads up through the old garden, to the site of the historian's house, which is ultimately to be marked by a monument designed by McKim, Mead & White, of New York, for which a liberal fund was raised by subscription in Boston soon after Mr. Parkman's death in 1894. In changing the place for park uses, the removal of the house in which he lived so long, and where he wrote the larger part of his histories, was much regretted by many persons who felt that its preservation and utilization as a park building would have been most fitting. The treatment of the grounds, however, is such that the whole forms a memorial of him. The garden in Parkman's time was famous. He was a scientific horticulturalist, and took much pride as well as pleasure in its cultivation. It contained rare species of bush, shrub, and tree, as well as flowers. He made a specialty of lilies, producing several new forms, one of which has become widely known as the Lilium Parkmani. He also cultivated numerous varieties of roses. This was Mr. Parkman's summer home for the greater part of his mature life, he having bought the place in 1854.

A few rods to the right down Prince Street, — pleasant in either direction, — bring us back to **Perkins Street,** along which we next stroll to its finish in Cottage Street by Goddard Avenue. We traverse high ground, from which now and again we have fine sweeps of scenery. Soon after the turn from Prince Street we have a quite full view over to the right of Professor Charles S. Sargent's beautiful estate, with the house in the distance, which we passed on Warren Street in Walk *a*. We are now again in Brookline (Jamaica Park being wholly in Boston limits), the stone bound-post appearing by the roadside just above Prince Street.

Reaching **Goddard Avenue,** we turn with it at the left and follow the full length of this winding, shaded way, up and down over rolling country, a distance of about a mile and three-quarters. The estate with ample old-fashioned house, conservatories, garden, and orchards, at the opening of the avenue, but facing Cottage Street, is the James L. Little place. Lying picturesquely in the valley, it is spread in full and detailed view from the higher roadway. As we stroll along the avenue we observe here, as we also noticed on Perkins Street, the frequency in inviting spots of the sign "Private Grounds: No Trespassing;" and occasionally the sign "Shooting and Trespassing Strictly Forbidden," which bespeaks the presence yet in these groves and thickets back from the thoroughfare of tempting game. Extensive estates lie on *either side of the* road nearly all the way through. Just above

the Little place, on the opposite side, is the estate of Dr. Charles G. Weld, a domain of many acres of diversified land. Next is the large estate of Thomas Doliber. On the opposite side, farther along, is the William Whitman place. Rockwood Street, branching off at the left, leads into Jamaica Plain, and the character of the way is indicated both by its name and the warning displayed at its opening, "Dangerous hill for bicycles!" Just beyond Rockwood Street we swing by a hill-slope grove, into which inviting wood paths lead. Beyond we approach more open country. The great field on the left, sweeping up the bare hill on the top of which are the large house and broad stable, is within the estate of the late William D. Weld. From the house and the grounds about it are magnificent views of wide extent. An extensive polo ground is near the avenue. The ancient house in a bend of the avenue, well placed, is the old Abijah Goddard homestead. From this point down to the finish at Newton Street the avenue is most rural.

At Newton Street (which connects the Jamaica Plain quarter with Newton), we take the right turn and go on to **Clyde Street**, the first opening at the right. We presently come to the Clyde Park and Country Club estate along the left of Clyde Street. These grounds occupy a large territory, formerly devoted to fine stock raising, and known as "The Stock Farm." The farm at that time belonged to Mr. Bacon of Jamaica Plain. We have a fine view over the racing-course to the long club-house of colonial style, with splendid trees skirting the roadside and the track. Beyond the bend of the road some distance ahead, we pass the lower entrance to the club grounds which is taken by the gay teams coming out from Boston on racing-days or club meets, drags, tally-hos, dog-carts: for, be it understood, this is the fashionable course, the Boston "Derby;" and the club, organized by Boston club men for "the encouragement of athletic exercise and sports," is the rendezvous of Boston "social sets." At the opening, we observe, beside the old style swing-sign hung against a worn elm trunk, the warning "No admittance except for club members," and so forbear trying this inviting tree-lined way. The road grows pleasanter as we go on. Note the mass of woods at the right; the old house of early New England type on this side; then next to the Country Club entrance the estate of W. L. Gardner, the house standing half a mile or more back from the road in the midst of the forest; the J. Eliot Cabot place, one of the most cultivated park-like places in this region, with broad field, fine trees standing well apart. Then the old lane to the right, with rugged elms, passing back of the town gravel pit to the Winthrop estate.

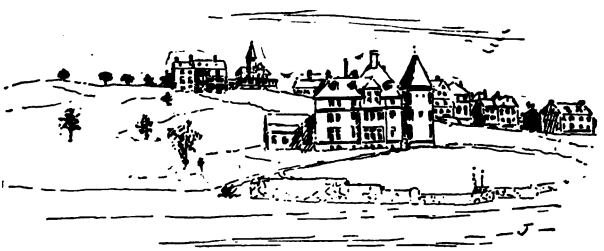
At the junction of Clyde and Warren streets, where we get our bearings from the full-lettered guide-boards pointing in various directions, we take the left turn into Warren Street, and traverse a part of the ground covered in Walk *a*. At Heath Street, turning to the right, as in that walk (the left leads to Chestnut Hill and Newton, an interesting by-walk), we pass by the opening of Pound Street where we then turned, and continue on to the finish of Heath Street in the square formed by its junction with Boylston Street and Chestnut Hill Avenue. Now taking Boylston Street to the right, we stroll down this stately thoroughfare as far as the old Boylston mansion-house, opposite the westerly end of the reser-

The old Boylston house.

voir, passing, along the way, the Channing Hospital estate at the Chestnut Hill Avenue corner, and next beyond Fisher Avenue, the ivy-covered house of Henry M. Whitney. The Boylston house, occupying a sightly spot on the hill-slope, in a grove of trees, with box hedge along the front garden, winding avenue leading to the front door, makes a pleasant picture in the landscape. It stands on the site of the first Boylston homestead — the house of Thomas Boylston, 2d, surgeon, settled here in 1665. He was the father of a numerous family, among his sons the eminent Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, and his daughters, Susanna, who married John Adams of Braintree, and became the mother of President John Adams. *Dr. Zabdiel, late* in life, purchased the old homestead from his

brother Peter, who, as the eldest son, inherited it. The present house was built by him, and here he lived as a country gentleman for the remainder of his years. His farm on this hillside was celebrated for its breed of horses. After Dr. Boylston's death in 1766 the estate was bought by William Hyslop, a wealthy Boston merchant, who occupied it until his death, and his son after him, during which time it was called the Hyslop place. During the Revolution Provincial troops were quartered in the old house. In the elder Hyslop's day it was noted for its hospitality. Hyslop's daughter was the wife of Governor Increase Sumner. The old place is now known as the Lee estate, occupied by George Lee.

Back toward the square we should take the reservoir side for the view. At Fisher Avenue we turn and mount Fisher Hill. On the summit the best point of view is the path along the edge of the reservoir here (Boston high service water-works), at the left of the avenue. It is an interesting view but not extensive, nearby house-roofs and tree-tops narrowing it to parts only of the circuit. Pretty little views are to be had from the fields at the right of the roadway. Beyond the reservoir the view from the avenue broadens agreeably. We pass Buckminster Road on the hillslope, and turn from the avenue into Dean Road, at the right, by which curving road, with fine views of country and town, we make our way over the railroad bridge to Beacon boulevard in the valley. We enter the boulevard a little way above the several "Terraces," — improved city blocks, with stable, casino, and other features for common use of their residents, — and within a short walk of Corey Hill, the elevation in the left distance. Summit



Corey Hill.

Avenue over Corey Hill is a pleasant thoroughfare from which are fair prospects. Our walk ends on the boulevard, and we make the return trip by electric car.

Walk c. The beginning of this walk, largely through woods, is in the West Roxbury District. We go out by steam car (Park square station) to "Central." Crossing to Centre Street, the main thoroughfare north of the station, we strike into Church Street, which opens from Centre Street by the side of the old "Parker Church." [See Walk No. 36.] We find ourselves at once in pleasant parts. The fair fields and pastures of the Weld Farm, covering many acres, lie on either side of the road for some distance, on one side backed by thick groves. At the left the line of the proposed parkway between the Arboretum and the Stony Brook Woods crosses the farm. Our way along Church Street is beneath rich foliage. Rock maple and elm trees, generally alternating, line both sides, sometimes overarching. Poison ivy here and there twines in masses over the side stone walls. Crossing Weld Street, yet a rural road, extending to the left, into the Brook Farm neighborhood [see Walk No. 36], and to the right toward the Arboretum, we pass the Weld farm-house, on the corner, and after a short walk are over the boundary line in Brookline. Here Church Street becomes South Street. On the field side, by the boundary stone, at the left, note the group of symmetrical oaks. These were purchased in war times for use in war-ship building, but fortunately for us they escaped the axe. It is still the Weld Farm on either side of the road. A little farther on we pass the summer place of Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, the military critic and historian, on the right side, in a spot of much natural beauty. On the left, as we enter more open country, is the little Weld Pond, prettily filling out the landscape; across the deep meadow a band of woods. Beyond, Baldpate in Newton appears; and Walnut Hill rises picturesquely, coming more fully into view as we walk.

Our road continues to Newton Street, passing Grove Street, which is distinguished by the finest and loftiest "cathedral arch" of trees in this part of the country about Boston. We leave it, however, before the turn of Grove Street and make for the woods at the distant left. These are reached by cross lots. They extend for two miles and more toward the long thoroughfare of Newton Street, crossed at about the middle by Lagrange Street, which comes over from West Roxbury Village. Cart-paths penetrate them, and there are a few foot-paths, but these are narrow and not always clearly marked. It is not practicable to outline a definite route.

Striking a cart-path at the southwestern corner, which crosses the Brookline pipe line laid through the woods, we should bear *generally to* the northwestward, coming out eventually on Lar

grange Street not far from the Newton line. These are fragrant woods, covering hillsides, dipping into swamps, crossing valleys, with here and there a spring, singing brooks, some superb boulders, and magnificent crags. Along the cart-path and as we penetrate northward through the tangled undergrowth, we note many handsome beech, black birch, hemlock, white oak, and elm trees. Two cedar swamps, not common in this region, one near the pipe line off from the cart-path, the other farther on to the northward, have all the characteristics in tree, fern, and plant growth of such swamps. By the side of the cart-path are the infrequent tupelo tree, the red oak, the chestnut, hornbeam, hemlock, basswood. We spring across a narrow brook alongside the cart-path, and, taking a slender-lined foot-path, push through the thickets generally northward. Here we are in woods of red oak, ash, great pines. Coming to an open, on high ground, we have on our left a belt of woods in which is a famous dead oak, a bound referred to as the "dead oak" in numerous old deeds. It is a rugged ruin, bearing the grim marks of time, and with rude cuttings on its ancient trunk. Beyond the open, still bearing northward, we presently enter a magnificent piece of hemlock and pine woods spreading over a hillside. Many trees of large growth, and towering to lofty height, are here, and we tread a carpet of sweet needles. At the farther edge we approach a great ledge in a frame of splendid trees. Mounting it we have from its summit, at an open point, a view of fair extent to distant hills. Baldpate in Newton, with its curious round skull-like top showing through the trees, almost covering it, appears in clear outline. Close to the outer edge of the ledge are a huge birch and a great pine. This ledge is an enchanting spot. Under the shade of its side trees, with the view in front, one may spend delightsomely the tranquil hours of a summer day. A rough path winds around it and by its long face, fronting a valley and swamp, from which it rises about forty feet. Rich lichens cover it, and varied flora are at its base. Beyond, the path enters a series of pretty ravines. A little stream flows by, alongside of which clematis grows and forget-me-nots. Down the hill slope we come to a wood path broadening almost to a lane, and so reach Lagrange Street.

At Lagrange Street we are a short distance above the junction with Newton Street (to the right), where Hammond Street takes up the line of Lagrange Street and continues to Heath Street. We are to avoid the highway, however, and keep to the woods. So we cross Lagrange Street and take the wood road into the *woods on the* opposite side. Our course is now for a little way near *the Newton* line, at the left, northwestward. A short walk brings

us to the lower part of Newton Street, close to the Newton-Brookline bound. By the loop of abandoned road, at the left, picturesque throughout, we may reach the site of the old saw-mill, long a landmark and the last of its kind in these parts to go. It is but a few rods from the highway near the farther turn of the loop, at the right. There are yet traces of the old dam and the race-way, while the brook still courses by. On the opposite side stood the old mill-house with its garden and orchard, marked now by clumps of domestic shrubs and remnants of apple and plum trees. Crossing Newton Street at the end of the loop, we enter another wood road running northward. At the first fork, bearing to the right, we reach the brink of the Ponica Meadow surrounded by a little forest. Then bearing to the left, through the thickets, we come again to the main cart-path, and a quarter of a mile or so beyond are at the finish of this section of woods, at Heath Street.

A pleasant road walk of about half a mile by Heath Street (to the right), Woodland Road, and Hammond Street takes us to Chestnut Hill station, from which we return to Boston by steam car.

West Roxbury.

From Boston proper to Jamaica Plain, by electric car, 4 miles; fare, 5 cents; by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Prov. Div.], $3\frac{7}{16}$ miles; fare, 8 cents. Return from West Roxbury Village, Spring Street station [Dedham Br.], $7\frac{1}{16}$ miles; fare, 15 cents; by electric cars, fare, 10 cents.

Walk No. 36. In Jamaica Plain; Jamaica Park; by historic mansion-houses; along Centre Street toward West Roxbury Village; in Louders Lane; through the Arnold Arboretum; over the old stage route; by the "Parker Church;" through West Roxbury Village, past the old tavern, the "Parker house;" across to Brook Farm; on Cow Island; back to the village bounds.

The West Roxbury District forms the extreme southwesterly part of Boston. It was the Second Parish of Roxbury from 1706 to 1851, when it became a separate town, and was annexed to Boston in 1874. The district includes about 7850 acres of territory, a large part of which is highland. Within its limits are Jamaica Park, the Arnold Arboretum, and Franklin Park, parts of the chain of Boston parks; Mt. Bellevue (348 feet), the highest of the hills of Boston; the Stony Brook Reservation of the Metropolitan Parks system; the beautiful Forest Hills Cemetery; and "Brook Farm," the place where the famous experiment in socialism was tried in 1841–47, and the scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." Although joined to the city for nearly a quarter of a century, West Roxbury has slowly assumed metropolitan ways, and in the neighborhood of some of its most traveled thoroughfares country sights and sounds are yet to be enjoyed. Off from the highways, green lanes and rural by-ways are chanced upon; and many of its roads, well shaded, often with overarching trees, have exceptional charms. The most rural parts are in the West Roxbury Village section, west of Mt. Bellevue. The district is divided into the precincts of Jamaica Plain, Roslindale, Clarendon Hills, West Roxbury Village, and Germantown. Jamaica Plain, the first part settled, was given its name in commemoration of Cromwell's conquest of the island of Jamaica. Before that time it was called Pond Plain, from the pond on its borders. The West Roxbury and Dedham branches of the Prov. Div., N. Y., N. H. & H., pass through the heart of the district, while electric car lines cover Jamaica Plain and West Roxbury Village.

Our walk begins in Jamaica Plain, the most northerly part of the district. If we go out by steam car, we are dropped at the station in the business quarter of the village, while the electric car will take us directly into Centre Street, the main highway, which winds across the length of the district to Dedham. The pleasantest electric car route is that by way of the Back Bay, Columbus Avenue Extension, Pynchon and Centre streets (yellow cars marked Jamaica Plain, via Huntington Avenue). The Forest Hills lines pass along the east side of the "Plain," ending near Forest Hills Cemetery, at the left of the thoroughfare, and Forest Hills station, at the right, within a few minutes' walk of the Arnold Arboretum. Franklin Park lies to the north of Forest Hills. The Forest Hills lines connect with electric lines to Roslindale and West Roxbury, and to Hyde Park, Dedham, and Readville. If we are driving out, or on horseback or bicycle, the *approach* should be by the Park roads along the Back Bay Fens, *the Riverway* and Jamaicaway, by Leverett and Jamaica Parks,

to Eliot Street, and thence to the square at the junction of Centre and South streets, through which the electric lines pass.

Going out by electric car line, we leave the car at the junction of Perkins and Day streets with Centre Street, where the latter sweeps around to the left, and take **Perkins Street** to Jamaica Park, thence following the course along Jamaicaway indicated for the drive to Eliot Street and the Centre. The buildings occupying the corner of Perkins and Day streets constitute the kindergarten department of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, the main buildings of which are in South Boston. On Perkins Street we at once enter favored parts. Over to the right we have now and again fair views, and as we proceed we pass fine old estates, close pressed, at times, by modern structures. We may, if we are so minded, keep Perkins Street beyond **Jamaicaway** to the entrance steps to **Pine Bank** on the pond side, and by cross-path over Pine Bank join Jamaicaway at a point farther up. Pleasant foot-paths, under shading trees, along the banks and the shore of the glinting pond, follow the carriage and bicycle road by Jamaicaway. A short distance beyond the opening of Eliot Street, Arborway, connecting Jamaica Park with the Arnold Arboretum, makes off in a graceful curve to the left. Eliot Street is one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant short streets of the "Plain," rich in trees.

The **square** at the Centre and South streets junction was in town days the municipal centre of West Roxbury. Where the Soldiers' Monument stands was the first school-house, set up in 1675. The stone church (Unitarian) is the successor of the first meeting-house, built nearly a century after the school-house, in 1770, when the Jamaica Plain parish was established as the Third Parish of Roxbury. The handsome old mansion-house facing the square, to-day in almost as perfect condition as when erected in 1758, is the historic **Loring-Greenough house,** headquarters of General Nathaniel Greene, in May, 1775, for a part of June occupied by Captain Pond's company, of Wrentham, and during the siege of Boston used as a hospital for the Roxbury camp. The soldiers who died here were buried in a field just back of the house, and their graves remained undisturbed until 1864 or 1865, when their bones were removed to the town cemetery.

The mansion was built by Commodore Joshua Loring, a native of Roxbury, who did gallant service in the British navy, in the campaigns against Canada. He was at the siege of Quebec, and later was severely wounded while in command on Lake Ontario, when he was retired on half pay. He was a royalist and a "mandamus" councillor; and on the morning of the Lexington fight he *left his home* and everything belonging to it, and, mounting his horse, *"with pistol in hand,* rode at full speed to Boston." He never returned.

but, sailing for England at the evacuation, settled in Highgate. When subsequently the house was sold as confiscated property, at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, in Boston, the estate was described as containing gardens, with the mansion-house, fine fruit trees, and sixty-five acres of mowing land. At this

Loring-Greenough House.

sale it was purchased by Colonel Isaac Sears, a successful Boston merchant, who had been a zealous Son of Liberty, and a member of the Provincial Congress. From him it was bought by the Widow Ann Doane, and it came into the possession of the Greenoughs through her marriage in 1784 with David S. Greenough, son of Thomas Greenough, who had been a member of the Committee of Correspondence in the Revolution. The house has since remained in the Greenough family.

Following **Centre Street** to the right from the square, our long walk toward West Roxbury Village begins. A few rods beyond we pass, on the right, another of the few remaining houses of the Provincial or early Republic periods, when "the Plain" was a place of country seats. This house, of the conventional type of the latter period, square, of two stories, with central entrance porch, and balustrade along the roof line, dates from 1805. It was built by Stephen Gorham, a Boston merchant, and a Boston merchant of to-day now occupies it. For a long period it was the estate of Moses Williams, and is yet locally known as the "old Williams *house.*" Next beyond, on the same side of the way, was John *Hancock's* summer seat.

We shortly reach the **Arborway**, by which, at the left, we may

enter the Arboretum and traverse its length from north to south by circuitous paths; but as we are tending, we save steps, and see more of the country, by keeping the main road for half a mile or so farther, to the upper entrance.

The Arnold Arboretum, distinguished as the finest tree museum in the world, is the territory of the Bussey Institution, the School of Agriculture and Horticulture of Harvard University, and is made a public pleasure-ground, — part of the Boston Public Park system, — through an agreement between the city of Boston and the University, under which the University maintains and develops it, the city caring for the public roadways and paths which it has constructed. The park covers an area of 155 acres, has about two miles of driveways, and four miles of walks. The great variety of trees cultivated here are so planted and cared for as to assure the most favorable development through all stages of their growth, thus facilitating the study of their characteristics, while the most beautiful features of the natural forest, within the inclosure, have been preserved. The buildings of the Bussey Institution, including the Bussey Museum, which contains the herbarium and specimens of various woods, are at the southeast end of the park. The Arborway passes near them and continues over to Franklin Park. The Arboretum was named for James Arnold, of New Bedford, who gave by will to the University $100,000 for the establishment of a professorship of tree culture. It includes the estate of Benjamin Bussey, bequeathed, with a special fund, to the University, for the school which bears his name.

Above the Arborway crossing, Centre Street, with a sweep to the left, ascends higher ground, where the side estates become ampler and the views broader. Soon we pass, on the left, the Adams Nervine Asylum, and its serene grounds studded with beautiful trees. At the right, where the main road makes a dip into the valley, **Louders Lane** makes off over the highland, and it opens so picturesquely that we must explore it. It turns, we find, and follows the splendid hill-slope for perhaps a quarter of a mile, to a gate with a turnstile, beyond which, however, there is no thoroughfare, although the cart-roads go on, for the warning sign, "All Persons Entering and Crossing this Land will be Prosecuted," confronts us. The hill-slope at the right and the pool in the hollow at the left are alluring, but we turn away from them back through the turnstile, reluctantly, for the sign further warns, "You are Requested Not to Pick the Lilies." It is a real lane, with grassy sides and trees and wild growths worth the treading up and back for themselves alone.

Again on Centre Street, we swing down hill and up again, and on the rise come to the upper **Arboretum** entrance. Here we enter the heart of the old Bussey Woods. First let us ascend Bussey Hill, the height over to the left, taking the first turn from the main way in that direction. The driveway makes up the hill in a long curve, and circles the summit to the "**Concourse,**" where we have a rich view, embracing the Blue Hills and a glimpse of "*Boston proper.*" Rejoining the main way, either by the road up

which we came or by cross-paths to points farther along, we follow this way to the foot of **Hemlock Mount**, within a few rods of South Street on the eastern border of the park. Here another broad way leads off to the right, into which we turn close by the

An Entrance to the Arboretum.

jocund brook running from a chalybeate spring. Then, taking a narrow path just above the brook, marked by a handsome red maple, we bear to the left, then to the right, and so wear up the steep grade underneath pines so large and stately as to seem almost of the primitive growth. Reaching the top of the mount, we are completely surrounded by majestic trees, in "dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes." A few feet from the back and to the south of the eminence, is an opening through which, taking position on the rocks at the edge, with rather precipitous front, we may gain one of the most attractive views of the Blue Hills anywhere in these parts to be seen. From this opening our course is to the southwest, passing a small cairn-like heap of stones, a pathetic little monument erected to commemorate a long-ago tragedy in this lovely region, — the mysterious murder of the Joyce children, brother and sister, in 1865. Striking a path leading to a narrow wood road, we follow this road down the hill, coming out, shortly, on **Bussey Street** near the quarries, on the farther side.

Our way continues up this street to the right, to Walter Street, where the Park road from which we ascended Hemlock Mount

ends; thence up Walter Street, left, to Weld Street, and so to Centre Street again, well on toward West Roxbury Village. **Walter Street** is part of the old post-road from Boston, and was once picturesque throughout, with its varying grades bordered by fine trees. **Weld Street** goes on through pleasant country toward

View in the Arboretum.

Brook Farm, which we shall reach by another way. **Peters Hill**, to the left of Walter Street, is now a part of the Arboretum Park, having been given to the city of Boston in 1894 by Harvard University, to which it had come under the Bussey bequest. Just above Weld Street on the left side of Walter Street, is an **ancient burying-ground**, now neglected and forlorn, which is well worth a passing glance, for on this bleak hillside are graves of some of the earlier settlers.

At the junction of Centre and South Streets we are within the limits of West Roxbury Village. The abandoned church facing Centre Street, now a dismantled but yet stately Wren tower, is the old Second Parish meeting-house, an historic structure, most distinguished as the **church of Theodore Parker** during the first nine years of his ministry as a settled pastor (1837–46). It was the second meeting-house of the parish (the Second Parish of Roxbury, established 1712), the first one having been adjacent to the old graveyard on the bleak hill on Walter Street, which, by the *way, was named for* the first minister, the Rev. Nathaniel Walter,

son of the Rev. Nehemiah Walter, Eliot's successor in the Roxbury church. The main body or auditorium of this meeting-house was built in 1773, and it was enlarged to its present form in 1821, when the vestibule and steeple were added. There have been but slight changes in either the exterior or the interior since. Within these walls the farmer soldiers of the Revolution were addressed by the minister on their departure. When Parker preached here the parish was small, but "the people" he found "good, quiet, sober, church-going, — capital listeners, none better." "I preach," he wrote in one of his letters, "abundant heresies, and they all go down, for the listeners do not know how heretical they are." Parker's pulpit is preserved in the present meeting-house of the parish, farther up Centre Street, near the corner of Corey Street. Church Street, at the side of the church, starts out picturesquely to Brookline [see Walk No. 35]; and Station Street, nearly opposite, leads down to Central Station, on the railroad, from which, across the track, it is but a few steps to the electric car line.

We now follow **Centre Street** through the village. From the "Parker church" onward, with its elms and bordering homesteads, it is a typical New England country town street, although now one of the thoroughfares of the city. In the latter days of stage-coaching it was the route taken by the coaches of the Providence line to avoid the hills of the Boston and Providence turnpike (the present Washington Street, built about 1805), which ran in nearly a straight line the entire distance, going over the hills instead of around them. In order to avoid the steep, hard pull up and over the east side of Muddy Pond Hill (now Mt. Bellevue, which we observe to the left of Centre Street, with its tower [see Walk No. 37]), the heavy coaches left the turnpike at Taft's Tavern (still standing, but cut down to one story, and long since made a dwelling), at the junction of Washington and South streets, and passed through West Roxbury Village, half or three-quarters of a mile farther.

The "accommodation" stages left Boston at 8 A. M. and reached Providence at 4 P. M., in time for the boat to New York; but for business men, and those willing to pay double fare, an "express" was put on, leaving Boston at noon and making the run to Providence, about forty-one miles, in four hours. Special coaches were built for this service, no heavy baggage was allowed, and four relays of horses did the work. The first change was made at the Phenix Tavern, in Dedham. The driver stopped, threw down his reins without leaving the box, a man was stationed at either door of the coach, to prevent passengers from getting out; four men took off the horses, four others put in the fresh ones, another handed the reins to the driver, and in 45 seconds the horses were on the gallop again. Old Dr. Thayer, who kept an apothecary shop opposite the tavern, timed the stopping of the stage repeatedly in three-quarters of a minute to the dot.

The old West Roxbury Village tavern is also standing, now, like

Taft's, an humble dwelling. It is well into the village, — the ancient house on the left side of Centre Street, in the hollow by the railroad bridge, under the shadow of a venerable elm. Viewed from the bridge the side with the long lean-to on the back part, more picturesque than the front, appears. This tavern was much favored in pre-revolutionary days by British officers, several of whom left their marks on its window panes and looking-glasses, cut with the diamonds of their finger rings. One of the looking-glasses, showing on its face a number of autographs of King George's men, is preserved, with other interesting relics, by one of the older residents of West Roxbury.

Lagrange Street, at the right, by the West Roxbury station, is the way — or one way — to Brook Farm. But before turning, we should keep Centre Street a while longer, to pass the "clever house" which Theodore Parker occupied during his West Roxbury settlement, and enjoy neighboring pleasant parts. The **"Parker house"** is at the corner of Centre Street and Cottage Avenue, — which might better have been called lane, — at the left. Although enlarged and embellished since Parker's time, the main outlines of the cheerful dwelling are much the same now as then. The large study, "with flowers looking in at the windows in summer, and the sunlight streaming through the glass in winter, and room for friends as well as folios," was the southwest corner room of the second floor. Here domiciled, Parker was close to cultivated and sympathetic neighbors. A path from his garden gate at the back of the house led "directly to their gardens and welcoming doors." Among them were the families of the old Boston merchants, George R. Russell and Francis G. Shaw, whose fine estates lay on the upland along the lane. These estates yet remain in part unbroken, though tenanted no longer by the old families; and before turning back to Lagrange Street, we may well stroll up the lane and take a look at them. It is a short rural walk into a cluster of woods, through the opening of which are little views.

From Parker's house to **Brook Farm** was a walk of about a mile by short cuts across the fields before the country round about was built up; but now, by the roads, it is nearer a mile and a half. By following the Lagrange Street route we miss the **"Parker Oak"** (on Pelham Street), — so called because it was the bound of Parker's favorite summer walk, in his day occupying a sightly point, from which was an unobstructed view over valley and hills, — but we probably see the country more as it was at the time of the Brook Farmers. Another way and shorter is by Spring Street (opening from Centre Street a few rods above the Parker house) to Gardner Street, the third at the right; thence to Baker Street, which leads directly to the farm.

Taking the **Lagrange Street** way, we follow this road for about half a mile to Weld Street, turn here to the left, continue down Weld Street for a short distance to Baker Street, and so on to the farm. The way increases in picturesqueness as the farm is approached. Although some change in its surroundings has been wrought during the half century since the issue of the community's circular, it may yet be described as situated in a "place of great natural beauty, combining a convenient nearness to the city with a degree of retirement and freedom from unfavorable influences unusual even in the country." The farm, indeed, is somewhat worn and barren; and the Orphans' Home building, extended from the old farm-house, or "The Hive" of the Brook Farmers, is not lovely. But the land lies "in swelling slopes" as it lay in their time. The brook goes on as it went on then. The old lanes, and the foot-paths into the "shadowy woodland," are still distinct. The pine woods where Hollingsworth, Zenobia, Priscilla, and Miles Coverdale were wont to stroll are still intact. "Eliot's pulpit" is still there, unchanged. Beyond, we shall find the pool where broken-hearted Zenobia drowned herself. By the roadside near the bridge over the brook still stands the old "Tom Orange" farm-house, where Hawthorne was more at home than at "The Hive" during his year in the community.

Crossing the bridge we enter the farm by the open lane from the public road, with the brook coursing through the meadows on the one side, and the house on the knoll on the other. We have a choice of pleasant walks. We may follow the brook across the meadows to the river banks which mark the western boundary of the farm; or wind around the buildings into the lane beyond them, and up the gentle "rise," looking back occasionally to admire the outspreading views; or, from the lane, strike paths into the woods.

The pulpit rock where Eliot preached to his Indian flock, and about which, two centuries after, the Brook Farmers gathered for service on summer Sundays, is in the heart of these woods, and may be reached by any of the wood paths, but that from the lane nearest the buildings is perhaps the most direct. The rock stands to-day as Hawthorne sketched it nearly fifty years ago: rising "some twenty or thirty feet, a shattered granite boulder, or heap of boulders, with an irregular outline and many fissures," out of which spring "shrubs, bushes, and even trees, as if the scanty soil within their crevices were sweeter to their roots than any other *earth*," and "overshadowed by the canopy of a birch tree which *served as a sounding-board for the pulpit.*" Not far away from *the pulpit*, toward the southerly and wilder part of the woods, is

a cluster of mysterious graves beneath ancient pines, unmarked save by rough head and foot stones. Some persons have surmised these to be graves of Christian Indians. There is also a tradition that victims of a scourge, about the middle of the eighteenth century, were brought from Dedham and buried here in the depths of the then remote forest. But they are mounds, more likely, of a later date; probably graves of paupers from the Roxbury poor-house. From their unusual size it is conjectured that each was the common grave of a number of the dead.

Near by, in swampy places, are rich growths of wood vines, ferns of delicate texture holding their vivid green until early winter, and violets in their season in profusion; while in various parts of the woods are to be found the columbine and other of the more retiring species of wild flowers.

Of the community's buildings none is left save "The Hive," the common house, and, as we have seen, a part of the Orphans' Home. "The Eyry," where the boarding-school was kept, which stood nearest "The Hive," "The Cottage," with its four gables, in which the younger children were taught, "The Pilgrim House," for family lodging, most distant of the group, "The Workshop," for mechanics of several trades, which stood near the barn, — all long since disappeared. "The Phalanstery," intended for a common building, the most ambitious of the community's enterprises and the last, was erected near "The Hive." Its burning, when almost ready for occupancy, was the final disaster which brought the experiment to an end.

The Brook Farm experiment was the outcome of discussions in the Transcendental Club of Boston, and was a sincere attempt — the first in the country — by educated and cultivated men and women to make a practical trial of the principle of association. George Ripley, the founder, had been a clergyman in Boston, pastor of a refined parish, and, "pierced and wounded by the sense of social abuses," had left his profession, "impatient with the 'foolishness of preaching,'" sold his fine library at auction, and embarked all that he had in this enterprise. With him went his wife, his eldest sister, Marianne Ripley, who had successfully conducted a private school in Boston, George P. Bradford, Minot Pratt, John S. Dwight, afterward editor of Dwight's "Journal of Music," Warren Burton, and a few others, Charles A. Dana, subsequently of the "New York Sun," and Nathaniel Hawthorne soon joining them. At the fullest the community numbered about eighty persons. Changes in the membership were frequent, but Mr. Ripley and several of the earliest in the undertaking remained steadfast through the six years of its existence. It was organized in 1841 as "The Brook Farm Institute of Education and Agriculture," but was subsequently incorporated as "The Brook Farm Phalanx." The articles of agreement defined its objects to be: "To establish the external relations of life on a basis of wisdom and purity: to apply the principles of justice and love in our social organization in accordance with the laws of Divine Providence: to substitute a system of brotherly coöperation for one of selfish competition: to secure to our children and to those who may be intrusted to our care the benefits of the highest physical, *intellectual, and moral* education in the present state of human knowledge *the resources at* our command will permit: to institute an attractive, eff-

cient, and productive system of industry: to prevent the exercise of worldly anxiety by the competent supply of our necessary wants: to diminish the desire of excessive accumulation by making the acquisition of individual property subservient to upright and disinterested uses: to guarantee to each other the means of physical support and of spiritual progress, and thus to impart a greater freedom, simplicity, truthfulness, refinement, and moral dignity to our mode of life." . . .

The products of the farm were in common, and the outdoor and indoor labors were equably divided among the members. Every pupil of the boarding-school — or academy, for the higher branches were taught here to both sexes, and youths were fitted for college — was also required to spend a specified time each day in manual labor. After the community had been under way for about two years, the Fourier system of industrial organization was in part introduced, but never fully. Life at the Farm must have had many delights as well as perplexities. The associationists enjoyed good living, while high thinking and pleasure were fairly mixed with toil. Brilliant guests from the city were frequent, men and women of letters, artists, musicians. Parker was a constant visitor. Emerson came occasionally, and Margaret Fuller, Cranch with his violin, and others as interesting in their day. The chronicles tell of frequent entertainments by the younger members: of musicals, dances, masquerades, boating parties on the river, and picnics in the woods. But the affairs of the community were at no time prosperous, and as a financial venture it was disastrous. The farm when purchased was a milk farm of about two hundred acres. This business was continued by the associationists, but without profit.

After its abandonment by the associationists Brook Farm fell for a while upon evil days. It was its sorry fate to be bought by Roxbury for a poor farm. Subsequently, however, it passed to other hands, and in course of time James Freeman Clarke became its owner. When the Civil War broke out he offered it to Colonel, afterward General George H. Gordon, for the camp of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, and it was so occupied through the spring and early summer of 1861, under the name of Camp Andrew, so called for the war governor, who had been among the many brilliant minds attracted to the Brook Farmers, but not enrolled as members of their community. Dr. Clarke used to say that in this period the farm produced its best crop. The Martin Luther Orphan Home was established here in 1871, when the place came under the control of the "Association of the Evangelical Lutheran Church for Works of Mercy."

We might return from the farm to West Roxbury Village by the shorter way, — through Baker, Gardner, and Spring Streets; or, extending our walk over to Cow Island, which lies to the south-east of the farm, there take High Street to Gardner Street. **Cow Island** (an island only in time of spring freshets) is an eminence on the side of the Charles at a point where the river spreads out into quite a bay, — its widest part, — and overlooks a pleasant region.

We take return train for Boston at Spring Street station, or electric car on Centre Street, which connects at Forest Hills with the West End lines.

Stony Brook Woods and Region.

From Boston proper to Bellevue Hill by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Prov. Div. Dedham Br.], to Highland station, West Roxbury District, 7 miles; fare, 14 cents; by electric car [Forest Hills lines connecting with the West Roxbury and Roslindale, Dedham Div., line], about 7 miles; fare, 10 cents. Return from Hyde Park station [Prov. Div.], fare, 15 cents; or from Hazelwood station, fare, 15 cents.

A third approach to the Woods is possible from Clarendon Hills [Prov. Div., main line, or Norfolk Suburban, electric line, from Forest Hills, on Hyde Park avenue], through Dale Street to Poplar Street, thence by various wood paths southeasterly to Turtle Pond.

Walk No. 37. Covers Bellevue Hill; the length of Stony Brook Reservation to the Readville exit; a piece of the west side; the Pine Woods to West Street; the road to Hazelwood station.

The Stony Brook Reservation is a public forest park, of the Metropolitan [State] Parks system, established in 1894. It lies in the Stony Brook valley and comprises the Muddy Pond Woods (renamed by the Park Commissioners Stony Brook Woods), so called from Muddy Pond (renamed Turtle Pond) in the heart of the little wilderness, the source of Stony Brook, long most troublesome of streams because of its sudden risings, which, now mostly under cover, reaches salt water at the Back Bay Fens. It is a tract of striking beauty, embracing 475 acres of rolling and rocky woodland, highland, and swamps, unbroken, save at one end where Washington Street cuts across it, and by various wood roads or paths. From its numerous elevations are charming views, notably vistas of the noble procession of Blue Hills above the neighboring Neponset valley. The territory lies partly in the West Roxbury District of Boston (190 acres), and partly in the town of Hyde Park (285 acres), and is inclosed by the main line of the Providence Division railroad on one side, and the Dedham Branch of this division on the other, so that it is easy of access from the city proper by steam as well as by electric railway. Boulevards, or parkways, connecting the reservation in one direction with the Arnold Arboretum of the Boston parks system, and in another with the Blue Hills Reservation of the Metropolitan system, have been marked out and are in part under construction. The trip out and back and the exploration of the region in a leisurely fashion can be accomplished in a summer's afternoon.

Going out by steam car to Highland station, the reservation may be entered by way of Bellevue Hill. If the electric car ride out be taken, the car should be left at the top of the steep rise on Washington Street at the foot of Bellevue Hill, from which point, on the opposite side, are the entrance paths. By the former route we can cover the hill and enjoy the circuit view from the observatory on the summit, while by the latter we shall miss this cheerful outlook unless we choose, before entering the woods, to go up the hill and down again by the same way.

Bellevue Hill (formerly Muddy Pond Hill) is the highest point of land within the limits of Boston (347 feet), crowned by a water tower of the Boston water-works, which is a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles around. The approach from Highland station is pleasant. Public carriages make the short journey to the summit for twenty-five cents a passenger; but the better way

is to walk up, taking Park or Bellevue Street. It is an easy climb, the roadway winding gently toward the summit. When the West Roxbury parkway, connecting the Boston with the Metropolitan parks system, is completed, this will be the regular approach, passengers leaving the steam car at Central station, one station this side (going out) of Highland station. The line of this boulevard, coming over from the Arnold Arboretum, sweeps close to Central station, runs over Bellevue Hill to Washington Street, slightly above Beech Street, through which the electric line by way of Roslindale, connecting with Boston lines, passes.

The tower on Bellevue Hill is open till sunset every day, and on Sundays from one o'clock to the sunset hour. The view from its "outlook" embraces the near and distant country, cities, towns, and villages, encircling hills, and far-away mountain peaks. In a clear day the panorama here unfolded includes: in the distant northwest, Monadnock, sixty-five miles off; more to the west, Wachusett; in the near northwest and west, the hills of Newton. Following from west to south and so around, Needham, with its water stand-pipe most conspicuous; the tortuous Charles; Dedham, the round-top dome of its Court House showing up well; Moose Hill in Sharon; the full line of the Blue Hills; Hyde Park; the Milton villages; Dorchester; the spreading yellow buildings of the City Lunatic Asylum on the old Austin Farm at Mount Hope; the Observatory of Forest Hills Cemetery; over and beyond this the Blind Asylum in South Boston; and beyond the asylum the tree-tops of Fort Independence, with Thompson's Island and a touch of the harbor at the right; old Roxbury stand-pipe, the one tolerable monument of the many of this order which so disfigure the landscape; Parker Hill and the glistening dome of Boston State House. In the foreground of the circle are the clustering houses of the immediate neighborhood, town crowding country. The keeper of the tower is thoroughly acquainted with the details of the views, and likes to point them to visitors who display an interest and are good listeners.

Descending the hill by any of the streets on the easterly side to Washington Street (originally the Dedham and Providence turnpike, the toll-house and gate being on the hillside), the way crosses this thoroughfare and enters the wood paths on the other side, all of which lead to Muddy Pond, — or Turtle Pond as we must call it now, — about half a mile distant from the hill-top, directly south. The hill by the highway, a little farther down, is known as *Milkweed Hill*, from the fact that there once grew upon it a rare *milkweed*, reference to which is made in Bigelow's "Plants of *Boston*."

On the path which enters the woods from the highway opposite Bellevue Hill, toward Bearberry Hill on the left, is a swamp which probably stands at a higher level than any other in the reservation, and in which is a splendid white oak standing in a thicket of red maples and birches not far from the path. **Bearberry Hill** was so named on account of the quantities of the bearberry plant growing on the ledges about the summit. The growth of red cedars on these ledges is probably as old as any within the reservation, and it forms an important element in the landscape. It is well worth a climb to the top of this hill to get a sight of the stretches of bare, smooth ledge forming its summit, which is very distinct in

The Reservation from Washington Street.

this respect from any other elevation here. There is a fine view to the west and south which will amply repay one for the climb.

If one chooses to approach the reservation from Clarendon Hills station (Prov. Div., main line), his way will be along Dale Street, at the right of the railroad track, a lane-like road, thick with trees, to Poplar Street, and thence to the first opening in the woods beyond Beech Street, on the right side of the thoroughfare, leading toward the easterly boundary line of the reservation. From the Hyde Park station (Prov. Div., main line), the direct way lies along Gordon Avenue, which runs into the woods about a quarter of a mile beyond the station, and by any of the paths leading westerly, all of which converge on the pond. The Forest Hills route is *the longest:* passing through Roslindale along *Washington Street, to a point* beyond Beech Street where the wood paths

strike out at the left of Washington Street. Those paths running generally in a southern direction all lead to the pond.

Turtle Pond may be termed the centre-piece of the reservation. This is a low-lying pool, picturesquely set, — a "pretty tarn, inclosed by crags and woods that form a wild and rocky wilderness," as Sylvester Baxter, first secretary of the Metropolitan Commission, has happily described it, fed by subterranean springs. It is shallow, with a soft, muddy bottom. Its narrow, grassy shores are marshy, oozy, elastic. The brink should be approached with caution. There is a local legend — we do not vouch for it — that once a pair of oxen were lost here; and tales are told of tragic accidents to venturesome fishers and bathers in the darksome water. Good fish have been caught in the pool, and once in a while turtles taken, — which last fact, perhaps, suggested its renaming. Fishing is no longer allowed. The borders of the pond and the valley in which it lies are a favorite resort for botanists, and many plants which are not found elsewhere so near Boston are here in abundance. The rustic bath-house on the water's edge is for the use of boys. Wood paths along the rising ground above the shores encircle the pond, and from the higher crags broad views are had.

The highest ledges are on the north side; and from these, looking over the pond, is one of the most extensive views of the reservation, including Dedham at the southwest, Moose Hill in Sharon, the Blue Hills at the southeast, the Big Blue standing out prominently, and Hyde Park at the east. One of the prettiest views of the pond is from **The Perch** (200 feet), the picturesque rock on the east side, a little way from these ledges, well shaded by slender trees, through which are pleasant vistas. Looking from The Perch toward the north and east, between the high rocks to the left and the elevated ground running parallel with Poplar Street, we have a view over the marshy depression. This marsh continues, with numerous breaks and elevations, nearly to Beech Street. It was formerly practically inaccessible, but a newly cut path directly across it now connects the main approach from Bellevue Hill and that from Poplar Street.

Stony Brook, marked by the dividing stone between Boston and Hyde Park, rises from the southeast side of the pond, and is crossed, over a rustic bridge, by the wood path skirting the pond. From this point it is a short walk in an easterly direction to the main path extending from the Washington Street side of the reservation to Hyde Park, and a walk of about three-quarters of a *mile in the* same direction, bearing toward the left after reaching *the open, to* the Hyde Park entrance from Gordon Avenue. Over-

brook Hill (220 feet) is to the westward of the rustic bridge by the dividing stone.

The wood path from the dividing stone, followed around toward the west, brings up at the broad path which is the main opening to the pond. Leaving the pond by this path, and bearing to the south, a fine stretch of grove is soon entered, and the winding

Rustic Bridge over Stony Brook.

walk becomes full of beauty. Continuing from the grove into the thickets, still in an easterly direction, the pleasant winding paths lead to the rocky open space or upland which is the popular picnic-ground within the reservation. Thence following the cart-roads and foot-paths, tending toward the southeast, through thick growths of tree, bush, shrub, and vine, the Readville entrance, or exit, as we make it, is ultimately reached, about a mile distant from Turtle Pond. These roads and paths wander delightsomely round high rocks and cliffs, some of which are wooded to the top, over picturesque hillocks, and into charming vales. "Outlooks" along the way are fairly frequent, and from each is a view well worth the climb to see.

These are genuine woods, full of sweet woody odors and rich in flora. They have an abundance of checkerberry, of elderberry, partridgeberry, sassafras, blueberry, huckleberry; in their seasons *hepaticas* are here for those who know where to look, violets of

various kinds — the yellow dog-tooth, the white, bird's-foot, the swamp, — golden-rod, asters, cat-o'-nine-tails, sedge grass; ferns in great variety, including the rare maidenhair; and a wealth of fungi. Nut trees also abound. And of game there is yet something left — partridges, quail, herons, woodchucks, rabbits, and an occasional fox — now beyond the reach of the huntsman, hunting being prohibited within the preserve. Every care has been taken since the establishment of the reservation to preserve the little bird and animal life that has been spared by the hunter; and the natural flora of the region, which have long made it a favorite field for botanists, have been fostered to luxuriant growth. It is pleasant to note that the rule for the protection of flowers, which are not to be picked but enjoyed in their places, is fairly well observed by the public.

The vistas of the Blue Hills from the various cliffs are the most enchanting of the landscape features, as the Readville boundary is approached. From **Rooney's Rock**, the highest elevation in this part, rising out of a mass of trees and shrubs around which the path winds picturesquely, we have the finest sweep of the hills, with Hyde Park village and Fairmount in the left foreground, and Happy Valley in front of us toward the right.

A short walk below Rooney's Rock, the wood path ends at a cart-road skirting the field by the side of a grove, following which the Readville exit is soon reached. This exit is through a broad strip of open bounded on either side by pine groves, from which the fullest and most favorable near view of the Blue Hills is obtained. And from the knoll in the middle of the strip, looking back toward the north, the woods are seen to good advantage, with the tower of Bellevue Hill rising above them in the distance. The luxuriant growth of yellow bed-straw, covering the south side of the dry, gravelly knoll with a spring carpet of bright green, is a mass of delicate yellow blossoms in July. The north slope of the knoll is almost as thickly covered with tansy. These are both foreign plants which have escaped from cultivation, and with them are others similar in character, which, together with the old cellar hole, show that this spot was for many years occupied as a home.

From this point to the Hyde Park station is a walk (or ride by electric car of the Norfolk Suburban line) of about three-quarters of a mile along West River Street by the Mother Brook side.

By leaving here, however, we miss a pleasant strip of woods on the southeast side. Let us, therefore, extend our walk in this *direction*, and into attractive parts outside the reservation. We *follow the* cart-road back from the open, and, passing the wood *path by* which we entered it, bear around sharply to the left.

This way shortly brings us to the Reservation Office, and opposite the end of Glenwood Avenue, one of the Hyde Park approaches. Stepping inside the office for a moment, we may make the acquaintance of the pets of the officer in charge. We shall find them interesting to view if not to handle, and the officer affable, ready and pleased to display the fine points of his specimens of woods life. Here are several varieties of snakes, — the spotted adder (often mistaken for the rattlesnake), the striped adder, the black and the green snake, — a cheerful family of frogs, snapping turtles, and mud turtles.

From the office we follow the road along the edge of **Watersmeet Meadow** on our left, to the ice-house beyond, and there

Looking across Skating Pond.

take the dike road at the left, skirt the meadow for a little way along a wildly picturesque and rough foot-path, then strike into the woods at the right, and bear round to the right as the fairly outlined path leads. Thus we reach the **Pine Woods**, a region outside of the reservation, within sound of familiar town notes, of the railway and the factory whistle, but as secluded and apparently as remote as an interior country forest. In the heart of these woods we may come upon a little settlement of humble folk who give a cheery word of greeting, and silence the less hospitable dogs which resent our intrusion of their domain with a great racket of barking. The walk on increases in charm as the end of the rough cart-road is approached.

We emerge upon the main road, which is West Street to the right (Poplar Street farther on at the left), leading toward the Hazelwood station, in Hyde Park, from which we make the return trip.

Milton.

Boston to Milton Lower Mills by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Milton Branch], 6 miles; fare, 13 cents. By electric car [Ashmont and Milton], from Park Street via Crosstown, 8 miles; from Franklin Street via Hampden Street, 7 miles; fare, 5 cents. Return from Mattapan by steam car [Milton Br., or N. E.], 7½ miles; fare, 15 cents.

Boston to Mattapan [N. E. station]. Return from Milton Lower Mills.

Walk a [No. 38]. Embraces the Lower Mills Village; Adams Street over Milton Hill; old Milton Cemetery; old roads and lanes; the Centre at Academy Hill and its neighborhood; Thacher Plain; Mattapan.

Walk b [No. 39]. About Mattapan; over the Brush Hill side of the town; Milton Street to Blue Hill Avenue; across to Canton Avenue, thence to Milton Lower Mills

Milton was incorporated in 1662, named for Milton in England, from which some of its first settlers came. Its territory had previously been a part of Dorchester, bearing the old Indian name of Unquity-quisset, or Unquity, as it was commonly called, signifying "a place at the end of a small tidal stream or creek." [Teele's History of Milton.] It lies on the south side of the Neponset River, which separates it from Boston and forms the dividing line for a distance of about four miles. The extreme length of the town is about six miles, its breadth, at the broadest, three and one-third miles, embracing an extremely picturesque region. The greater portion of the beautiful Blue Hills lies within its borders, and nearly a third of its territory is covered with woods. It is composed of six distinct villages, Milton Lower Mills, or "The Village," Milton Centre, East Milton, Mattapan, Pine Tree Brook or Blue Hill Village, and Scotch or Scott's Village. The numerous old family estates and country seats, spreading over its undulating surface, give it, in parts, something of the park-like character of an English country town. Off from its thoroughfares are found hedge and vine fringed by-ways and quiet lanes. It has been a favorite place for country seats since Provincial times, when much splendor was displayed by the worthies who made it their summer home. In later days it was sought as an abiding-place by professional folk, clergymen of note, authors, and artists. On the outskirts of the town, notably in the near neighborhood of the Blue Hills, are rich farms, stocked with herds of fine-bred cattle, and with highly cultivated lands, than which no fairer are found in Eastern Massachusetts. Milton is distinguished as the place where the first powder-mill in the colonies was set up (1675), the first paper-mill (1728), the first chocolate-mill (1765), the first iron-slitting mill (1710); and where the first pianoforte was made (1800). The first grist-mill in New England run by water-power, built in 1634, was close to "Unquity," but on the present Dorchester District side of the river; yet Miltonians claim its site, on the ground that it was always included in the town's taxable property, and that the land holdings of Israel Stoughton, its builder, were mostly on the Milton side of the river. Milton is further distinguished as the "birthplace of American Liberty," the "Suffolk Resolves" having been adopted here at the convention which met in the old "Vose house," still standing. It was at one time a place of small ship-building; and the first railroad in New England (1826), the "Granite Railroad," was in part within its limits. In the old Milton Cemetery are the graves of Wendell Phillips, and of William Rimmer, the sculptor and painter.

The electric car ride to Milton Lower Mills, through the Roxbury and Dorchester districts, is an enjoyable one, but the trip out *by steam car* is much the shorter, and not without interest, the *line for a good* part skirting the marshes of Dorchester Bay, and

affording occasional pleasant views from the car windows. We shall save time by taking the steam car, and approach the village by the direct way. The run is made in a leisurely fashion, Miltonians, evidently, being in no great hurry. The Milton station is below the street grade, and consequently we see scarcely anything of the place until we leave the train and mount the steps to Adams Street. Here we are at once in a quarter quite resembling the main way of an old New England town, rather than a thoroughfare of a near suburb of a large city. The main street, broad and dignified, rising from the fine arched bridge over the bustling river at the right, and sweeping toward Milton Hill at the left, has an air of solidity which only age and the retention of seasoned landmarks can give. Close at hand, next above the station steps, under the shadow of three great English elms, is the treasured "**Vose house,**" in which the "Suffolk Resolves" of 1774 were adopted.

"Suffolk Resolves" House.

The convention of delegates from the nineteen towns of Suffolk (which at that time embraced what afterward became Norfolk County), had first assembled at Dedham, and, meeting here by adjournment, completed its momentous business. On the tablet, fixed in the face of the house, we read this full and minute inscription: —

In this Mansion
on the Ninth Day of September 1774 at a meeting of the delegates of
every Town and District in the County of Suffolk, the
Suffolk Resolves were adopted.

They were reported by Major General Warren, who fell in their defence
in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

They were approved by the Members of the Continental Congress, at
Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on the Seventeenth of
September, 1774.

The Resolves to which the immortal Patriot here gave utterance, and
the heroic deeds of that eventful day on which he fell, led the
way to American Independence.

"Posterity will acknowledge that virtue which preserved them
free and happy."

Paul Revere was the messenger who carried the Resolves to Philadelphia.

Daniel Vose, the owner of the mansion-house at the time of the meeting of the convention, was a leading man of Milton, and an earnest patriot. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, he was the principal factor for the farmers and producers for miles around. He had several mills — saw, grist, paper, and chocolate-mills — on the river banks, a lumber-wharf, and a distillery; and he ran a number of sloops in connection with his business to Boston, Salem, and Gloucester. The mansion-house was furnished handsomely in his day, we are told, and he was "a genial host, entertaining with generous hospitality." The house originally stood a little farther up the road.

Before ascending the hill let us stroll down to the bridge and take a look at the mills by the river-side, — the great chocolate-factories of the Walter Baker Company, covering the sites of both the first powder and the first chocolate mills. From the parapet of the bridge, on the east side, we get a pretty view of the slight falls of the river, which here runs at a merry pace. The average rise of the tide is about ten feet, within four inches of the top of the rock marked by the bolt bearing the legend: —

Tide of April 16, 1857.
High water
Top of this Rod.

This was the famous "light-house tide," so called from the loss of Minot Ledge Light-house off Boston Harbor, in the gale which accompanied it, and is recorded as six feet eight and a half inches above average tide.

Now we turn back, and follow Adams Street, up and over Milton Hill, the scenic beauty of which, the town's historian truly says, can hardly be surpassed. This street is on the line of the *original* "Country Heigh Weye," laid out in 1654, connecting Dorchester with Braintree and Quincy, and in Colonial days a part of

the great highway between Boston and the Plymouth Colony; while the hill was the seat of Nanepashemet, chief of the Neponset tribe, the place of the first settlement, and, in later times, the spot selected for the country seats of the grandees of the Provincial period. So we are treading historic as well as picturesque ground.

A few steps beyond the Vose house, we pass the Milton Public Library, occupying convenient quarters on the ground floor of the most "citified" building here. This is an excellent institution with a well-selected collection of books, especially strong in Americana, and an inviting public reading-room. The large painting on the wall of the reading-room, a cattle piece by a Munich artist, was a gift to the library by the late Henry P. Kidder, whose summer home was long in Milton. This library dates from 1870. Milton had a library society as early as 1792, but this was its first library free to all. The ancient house further along across the way, with its side to the street, was once the "Rising Sun Tavern." At this point we reach the junction of Canton and Randolph avenues, at the right, the former, the highway to Canton, passing by the Great Blue Hill, and the latter, the road to Randolph, cutting through the Blue Hill range, becoming, in the reservation, "Randolph Pass." At this junction Adams Street turns to the left and ascends the hill at easy grade.

Making the hill, we are in a region of old mansion-houses, almost every one of which has a history, and of beautiful modern estates, generous in proportion and tasteful in embellishment. The villa on the left, near the Randolph Avenue opening, is the dwelling of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the author. The large place, next beyond, is that of Edward Cunningham. The old-style house, a little farther along, on the opposite side of the street, and facing the open space left above the Cunningham house, contains in its frame parts of the historic Governor Hutchinson house. The situation is, indeed, as the tory governor modestly described it in his "Conversation" with George III. in London, "a pleasant one;" and as we gaze upon the view spread out before it, — of the river wandering through the lovely stretch of marshes from the foot of the hill, the city beyond, the harbor and bay at the right, — we can readily understand how "most gentlemen from abroad" could have said that "it has the finest prospect from it they ever saw, except where great improvements have been made by art to help the natural view." Although the prospect we have is far different in detail, it is easy to imagine what that must have been in the days of the Province. Hutchinson's house was a broad one and a half story cottage, with low wings on either side, and an expansive front

porch. His estate here was originally of large extent, and h owned land on the street for nearly half a mile from the bridg He was fond of beautifying the place, and set out many ornament and fruit trees in front and about it. After the Lexington affai the house was taken possession of by the town, and subsequentl

The Hutchinson House.

confiscated. "Washington, it is said, rides in my coach to Cam bridge," Hutchinson mournfully writes in his diary upon receip of letters from America. This place is now known as the Russel place, and has been in the Russell family since 1829, coming a that time by inheritance to Mrs. Lydia Smith Russell.

Hutchinson, naturally drawn to Milton, his great-grandfather having bee one of its first settlers, made this his country seat in 1743, and it was his sum mer home from that time until his departure for England, in June, 1774, whe things were becoming warm in Boston. After the destruction of his elegan town house at the North End, by the Stamp Act mob, this was his principa dwelling. Here he awaited the action of the people in the Old South Meet ing-house, assembled on the eve of the "Boston Tea Party;" and here cam "Quaker" Rotch, at their command, with his request for a pass for th Dartmouth with her cargo to clear forthwith, upon the refusal of whic the "detested tea" was tipped overboard. Whatever may have been hi faults as a crown officer, Hutchinson was a good Miltonian and made himsel "respected and loved by all his neighbors." "He mingled with them i social life, and worshiped with them in the same church." When he left fo England, as it happened, never to return, "he walked from his home alon the road, bidding adieu to his neighbors, and shaking hands with them. When near Dorchester Neck (now South Boston), he got into his carriage, which had followed him, and drove to Dorchester Point (South Boston Point), where a boat was waiting to take him on board the Minerva."

A later occupant of the Hutchinson house was James Warren, patriot

president of the Plymouth County Convention in 1774, member of the Provincial Congress and, after the death of General Warren at Bunker Hill, president of the Congress. His wife was Mercy, sister of James Otis, Jr., who wrote the history of the American War, in three volumes. During their occupancy of the house it was, says Teele, "the resort of patriots and men of learning from all parts of the country." After the war, Patrick Jeffery, first the steward and then the husband of the famous Madam Haley, who had left him and returned to London, purchased the place and lived here for some time in fine style, with two housekeepers and a retinue of servants, entertaining lavishly. An aristocratic club dined with him weekly. "The dinner was prolonged, the pipes evaporated in smoke, and choice wines disappeared. After the company were seated in their carriages, they were driven to the front door, and there summoned Mr. Jeffery to drink a parting glass." Barney Smith, a Boston importer, was the next owner, and after his death it came into the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Lydia Smith Russell.

The house next above on the same side, now owned by Mrs. Francis Cunningham, dates from 1801. In its original shape, this was a fine type of the mansion-house of that period. It was built by Dr. Amos Holbrook, an eminent physician in his day, practicing in the adjoining towns, and was occupied by him until his death, in 1842. In its construction and interior embellishment, the best workmanship of the time was employed. The ample hall and the great square rooms are still furnished in keeping with the stately style of the house, and many mementos of the Holbrook family are retained. Over the ancient sideboard in the dining-room stands the old clock, made in England for Governor Hutchinson, that long ticked off the time in the Hutchinson house, and came into Dr. Holbrook's possession at the auction sale of the household effects after the death of the jovial Jeffery. Lafayette, when on his last visit to America in 1824, was brilliantly entertained under this hospitable roof. This house occupies the highest point of the hill, and the views from it quite equal those from the old Hutchinson place. The next estate, extending to Churchill Lane, is that of J. Murray Forbes. The mansion-house here was built in 1833, and was long known as Madam Forbes's house, being occupied by Mrs. Forbes for many years until her death. She was the mother of the Hon. John M. Forbes, the late Captain Robert B. Forbes, and of Mrs. Francis Cunningham.

Churchill's Lane is another ancient way, struck out in 1661, or thereabouts, from the "Country Heigh Weye," to a path leading to the Blue Hills. With twists and turns it reaches Centre Street. At first it bore the name of Vose's Lane, which is now applied to the short road, a little farther along, turning from Centre Street to Canton Avenue. In the triangular piece of land at the head of Churchill's Lane at Adams Street, the first meeting-house, it is thought, stood. The estate on the upper corner, facing Adams Street, is part of the old Churchill place, so called from Asaph *Churchill, who occupied* it about the year 1810. This was formerly

the estate of Edward H. Robbins, lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth, 1802–06, from whom the Churchills acquired it, and at an earlier period belonged to Colonel Joseph Gooch, who represented Milton in the General Court in the fifties of the seventeenth century. The mansion-house was built by Colonel Gooch, and dates from 1740. As we approach this place, by looking through the opening at the right, we have a charming picture of a piece of the Blue Hills. The house next beyond was built by Asaph Churchill's second son, Judge Joseph M. Churchill, a justice of the Municipal Court in Boston from 1867 until his death in 1886, and for twenty-five years moderator of Milton town meetings. Part of the original estate is still in the Churchill family.

On the left side again, the modern mansion set in extensive grounds, facing the opening of Churchill's Lane, was that of the late Oliver W. Peabody, of the Boston banking-house of Kidder, Peabody & Co. From this point is a beautiful outlook over the harbor, with Boston Light plainly visible. In the wall by the sidewalk, near the avenue leading to the house, is preserved one of the **Belcher mile-stones**, belonging to the line set up by Governor Belcher from his place, farther along, the site of which we shall shortly see, to the town-house in Boston. This bears the legend: "8 miles to B Town House. The lower way. 1734." The summer cottage of the late Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, last minister of the old Brattle Square Church in Boston, was the predecessor of the Peabody house on this site. The place beyond, on the same side, is that of J. Malcom Forbes, of the American Bell Telephone Company. Farther along, beyond the white cottage house (which was the home of the Rev. Joseph Angier, minister of the Milton Unitarian Church, 1837–45) and the little old houses, we reach the domain of John M. Forbes, for years the master spirit of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad system. The mansion-house in the distant background of the broad open space, an interesting example of middle nineteenth-century style, commands in every direction charming views. On the river, at the foot of the hill, back of this estate, was the ancient shipyard, from which some fair-sized merchant-vessels were launched in its flourishing days.

The plain little house on the knoll, beyond the John M. Forbes place, is the Ware cottage, where the late Rev. Henry Ware, of Boston, long lived. It still remains in the Ware family. Next is the home and studio of William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor. Here formerly lived the Rev. John H. Morison, Unitarian minister in Milton for forty years (1846–86). The large estate on the other side of the street, nearly opposite the Forbes place, is that

of Charles E. Perkins, son-in-law of the late Captain Robert B. Forbes, now president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. On the left side of the way again, the modern house beyond the Partridge cottage, known as the Glover villa, occupies the site of the mansion-house of Provincial Treasurer William Foye, built in 1734, and called at the time one of the finest in the colony. It stood until 1879, when it was taken down and the present house was built by Theodore R. Glover.

Foye's mother was a sister of Governor Belcher, and his daughter Mary became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Cooper, minister of the Brattle Square Church in Boston. He lived in his mansion-house here for twenty-five years, and died in it, in 1759, at a good old age. On a September day in 1759, George Whitefield, having been denied the meeting-house, preached under a large elm in front of the place, to a great congregation, and after the service was hospitably entertained in the mansion-house by Madam Foye and her daughter Betty. This tree was blown down in the gale of 1851, when the high tide marked by the bolt in the river by the bridge occurred, and Teele relates that "on the morning after the gale Daniel Webster, with his wife, driving from Marshfield to Boston over Milton Hill, met the obstruction in the road caused by the fallen tree, not yet wholly removed, and was forced to turn back and take the road by Milton Cemetery."

The generous estate adjoining the Glover place was that of the late Captain Robert B. Forbes, elder brother of John M. Forbes, the widely known ship-master, who made a fortune in the China trade, and who, from his unbounded and unselfish interest in seamen, was called the "Howard of the Sea." His mansion-house was built in 1847, and enlarged to its present proportions in 1852. The pleasant place across the way, nearly opposite, is the John H. Brooks place; and its next neighbor, embracing one of the largest houses of modern build on the hill, is the George Wigglesworth place. Beyond the Robert B. Forbes estate, we pass first the Robert S. Watson place, and next the mansion-house of the late Henry P. Kidder.

We have now covered the richest portion of Adams Street and Milton Hill; and at old Algerine Corner, for which old name has been substituted the commonplace one of Union Square, we are to turn for the walk over to "Milton Churches," at The Centre. Before making the turn, however, let us continue along Adams Street to Otis Avenue, the first opening at the right above the square, to the neighborhood of the Governor Jonathan Belcher place. The royal governor's estate was an expansive one, beginning at the present Otis Street and extending back some distance from the road. It was purchased by him between the years 1728 and 1730, and was his country seat during the eleven years of his service as *governor* of the Province. He lived here in grand style *with many servants* and equipages; and his son, who succeeded

him, maintained the name of the place for liberal hospitality until his death, in 1771. The house which the governor modestly called his "little cottage" was burned down in 1776, when Madam Belcher was still its mistress; and the present house, itself now venerable, was at once built on its site. It was Belcher's intention, when he bought the place, to build a fine mansion-house on the hillside farther back from the road, and he had an avenue fifty feet wide and an eighth of a mile long laid out and graded to the point where it was to stand. This work he required to be executed with such precision "that friends and visitors, on their first entrance upon the avenue, might see the gleaming of his gold kneebuckles as he stood on the distant piazza." The grading was done by the Provincial troops, who were marched out from Boston by regiments on drill and fatigue duty. Traces of this avenue are yet visible in the lane, just beyond the private roadway leading to the present house. Note in this lane, and over yonder by the brook, at the right, the remarkable pollard willows, hollowed by age, and magnificent in size. Soon after the present house was built, the Belcher estate passed by purchase to John Rowe, a Boston merchant, and has since, in large part, remained in possession of his descendants. The house is now locally known as the Payson house, its owner being Mrs. Anne Rowe Payson, grandniece of John Rowe, who occupies it with her daughter, Mrs. Anne Rowe Cunningham.

From Union Square, Adams Street continues through East Milton, the largest of the several "villages," where the granite business is concentrated, to Quincy; Pleasant Street curves off to the southwest, ultimately joining Randolph turnpike; and Centre Street runs almost due west, crossing Randolph turnpike nearer the village, and ending in Canton Avenue. Centre Street is the direct road to Milton Churches, passing Milton Cemetery along the way. These points may be reached by Pleasant Street and Gun Hill Road opening at the right, some distance out, if we are ready for a much longer walk. Pleasant Street is an old road, indeed the second or third in age in town, having been cut out in 1669, and passes through some pleasant country, parts of which constitute the D. O. Clark and Edward Cunningham estates, the latter spreading over a hundred and fifty acres, which lie at the left of the road as it is entered from Union Square. If we determine to take the shorter way, by Centre Street, it is worth while first to stroll up the older street as far as these places and enjoy *their rural* beauty, — the country houses distant from the road-*way, approached* by long elm-lined avenues, the thick woods, the *ponds*, and dales, — and also study the curious, unlovely-visaged

griffins which guard the entrance to the Cunningham acres. From Union Square to the Milton Cemetery by the Centre Street way, is a walk of about three-quarters of a mile, and to Milton Churches a short half-mile farther. From the summit of Milton Hill through Churchill's Lane, which ends at Centre Street, the distance to the Cemetery is about half a mile.

The upper Centre Street or western entrance to **Milton Cemetery** is into the older part, which includes the first town burial-ground, dating from 1672, a lot of but forty rods. The present inclosure, containing upwards of thirty-four acres, a place of much natural beauty, is tastefully laid out, with shaded lanes and paths among the tombs and graves, a placid lake, and peaceful pond. The oldest gravestone shows date of 1687, and is among the graves of the Wadsworth family, at the right of the main path from this entrance. Graves of members of numerous old Milton families are in its near neighborhood. The Ministerial Tomb, close by the entrance gate, which was erected in 1729 and first received the remains of Peter Thacher, first minister of Milton, who died in 1727, is marked by an upright slab bearing this inscription: —

Erected 1729. To be, abide, and remain forever as a Ministerial Tomb.
Here ly the remains of M^rs. Susanna Thacher [second wife of the Rev. Peter Thacher] who died Sept. 4^th, 1724. Aet. 59 years. Rev. Peter, first Pastor of the Church in Milton, who died Decr. 17^th, 1727, in the 77^th year of his age, and the 47^th of his Pastorate.

M^rs. Elizabeth Taylor, wife of the Rev. John Taylor, who died April 17^th, 1735. Aet. 27 years.

Rev. John Taylor, who died Jan. 26^th, 1750, in the 46^th year of his age.
Edward Sherburn Taylor, aged 14 days, 1750.
Samuel Gile Jr., died Oct. 5, 1829, aged 18 years.
Samuel Gile, D. D., died Oct. 16, 1836, aged 56 years.
Mary H. Gile, wife of Samuel Gile, D. D., died June 25, 1862, aged 83 years.
Samuel W. Cozzens, D. D., died Aug. 7, 1875, aged 75 years.

The tomb of Peter Thacher's first wife is in the group of old graves on the other side of the path, a little way farther on, thus marked: —

Mrs. Theodora Thacher, y^e daughter of ye Rev. Mr. John Oxenbridge, Pastor of y^e first Church of Boston, and wife of M^r. Peter Thacher, aged 38 years, 6 months & 23 days, was Translated from Earth to Heaven Nov^r. y^e 18^th, 1697.

Peter Thacher's second wife was the widow of the Rev. John Bailey, pastor of the First Church in Boston, 1693–1697. He had a third wife whom he married three months before his death — Elizabeth Thacher, daughter of his second cousin Judah Thacher, and widow of Joshua Gee, a Boston ship-builder.

The grave of the sculptor Rimmer is near the middle of the

cemetery, at the junction of Lilac Path and Pine Avenue (reached by the winding Willow Avenue on the north side, and Centennial Avenue). It is in Lot No. 294, marked by a plain stone, bearing only the name and dates: "William Rimmer, died August 20, 1879, aged sixty-three years six months." The grave of Wendell Phillips is near by, on Laurel Path (Lot No. 349), the second opening from Pine Avenue, at the left, reached more directly from the Rimmer grave by Pansy Path to right, or by Hemlock Path to Laurel. It is marked by a cone-shaped granite boulder with this simple inscription set in the face:—

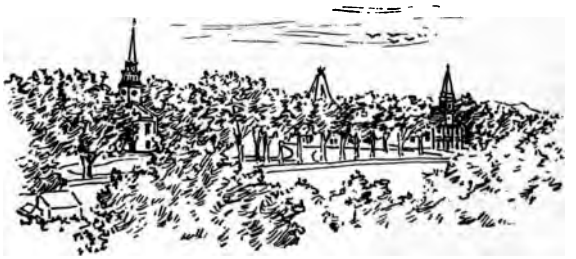
Ann and Wendell Phillips
Died April 24, 1886 — Feb. 2, 1884.
Aged 73 — Aged 73.

On the side of the boulder are cut the names of George W. Greene, and Sibyl Gardiner Rice, his wife, granddaughter of Mary Sparhawk and Captain Isaac Gardiner, killed at Lexington Fight, 1775. Phillips was first buried in the Phillips family tomb in the old Granary Burying-ground in Boston, and his remains were deposited here after the death of his wife.

We may leave the cemetery at the Gun Hill Street entrance on the southwest side, and by this picturesque road, taking the right from the gate, again reach Centre Street just above Randolph turnpike; or we may go back and out by the way we entered, which is shorter. Gun Hill Street is interesting as one of the ancient lanes. It is supposed to owe its name to an incident of the Indian wars. The story goes that on one occasion a heavy gun, which a detachment of soldiers were drawing over the hill, got so hopelessly stuck in the mud here that it had to be abandoned for a night with a guard to prevent its capture by the enemy; and thereafter the Miltonians called the place Gun Hill.

On pleasant Centre Street, at the corner of Randolph turnpike, we pass the handsome buildings of Milton Academy, a type of the old New England academy, founded in 1805–06, and beyond the junction with Canton Avenue we come to "**Milton Churches,**" facing Canton Avenue, on the crest of Academy Hill. The meeting-houses here, generally alluded to by old Miltonians as the "twin churches," are the successors of the First Church, now Unitarian, and the "East Church," or First Evangelical, Congregational, built after the division in the old church on theological grounds, in 1834. The older meeting-house dates from 1788. It originally stood sideways to the road and was turned around as it now appears, and at the same time considerably enlarged, in 1805. Several changes have since been made in both the interior and the exterior. The "Parish Parlor," a separate building on the west

side, is modern in date, built in the late seventies, although in design in harmony with the architecture of the older structure. The elms in front of the meeting-house were planted by members of the parish when the present building was erected. The town-



The "Twin Churches."

house, between the churches, which, with the high-schoolhouse in the rear, completes the interesting group of buildings here, was erected in 1878 (Hartwell & Tilden, Boston, architects). Prior to 1835 the town meetings were usually held in the old meeting-house, or out of doors on the church green, when the weather was balmy. The view from the road, at this point, over the intervale below, is charming.

Old houses are more frequent than new in this neighborhood, removed from the steam or electric railroad, and it has a solidly settled and comfortable look, as if life moved placidly always with those whose lines have fallen here. Back on the corner of Canton Avenue and Vose's Lane, east of the churches, was the first "ministerial house," or parsonage, built in 1664; and in the old homestead occupying the site, for generations in the Vose family, and now owned by Mrs. W. P. Blanchard, are said to be some portions of the first house. The homestead next beyond this, a typical old New England dwelling of the prosperous order, is "Elm Corner," the earlier home of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, where she lived for upward of twenty-five years, and where the book-work that has brought her fame was done. Continuing along Canton Avenue south, passing beyond the churches, and Highland Street, on the left, we come to the old Read house, dating from 1805, under the shadow of the ancient "Big Oak," and opposite the old Pound, the fourth in the town, built in 1714. The more venerable house up the lane known as Read's Lane,

by the side of the Read house, dates from 1765, and was built by one of the Wadsworths.

Highland Street, which we have passed in reaching these old houses, leads over **Wadsworth Hill**, toward Randolph Turnpike and the Blue Hills region, a charming by-walk. From the brow of Wadsworth Hill the view is enchanting.

This hill was part of the domain of that Captain Samuel Wadsworth "zealous in church matters and in the military organization," and one of the incorporators of Milton, who fell at Sudbury with the large part of his command in King Philip's War (1676), and whose name is first of those inscribed on the Sudbury monument, near the spot of the massacre. He came to Milton from Duxbury, in 1656, and selected for his lot one hundred acres of land, extending from the present Canton Avenue to the Braintree line, and embracing this hill, a part of which is still in the possession of his descendants. His house on the hill, near the site of the ancient Wadsworth house, now standing in the grounds of Captain Edwin D. Wadsworth, was then in the wilderness a mile from any other dwelling. President Benjamin Wadsworth, of Harvard College (1725-1737), was the fifth son of Captain Wadsworth, born on Wadsworth Hill in 1670. He erected the first monument to the heroes of Sudbury in 1730, which was succeeded by the present obelisk erected by the State and the town of Sudbury in 1852.

The opening next above Reed's Lane, also at the left of Canton Avenue, leads to the Colonel Henry S. Russell estate, about an

Site of the Peter Thacher House.

eighth of a mile distant, one of the most extensive in Milton, notable for its long, stately avenue of elms, and the natural beauty of its surroundings.

Thacher Street, leaving Canton Avenue on the right side nearly opposite the opening of Highland Street, is our way toward Mattapan. It is less picturesque than the latter road or the lanes *above, but it* offers a peculiar attraction in the site of the Rev. *Peter Thacher's* house on "Thacher's Plain," built by him in

1689, from the cellar of which, still well outlined, has sprung a lofty elm. A short walk brings us to this unique landmark, — in an open field on the westerly side of the road, back of a humble suburban settlement just beyond the pretty Pine Tree Brook which carries the waters of other brooks and streams from the Blue Hills region to the Neponset. Near the grassy banks of the ancient cellar lie two flat stones, once, possibly, part of a flagging to the threshold of the house; and there yet remain traces of the old well and of the drain reaching toward the brook. Here Parson Thacher built his dwelling, after having lived for nine years in the "ministerial house" by Vose's Lane, and this was his home for forty years until his death in 1727. Among his frequent and most welcome visitors was Judge Samuel Sewall, of Boston, his classmate in college, and much mention of him is made in the latter's Diary. Of one of these visits Sewall wrote with evident satisfaction: "He was very glad to see me. Said 't was a Cordial. Carried him two China Oranges." His son, Oxenbridge, some time prominent in Boston affairs, and a selectman, lived here after his death, and died here at the age of ninety-one years. The old house stood until 1798, when it was burned down.

Following Thacher Street to Mattapan Street, which it joins at the junction of Brook Road, and taking Mattapan Street, at the right, we reach the village of Mattapan, where our walk ends. The striking mansion-house, on the right side of Mattapan Street, was long the home of Reuben A. Richards, later of Henry Austin. It is now the Hebrew home of the aged, an institution generously endowed by the late Leopold Morse, merchant, of Boston.

Walk b. A road and lane walk. Starting in Mattapan at the New England station on Blue Hill Avenue, the course lies along this avenue through the village and over the bridge, just beyond the Old Colony station, to the "two corners," — Mattapan Street, Blue Hill Avenue, Brush Hill Road. The pleasantest part of the village is thus traversed. From the bridge are lovely river and canal views, and just beyond it noble elms line the sidewalk. The ancient house on the west side of the avenue, presenting its ample end to view as it is approached, is the old Jackson homestead, the oldest part dating from 1712. Though remodeled and enlarged by later occupants, most of the original building, it is said, yet remains. Here John McLean, the benefactor of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and for whom the McLean Asylum in Waverley is named, lived through his early life. After the McLeans the Hollingsworths, of the paper mills here, became its owners.

At the "two corners," our course takes Brush Hill Road and

winds up the hill. The narrow strip of land between the road and the river, extending from the McLean house past Tucker Street, is a public reservation, having been given to the town of Milton for this purpose by Amor L. Hollingsworth. Above Tucker Street the hill road passes fine modern or historic country seats, and, as high parts are approached and attained, commands splendid views of the Blue Hills range with the intervening valleys. On the brow, above the old Lieutenant-Governor Edward H. Robbins place (the mansion-house dating from 1734), turn is made at the left into Robbins Street, a serene old country road. Just above the Robbins Street opening, over to the right, is the Hyde Park water tower on the highest point of the hill, called Fairmount by the Hyde Parkers. And a few hundred feet beyond Robbins Street, from a bend in Brush Hill Road, is one of the most beautiful views of the Blue Hills to be had from any point. Robbins Street is followed through its full length across Blue Hill Avenue (at the corner of which the old toll-gate used to stand) to Canton Avenue. The extensive estate extending from Blue Hill Avenue some distance along Robbins Street is the Whitney place. As Canton Avenue is approached the road crosses Balster Brook, which here makes a pleasant picture from either side of the bridge.

At Canton Avenue turn is first made to the right, and a little way below, — just beyond the sharp rise over a knoll where the sidewalk on the right is high above the road, — a grassy lane, opening at the left, is entered. This lane, starting through fields and orchards, and soon cutting into a long stretch of woods, is now followed for a mile and a half toward the Blue Hill region to "Crossman's," an ancient homestead in a clearing. Bicycles can travel a good part of this lane with comparatively little difficulty. At "Crossman's" one may imagine himself in the heart of the New Hampshire hills. The Blue Hills are near at hand, and the view embraces the sweep of the range from Hancock to Chickatawbut. Back through the lane to Canton Avenue, turn is made to the right, and this avenue is now followed to and through Milton Centre to the junction with Adams Street, on Milton Hill-slope, Milton Lower Mills, — a distance of about two and a half miles. Between the Thatcher Street neighborhood and the turn of the avenue below the "Twin Churches," this walk duplicates Walk *a*. Beyond this turn, which is to the left, the attractiveness of the avenue, with its numerous comfortable old houses and varying side views, continues. A picture for an artist is made by the blacksmith shop in the trees by the brookside, at the point where Brook Road starts *off at the* left as the village is neared. The walk finishes on *Adams Street* by the railway station.

The Blue Hills.

Western Section, Southern Division. Boston to Readville by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Prov. or New Eng. Div.], 9 miles; fare, 20 cents. Walk or ride from station to Blue Hill Entrance, about a mile and three-quarters. Return by way of Milton Lower Mills or Randolph. From Milton Lower Mills to Boston by steam car, fare, 13 cents; by electric car, fare, 5 cents. From Randolph by steam car, fare, 30 cents.

Western Section, Northern Division. Reached also by way of Readville and roads to Blue Hill Entrance. Return by way of Milton Lower Mills or Mattapan. From Mattapan to Boston by steam car, fare, 15 cents.

Eastern Section, Northern Division. Boston to West Quincy by steam car [Old Colony Div.], 8 miles; fare, 15 cents. Return by way of Randolph Avenue to Milton Lower Mills.

Eastern Section, Southern Division. Boston to Milton Lower Mills by steam or electric car, and walk or ride along Randolph Avenue, about three miles. Return by way of West Quincy or Braintree. From Braintree to Boston by steam car, fare, 20 cents.

The Blue Hills Parkway, extending from the Neponset River at Mattapan Square to the Harland Street (Milton) Entrance, and leading to Crossman's Pines, on the northern tip of the Western Section, will, when completed, connect the reservation with the Boston Public Park system, through the Blue Hill Avenue boulevard to Franklin Park.

Walk a [No. 40]. Over the Southern Division of the Western Section, which includes Great Blue Hill (635 feet), Wolcott Hill, Shadow Point, Silver Pool, Monatiquot Stream, Gray's Rock, Coon Hollow Brook, Houghton Hill (428 feet), Houghton's (or Hoosic-Whisick) Pond, Ponkapog Pond, Burnt or Tucker-Bugbee Hill (350 feet), Rattlesnake Den.

Walk b [No. 41]. Over the Northern Division of the Western Section, embracing: the Great Blue, Wolcott Hill, Balster Brook, Five Corners, Hemenway Hill (460 feet), Breakneck Ledge, Chestnut Run and Crossman's Pines, Hancock Hollow, Hancock Hill (507 feet), Marigold Brook, Tucker Hill (429 feet), Hillside Pond, Dark Hollow Brook, Boyce Hill (400 feet), Doe Hollow, Buck Hill (495 feet), and Scott's or Scotch Woods.

Walk c [No. 42]. Over the Northern Division of the Eastern Section, in which are: Belcher Brook, Babel Rock, Bunker Hill Quarry, Rattlesnake Hill (314 feet), The Crags, Cragfoot Spring, Wampatuck Hill (357 feet), Old Furnace Brook, Great Dome and Little Dome, Indian Camp Pool, Fox Hill, the Broken Hills, Sqamaug Notch, Nahanton Hill, Sassamon Notch, Neverfreeze Brook, Kitchamakin Hill, Slide Notch, Chickatawbut Hill (578 feet).

Walk d [No. 43]. Over the Southern Division of the Eastern Section, including: Blueberry Swamp, Pakomet Spring, Hawk Hill (430 feet), Braintree Pass, Bouncing Brook, Wild Duck Pool, South East Ridge, Box Gully, Streamside Ledge, Barberry Bush Spring, The Cedar Swamp, Hemlock Bound, Braintree Great Pond.

The range of Blue Hills, beginning in Canton and Milton and terminating in Quincy, extend a distance of nearly seven miles in an easterly and northeasterly direction, and form the southern wall of the "Boston Basin." With the exception of small portions on the outskirts, the entire region, upward of four thousand acres in all, is now a public forest reserve (taken by the State in 1894), under the name of the "Blue Hills Reservation," controlled by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners. Randolph turnpike (between Milton and Randolph), the public road passing through a gap in the range, divides the hills into two sections, eastern and western, and these sections we subdivide, for purposes of exploration, each into two divisions, northern and

southern, as above. Of the "takings" for this reservation, 2573.56 acres are within the limits of Quincy, 1439.25 acres are in Milton, 109.4 in Canton, and 67.84 in Braintree. Total included in the preserve, 4,189.69 acres. The Blue Hill Entrance is ten miles from the Boston State House.

The Blue Hills are the only eminences of a distinctly mountainous character near the Atlantic coast line south of Agamenticus, near York, Maine; and the loftiest of them, the Great Blue, is said to be the highest land on the coast from Maine to the Rio Grande. They rise in sweeping curves into eighteen or twenty summits, and are the most prominent landscape features of the south coast. From them the Indian tribe along the Massachusetts Bay derived its name of "Masadchuseuck," the word in the Algonquin tongue meaning "the people living near the great hills," and the region round about was known as "Massadchuset," signifying "near the great hills," which became transformed into the English "Massachusetts" when applied to the bay and the colony. The earliest record of these hills was made by Captain John Smith, who, during his exploration along the New England coast in 1614, observed, among "the cheef mountaines," the "high mountaine of Massachuset," probably the Great Blue, and gave it the name of "Massachusits Mount." Later, Prince Charles changed this name to that of "Charyot Hills," which appears on Smith's map. The name "Blue Hills" was doubtless suggested by the peculiar blue hue of the range. It was applied by the early settlers of the lands on and about their slopes, but precisely when is not known. The highest summit is referred to as "Great Blue Hill," in the order of the Provincial Congress in 1776, directing General Heath to erect a beacon upon it.

Walk a. At Readville the railway stations are within a few hundred feet of each other. Public carriages can be engaged here at fair rates, for the ride to the Blue Hill Entrance. The walk over is, of course, pleasanter, for the roads are good and the prospect pleasing after the village is passed. From the Blue Hill Entrance, at the base of the Great Blue, to the Observatory on the summit, is about three-quarters of a mile; or perhaps it would be safer to say, making allowance for rolling stones along the hill path, a mile up and half a mile down.

Starting from either of the Readville stations, our route is by Central Park Avenue to Milton Street; thence, left turn, for about half a mile to the junction with Brush Hill Road, just above Paul's Bridge over the Neponset River, at one of the most picturesque parts of the river's course; then by Brush Hill Road, at the right, to Blue Hill Avenue; and by Blue Hill Avenue, at the right, to the Entrance.

Lovely views abound along this way. Soon after entering Milton Street from high-sounding Central Park Avenue, the Great Blue section of the range appears on the right in fair display, and we have it with us, an ever-changing picture, the greater part of the walk. One of the most pastoral of the near views is that from a bend in the road, of which the triple-arched span of Paul's Bridge is the centre-piece, with the river winding in graceful curves through the broad meadows, beautified at intervals by shapely elms. The bridge has borne the name of Paul's, acquired

from the owner of adjacent lands, since the eighteenth century, and the meadows were with the early settlers the "Great Fowl Meadows," so called from the abundance of birds and fowl that made them a feeding-ground. The river has been bridged at this point from an early date. The first bridge was known as "Hubbard's," because it was set up by Farmer Hubbard, second hus-

Paul's Bridge.

band of a daughter of Colonel Israel Stoughton, who built the first water-power mill in New England [see Walk No. 38], from whom Hubbard inherited a large piece of land on the river. The present structure dates from 1849. Just before reaching Paul's Bridge, we notice, on the right side of the street, the Valley station of the Blue Hill Observatory. This station is six hundred feet below the Observatory, and a mile and three-quarters distant from it. Entering the rural square just beyond the bridge, at the meeting of the roads, let us stop a moment at the picturesque rock-font, fed by an ancient spring, and drink of its cool waters. At this point, as the guide-boards say, we are a mile and a half from Hyde Park Centre, two and a half miles from Milton Churches (Milton Centre), and six and a half miles from Quincy; and we are in a neighborhood of comfortable estates, some of old-time type, each with its special view of charming country. Now on **Brush Hill Road**, skirting the edge of the meadows for a little way, then making a gradual ascent, the walk grows fairer as it lengthens. Along the short stretch of Blue Hill Avenue, we pass, on the left, the headquarters and base station of the Blue Hill meteorological observers, which face Canton Avenue, here nearly parallel with Blue Hill Avenue.

The Blue Hill Entrance opens into a large yard where horses and carriages may be left by those who ride or drive in, and desire to climb the hill afoot. The Reservation Road, starting here, cuts through the hills to Hillside Street, coming out at the Office, — the reservation headquarters, — on the old "Cary Farm," earlier the Hunt place, a distance of about a mile and a half.

The path to the summit is the first opening at the right of the Reservation Road. It makes a gradual ascent until a point above the tree-line is reached, where the view to the northward begins to unfold. Two-thirds of the way up, a spring at the left of the path invites the climber to brief rest. For quite a distance along the sides and on the summit edges, the surface is covered by nothing larger than the scrawny scrub-oak, in place of a larger growth which once clothed the higher parts. The devastation long ago begun by the axe has been continued by frequent brush fires, with this result. Under the care and direction of the commissioners, however, it is hoped that in course of time something of the old appearance will be restored, but not to such an extent as to cut off the view. The good effect of the introduction of the park patrol, one of whose duties is to prevent the starting or spreading of fires, is already seen, no havoc from fire having occurred since the taking of the region for a public reserve.

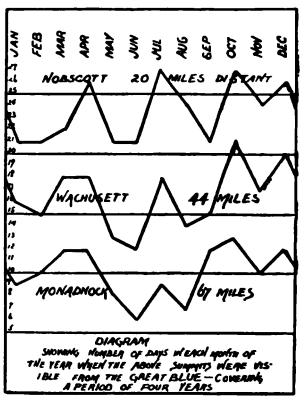
From the bald surface of the summit, enchanting views, embracing great stretches of coast and inland scenery, villages, towns, and the far-reaching city, woods, fields, and meadows, with glistening ponds and rivers, and distant mountain peaks, spread out in every direction. According to the historian of Milton, the Rev. A. K. Teele, the outlook embraces a bird's-eye view of a radius of twenty-five miles and a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles. With the aid of a telescope, buildings have been identified in one hundred and twenty-five villages, and with the unassisted eye, in a clear atmosphere, a great variety of objects and points, in a wide sweep, can be discerned. The panorama described by Mr. Teele, as disclosed under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere, presents the following splendid array of features: Facing northerly, Cambridge, Somerville, and Malden, and far beyond, the hills of Andover and Georgetown. Turning a little easterly, Boston, ten and a half miles distant. Bearing still easterly, Boston Harbor, with its islands, headlands, and fortifications, over which various points on the North Shore, so far as Eastern Point Lighthouse in Gloucester, appear. Forty miles northeast, the twin lighthouses on Thacher's Island; far to the right, N. 55° 50′ E., fourteen miles distant, Boston Light, and stretching out beyond, the waters of Massachusetts Bay. Turn-

ing nearly east, Chickatawbut Hill, three miles off, over its left slope Nantasket Beach, and over its right the top of Minot's Lighthouse. Facing nearly southeast, the long ridge of Manomet Hills in Plymouth, thirty-three miles distant, and at its left, twenty-six miles off, the Standish Monument on Captain's Hill, in Duxbury. In the same direction, great tracts of forest, revealing here and there villages, churches, cultivated grounds, lakes set in borders of green, Hoosic-Whisick, or Houghton's Pond, just at the base; then following in order, Ponkapog, Canton Reservoir, and Massapoag in Sharon, eight miles southwest. Directly south and forty miles away, Fall River. Southwesterly, Woonsocket and other hills in Rhode Island. Toward the west and northwest, the mountains of Worcester County, Wachusett, in Princeton, the most conspicuous. Far to the right of Wachusett and nearly over the dome of Dedham Court House, Watatick, in Ashburnham. Northwesterly, at least a dozen of the peaks of southern New Hampshire. Just at the right of Watatick and far beyond it, the Grand Monadnock, in Jaffrey, sixty-seven and a half miles distant. On the right of Grand Monadnock, a group of smaller summits, — Mt. Kidder, exactly northwest, Spofford and Temple mountains; then Pack-Monadnock, with its two equal summits, lying over the left section of Sprague's Pond. The next group to the right, in Lyndeboro', the right-hand summit, Lyndeboro' Pinnacle; and over its left slope Crotched Mountain, sixty-six miles distant. At the right of Lyndeboro' and nearly over the Readville railway station, Joe English Hill, in New Boston. Nearly north northwest, the summits of the Unkonunock Mountains, fifty-nine miles away. The near view includes city and village, and at the base the valley of the Neponset, with the river meandering through green meadows.

E. G. Chamberlain, — whose admirable Panoramic View in detail from careful surveys made in 1870–76, revised in 1885, and again in 1894 (the latter revision by Gordon H. Taylor), has been published by the Park Commissioners, — gives these statistics: elevation of the hill above sea-level, 635 feet; above Neponset River, 590 feet; above Canton Avenue at base of "mountain road," 430 feet; sea-horizon line, 33¼ miles distant; Grand Monadnock, the most distant point certainly identified, 67½ miles; the true (original) Mt. Kearsarge (89¼ miles), in Warner, hidden by the West Unkonunock.

The diagram below, prepared from results of observations made at the Rotch Observatory, shows the months of the year and the days in the months when the clearest views are likely to be had. With its aid one may select the most promising time for his visit

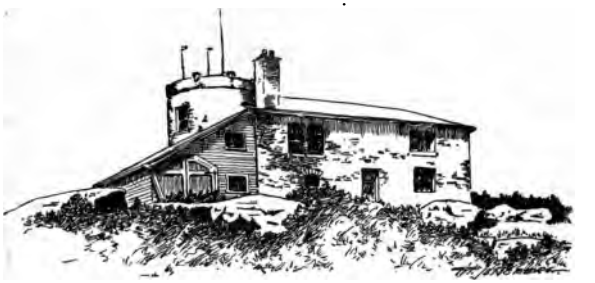
to the hill-top, and, having at hand Mr. Chamberlain's Panoramic View can determine what points are visible within a range of twenty, fifty, or seventy miles, according to whether Nobscot, Wachusett, or Monadnock is visible. It is well to note that the air is clearest after a storm and during high barometer.



The picturesque two-story tower, with house attached, on the tip of the summit, constitutes the **Rotch Meteorological Observatory**, a familiar object for miles around. The structure (Rotch & Tilden, Boston, architects) is constructed of stone found on the summit, and is built in a most substantial manner throughout to withstand the fiercest gales and the roughest weather. The interior is divided into cozy and comfortably furnished living rooms for the observers, office, library with well-stocked shelves, and a magnificent outlook from broad, low windows, or from observation rooms in the tower. It is fully equipped with delicate and valuable apparatus of the highest grade. The Observatory is not open to the public, except to those furnished with a letter of introduction from some meteorologist or other well-known physicist. Continuous observations have been carried on at this station from its first occupation, on the first day of February, 1884. The weather predictions here determined, and published weekly, are calculated by a method wholly independent of other stations, and have especial interest from the principle of periodicity which is employed in ascertaining the forecast for a week or more in advance. The method deals with phenomena heretofore slightly investigated, the laws of which are constantly studied by the observers of the staff. The local forecast is daily signaled from the Observatory, and has often had a percentage of verifications exceeding that of the United States Weather Bureau.

The erection of this Observatory was the project of A. Lawrence Rotch, of Milton, and has been sustained by him since its completion. All the current expenses are met by him, with the exception of the cost of publication of the Observations, which is shared by the Harvard University Observatory. The work is under the general direction of Mr. Rotch, and the working staff consists of a chief observer, with assistants, and H. H. Clayton, formerly observer, who is directly engaged in studies of the upper air around cyclones and anti-cyclones.

The pile of stones, at the west of the Observatory, marks the site of a circular stone tower, erected by Harvard College in the late thirties, to establish a meridian line due south from the old observatory at Cambridge. This tower was twenty feet high and about



The Rotch Observatory.

ten feet in diameter, strongly built, and stood long after its use was abandoned.

The earliest use of this summit for scientific purposes was about the year 1830. In the work of the State survey, covering the years between 1830 and 1840, one of Simeon Borden's primary stations was fixed at a point now covered by the tower of the Rotch Observatory. In the summer of 1845, the corps of engineers of the United States coast survey were established here. They fixed their station about twenty-six feet from the Borden bolt, and its shining signal was visible at a great distance. Thirty years later, this station was occupied temporarily by the State; and in 1885 and 1886 the United States geological survey used it in connection with the State topographical survey.

In the early part of the Revolutionary War, a beacon was erected on the summit to give warning of the approach of an enemy's fleet; and throughout the war detachments from the militia occupied the height. When the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 was received, the summit was illuminated; and again, on the publication of the Declaration of Independence, on the surrender of Burgoyne, and later of Cornwallis, and at the Peace.

The hill-top has been a favorite resort for lovers of nature and pleasure-seekers since the early days of the settlements below, and when these settlements were yet young it was made accessible by carriage. Peter Thacher, the first settled minister of Milton, relates in his Journal, under date of October 18, 1681: "Brother Clapp and his wife, brother Paul and his wife, and we, went upon Blue Hill to the pillar of stones, and Quarter master [Thomas Swift] came to us there, and divers others; there we dined: we came home by Brush Hill, they came into our house and drank and smoked it."

The first building raised here was a rough structure, three stories high, built in 1798, for an observatory for sight-seers, and for the use of picnic parties. It was the enterprise of the landlord at that time of "Billings's," a hostelry near the foot of the hill, on Canton Avenue, even then ancient (dating, it is said, from before 1681), and long famous for "fancy dinners and high living."

On a spur of the hill, about two hundred yards north of the Observatory, is a grassy patch, near a small pool of water. Here

grows the bearberry, which keeps its dark green hue far into the winter; and in early spring the grass is well-nigh hidden by the delicate blue of the bird's-foot violet, which flourishes in great profusion. Many other pretty flowers are to be seen here in their season, such as the yellow-eyed grass, slender gerardia, wild red lily, solidagoes, perennial sunflowers and asters.

There are several foot-paths by which the descent from the summit may be made. One, which starts in a southwesterly direction, descends slightly for the first two hundred yards to a ledge, from the top of which is a view which cannot be had from the summit, — sweeping over the beautiful expanse of meadow and cultivated lands below, — thence it strikes abruptly to the road, winding around projecting ledges, and making its narrow way down steep gullies, yet well defined throughout and most interesting. This path joins Canton Avenue a short distance north of the junction of the latter with Hillside Street. Another path strikes off from the summit, nearly south, descending to a little grove, a favorite resort for picnic parties, not far below the top. It is a steep and stony path, but the shortest to the road, the distance by it being a little over a quarter of a mile from the summit to Hillside Street, upon which it emerges half a mile east of Canton Avenue.

More fully to explore this division of the Western Section, our start should be made from the Observatory straight toward Hoosic-Whisick (Houghton's) Pond, due east, striking another narrow path, at the top of the bluff, which descends the steep incline. At the foot of the abrupt slope, a faint path branches to the left and runs along its base. Following the latter path a short distance under the shadow of the cliff, we shall reach "Shadow Point," a slight eminence on the southeast slope of the hill. Here one can easily imagine himself in the midst of a wild and trackless wilderness; for, although the view is extended in several directions, it is nearly destitute of signs of civilization or even of habitation. The evergreen summit of Wolcott Hill across the ravine, with the pine-scattered crest of Houghton's Hill a little more distant and to the right, lends a peculiar charm to the scene. From this point the graceful curving outlines of Houghton and Hancock hills, over the tops of which Burnt and Boyce hills just appear, are especially striking; while Hoosic-Whisick Pond and Ponkapog Pond are both pleasing features of the landscape. And, turning from the bold forest growth, the spectator may gaze on the lovely picture of peaceful valleys and meadows stretching out to the south and west, until the abrupt slope of the Great Blue intercepts his view.

Striking northerly from this path, after a short scramble through the bushes, we come upon a well-beaten track at the edge of **Silver Pool**, a small affair which becomes dry in time of drought, interesting because of the luxuriant and varied growth of shrubs and herbs immediately about it, among which are some kinds that are seldom found near Boston. Crossing Silver Brook, which has its source in this pool, and becomes **Monatiquot Stream** as it widens in the valley below, we pass through a pine grove; and if we glance to the left, just before turning down a steep descent, we shall see the rock, now known as "**Gray's Rock,**" upon which, one autumn morning in 1888, was found the body of William Gray, treasurer of old-established New England mills, whose suicide on this romantic spot, upon the public exposure of his affairs, made a deep and long-lasting impression on the community. The rock is flat on top, and even with the ground on the up-hill side.

We have now covered about half a mile from our starting-point on the summit, and a walk of a quarter of a mile more brings us to Hillside Street, near **Silver Spring**, well known for the purity of its waters.

From Silver Spring, it is nearly three-quarters of a mile west by Hillside Street to Canton Avenue, and about half a mile east to Hoosic-Whisick (Houghton's) Pond. Our way is in the latter direction. The first path at the left of the road leads up to "**Five Corners Divide,**" so called from the intersection here of as many old wood roads, a distance of about half a mile. The next path, on the right, about fifty rods beyond the first one, leads down to Hoosic-Whisick Pond, and on through the pine grove on its southern border. The Houghton homestead stood for two centuries at the turn in the road near the pond. It was one of the oldest houses of Milton, dating from about 1690, when Ralph Houghton moved to the farm here, which has from that time gone by the name of "Houghton's Farm." The holding originally included about three hundred and fifty acres, a part of which, it is conjectured, was worked by the Indians, many years before the white men settled here. Marks on rocks and boulders in the neighborhood strengthen this belief. The ancient house was removed by order of the Park Commissioners in 1895. Opposite its site is a path leading up to the summit of Houghton Hill. It is not a very plain path, but with a little care can be easily traced. It passes through a wild and picturesque hollow on the south side of the summit, and half way up the view back toward the south, with the shining pond in its green setting, is delightful. The view from the hilltop is an interesting, though not an extended one.

Old Houghton's Pond, by the Indians called "Hoosic-Whisick" (the meaning of which is not known), is a gem of beauty nestling at the base of the hills, and reflecting on its crystal surface the stately forest trees which border its shores. It is, as we

A Bridle Path.

have seen, one of the most attractive features of the near view from the Great Blue, and it loses none of its loveliness on close approach. Its water comes largely from subterranean springs, and is of the purest. The bottom is of clean gravel and sand. It is one hundred and fifty-five feet above mean tide, and at its average height covers about twenty-five acres. It contains an abundance of perch and bream; hornpout, running larger than usual in ponds of its size, but small pickerel, owing perhaps to the sudden shelving of its shore and comparative absence of lily-pads, where pickerel generally lurk; and near the exit, eels in plenty. The little brook which flows into the pond from the north has its rise in the valley between Houghton and Hancock hills, crossing the road near the old Hunt farm-house, and thence flowing down the pastoral Marigold Valley, which is one of the loveliest features of the landscape along Hillside Street. In old times far more of the hillside was cleared than now, and barley and rye were then grown on what is now pasture-land and woods. The pond is bordered on the west by a belt of trees, and west of these lies a wide strip of meadow and pasture-land. On the southern shore the noble growth of pine forms delightful groves along the bank, between which and the Monatiquot Stream stretches a sandy plain, the only extensive sand plain within the reservation, dotted with occasional cedars,

pitch-pines, and clumps of juniper. The flora about the borders of the pond is exceptionally rich.

Entering by the old Houghton barn, our walk continues a little way along the northerly shore of the pond. The broad spreading tree in front of the barn near the driveway, which we must pause a moment to admire, is a rare specimen, — as described by Professor C. S. Sargent, a cross between the English walnut and the native butternut, only a few of which are known to exist, and all of them about Boston. Of the few this is pronounced the finest. We may also linger on the promontory at the right of the driveway a few paces from the entrance, and enjoy the pond view from this point, or take a boat or a bath; and returning to the road, which now becomes a lane, note in passing the majestic chestnut with a circumference of seventeen feet (at four feet from the ground), probably the largest tree in the reservation. The road follows around the eastern end of the pond, where it forks, the right-hand branch leading to the pine groves just mentioned, and the other crossing the clearing to Monatiquot Stream, at which point a bridge carries it over. The latter path, or the **Ponkapog Trail**, as it is called, leads to Ponkapog Pond through a forest in which are many large evergreen trees, fern-covered banks, and wildly scattered boulders. Instead of continuing on this path, let us turn to the left before reaching the little river, and cross the clearing to its southeasterly corner. Here we must pause for a moment and look back toward the Great Blue, which is nowhere seen to better advantage. The contrast between its abrupt southern slope and the gently rolling pasture makes an enchanting picture.

From this point a faint path enters the woods, crossing swampy places, on the other side of which is a large conglomerate boulder. A little farther on, the path becomes less distinct, and we must turn to the right and skirt the lower slope of a rocky descent for about two hundred yards, until we strike an old wood road, probably an Indian trail. Following up this road we soon come upon another and a broader one. By turning here, at the left, we can reach the Reservation Headquarters, at the old Cary Farm. From this junction it is about a mile to Randolph turnpike. But to follow the course of the stream we must turn to the right, taking the path which descends to its border and continues along the edge of the swamps lining it. The path is somewhat obscure and rough in places, but is well worth the trial, since it offers considerable variety in its surroundings. The stream is invariably full in spring-time, and in active play, dashing through the narrow channel, now falling into a deep pool, now circling round some

massive boulder which almost blocks its course, or now lost in a deep swamp. A shallow cave in the cliff which comes quite near the stream on the northern side, goes by the name of **Rattlesnake Den**; and it is here that the rattlesnake collectors who valued the creatures for their oil used to gather them by the basketful — at least, so runs the legend. But now these serpents are rarely met with, and the lover of nature should not be deterred from seeking this haunt by fear of a disagreeable encounter.

The exit by this river-side path is on the Randolph turnpike, near its junction with Taunton turnpike, a little over four miles from Milton Lower Mills, and about the same distance from Randolph in the opposite direction. Electric cars in Randolph run within a mile of this point, directly south on Randolph turnpike. These cars connect with the steam railroad at Randolph, Avon, and Brockton, ten miles distant.

Walk b. Although the starting-point for the exploration of the northern division of the Western Section is the same as that for the southern division, — the foot of the Great Blue, — we mount the hill by a way of much more picturesque surroundings than those of the beaten road from the regular Blue Hill Entrance, and cover the ground before traversed only on the summit. This way is entered from the pasture on the east side of Canton Avenue, a hundred yards south of the Entrance.

After crossing the pasture by the cart-road to the first fork, we turn sharply to the right, passing a small quarry on the left; then follow this path a few rods to the point where it turns to the left and climbs the slope (the way to the summit most frequently taken by the observers of the Rotch Observatory in winter); here leave it, and, pushing through the brush and trees along the slope, descending slightly, soon strike another and fainter path, running in the same direction. This path leads us up to and upon a narrow shelf-like shoulder which extends along the hill-side for some distance, with the slope, abrupt and steep, on the right, and bounded on the left by bold ledges and mossy cliffs. The glimpses of the Little Blue and the spots of meadow land beyond, which are had from the path at several points, are charming, but the richest of the views is from an evergreen and rocky promontory, at the left, near the top of the shoulder. Drawing the curtains of slender cedars here, we have the rugged outline of the Little Blue, with its pine-clad summit, in full view, and discover beauties in the hill and its setting which are lost from the higher outlook of the Great Blue summit above us. At the point where the shoulder appears to end, we bear to the left, instead of continuing down

the depression at the right, and clamber over the rocks up and along the hill-side, soon striking a well-beaten foot-path. From the ledge near by, while taking breath, we shall find refreshment in the view down as well as off over the fields and pastures of rural Canton toward the southwest. The Observatory is now close at hand, and the remainder of the ascent is short and gradual.

There is much to interest a student of plant life and plant distribution on this way up the hill. From the pasture, at the foot, where the start is made, the way enters a dense mixed growth of chestnuts, oaks, beeches, and maples, with occasional pines and hemlocks, under which rich and varied undergrowth of shrubs and herbs continues to the point beyond the shoulder, where it begins to climb the rocks. Here it comes abruptly into a very

View on the Neponset.

different growth of stunted hickories, red oaks, hop hornbeam, red cedars and pitch-pine. Passing through this an isolated colony of introduced plants will be noticed in a shelf-like place in the ledge, made up of barberry, privet, and buckthorn, which seem strangely out of place here. On reaching the summit, we again come abruptly upon a more varied and stunted growth, made up chiefly of scrub oak, dwarf chestnut oak, stag horn, sumac, low blueberry, bush honeysuckle, sand cherry, bearberry, stunted white oaks, pitch-pines, gray birches, and hickories.

We leave the summit by way of the main path, and at a distance of about two hundred feet from the Observatory take the first path to the right. This path leads over ledges and through scrub *oak, down into a little* gully and out again to an open plain,—in

May blue with bird's-foot violets, — from which a wide view is to be had of the valley below and to the eastward. From the open plain we strike through the pathless scrub oak down the steep in the same general direction, but bearing slightly to the right, and so — if we are fortunate enough to keep our bearings in winding around the rocks and crags, which here abound — reach the head of a gorge, which, followed down in an easterly direction, brings us to **Wild Cat Notch.** Instead of descending to Hillside Street, we turn sharply to the left, and, following the narrow but beaten path here in a northerly direction, enter a rocky defile into a wider and pleasant valley. Holding this path through the valley for some distance, bearing to the right at forks, — the paths to the left would take us back to the Blue Hill Entrance, — we, at length, strike the Reservation Road from the Entrance to the Headquarters on Hillside Street. This meeting is at a point (marked by the iron pump by the roadside) about half a mile from the Entrance and about the same distance from the summit. The **Reservation Road** to this point is a picturesque way from the Entrance, skirting the pine grove which lies back of the Roger Wolcott estate, passing through the open field beyond, into the woods again, and over a rise to the hillside here and the swamp opposite, with its little stream which goes by the name of Balster Brook.

The Wolcott Pines, as well as the Crossman Pines, north of Hancock Hill in the upper corner of the reservation boundary, among which are the finest specimen pines in the reservation, owe their preservation and present excellent condition to the care given them by father and son through two generations.

Instead of entering the Reservation Road by the wood walk, direct from the little pond, on the right of the valley, a climb over **Wolcott Hill,** by way of a prettier pond and its outlet, ought to be taken. The valley pond dries out completely in dry weather; while the Wolcott Hill pond, lying on the slope, near the top of the hill, is generally well supplied when all other ordinarily wet places are dry. It is inviting on account of its situation, and because of the dense thicket of clethra, winterberry, mountain holly, and numerous other plants around its edges. The climb up is rough and steep, but full of interest. If the tramp by this way were continued from the Reservation Road, along Balster Brook to the boundary, then along the boundary past the branch of Balster Brook to the path, thence south again to Five Corners Divide, one of the most attractive parts of this section would be covered. We should come upon rich and varied flora, some of *the best* basswoods, tallest red maples, and handsomest cedars *within the* reservation.

The walk from the Iron Pump on the roadside continues along the Reservation Road in an easterly direction. About a quarter of a mile beyond we come upon the **Five Corners Divide.** The path on the right is an attractive way to Hillside Street. Of the two opening from the opposite side, the left-hand path leads to pleasant woods of pine and cedar, where in spots yellow violets in abundance are found in their season; the other path passes through large pine and oak growth into a field once cultivated, but now covered with birch saplings. The Reservation Road now swings around the edge of **Hemenway Hill.** Opposite the head of a ravine on the right, is the faint foot-path which leads to the top of the hill, about an eighth of a mile away. Just beyond this path is another path leading to the right, along the western slope of **Houghton Hill** direct to Hoosic-Whisick Pond. A little farther on, the Hancock Hollow Path leaves our road at right angles and strikes up the valley which lies between Hancock Hill and Hemenway Hill. A branch from the Hollow Path, at the right, leads up Hancock Hill [once owned by John Hancock, hence the name] through a beautiful **elevated valley.** This valley is one of the most remarkable features in the Blue Hills region, and no one who loves nature can fail to be impressed with its charm; the contrast between the easy slope, the graceful contour of the valley-bottom, with its even carpeting of green, its restful shade, its quietness, and the steep, high, rugged, rocky slopes on either side, into which it gradually runs. By all means climb to the top of the ridge on the west, and look down the steep slope into the valley below it. From the top of **Hancock Hill** is a splendid view. And here is an interesting growth of bearberry, chestnut oak, dwarf chestnut oak, and scrub oak, with some cedars and pines.

About a quarter of a mile beyond the Hancock Hill branch path, is **Breakneck Ledge,** quite precipitous on its northern slope, justifying its name. From the brink to the top of the hill, the chestnut oak — a rare tree near Boston, and scattered sparingly with other oaks throughout this reservation — is the predominating tree; and this is the only place, except between Rattlesnake and Wampatuck hills, where it is to be found in quantity. The brook running along the base of the hill, called **Chestnut Run,** is crossed by the path farther on, quite near the boundary of the reservation. It is a pleasant stroll down the right bank of this stream, especially in the spring-time when the "run" is in many little falls and cascades, all full of beauty. A quarter of a mile or so down the bank are the **Crossman Pines,** in among which are some of the largest specimens in the Blue Hills region. Here *one may lie on the bank* carpeted with pine needles, and find con-

tentment in idly watching the busy brook as it rushes over its pebbly bed twenty feet below. Just before reaching the brook we strike **Chestnut Run Path,** bearing off in an easterly direction, and ultimately coming out on Hillside Street, at the top of Great Hill (the hill on the road), three-quarters of a mile distant. In the neighborhood of Chestnut Run and on the wooded hillside below Chestnut Run Path are many beautiful wild flowers, such as the moonworts, maiden-hair fern, beech ferns, baneberry; and it is in this region that the black birch is found in larger numbers than elsewhere.

If we choose to go round by the Chestnut Run Path, instead of by way of the Reservation Road beyond Hancock Hollow Path, we shall pass through a more attractive region. Nearly opposite Great Hill, which lies across Hillside Street, a road enters that side of the reservation which may be followed to **Hancock Pasture** (opposite the point where the road branches). Then a side trip can be taken through the pasture to the fine group of chestnuts, elms, oaks, hickories, and ash, on the slope east of **Marigold Brook,** which derives its name from the abundance of marsh marigolds in the meadows through which it flows. The group of trees is one of the most perfect of its kind in the reservation. The turf under them is exceptionally rich. Close by is a cheerful spring. The view down Marigold Valley toward the pond is very attractive. In the woods to the east of the pasture there are rare old chestnuts and oaks which were evidently once in pasture. This quarter presents the most beautiful pastoral scene in the whole reservation.

By way of the Reservation Road, from the Hancock Hollow Road branch, soon after passing the latter, we cross the rustic bridge and wind down the road to Hillside Street (or Ponkapog Pass) at the Headquarters. We are here four miles from Readville by the highway, and four and a half miles from Milton Lower Mills. Hoosic-Whisick Pond is half a mile south.

From the Headquarters we take the road which enters the pasture, on the opposite side of the highway, in Marigold Valley. As we ascend the hillside, at our left are the few remaining veterans of what was once Governor Hancock's orchard of flourishing apple and peach trees. At a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the entrance of the pasture, we come out upon the road which connects with Hillside Street at the top of Great Hill, half a mile north. The pond at the northern base of Great Hill, called **Hillside Pond,** is a pretty piece of water, harmonizing so well with the landscape that no one would imagine that it is an artificial work. It was made some years ago by Charles L. Copeland, a landowner of the neighborhood, for an ice pond.

At the junction with the Reservation Road we turn to the right and follow the driveway to the south and east. The branch road on the right, soon reached, leads to the edge of Monatiquot Stream; and that next beyond, the cart-path on the other side, leads to the old "Bugbee cellar," not far distant. This old cellar marks the house in the woods built early in the present century by Bugbee, keeper of a tavern in Roxbury, who owned a part of Burnt Hill, and it is the site, perhaps, of a former house built by an earlier Bugbee during the Revolution, as a retreat from the British. The cellar and well-holes, and the square-walled garden, near by, can all be traced; and about them are a number of the introduced plants which are always present about old house sites. Farther on the main road passes, on the left, the cleared acre of land surrounded by a stone wall, which was the clearing in front of the Bugbee house.

Just beyond these interesting landmarks we swing to the left, and soon strike an old road which continues in a northerly direction. Carriages must here keep the main road, which turns sharply to the right, skirting the northerly slope of Burnt Hill, and at the next fork take the right branch. Passing through a recent clearing, and then through woods, Randolph Avenue is reached at the junction with Forest Street. We who are afoot, however, and those on horseback, will find the "Three Hills Bridle Path" the pleasanter way. This path reaches high elevations on Tucker, Boyce, and Buck hills, and commands extended views which well repay one for the climbing. From Tucker Hill we look over Burnt Hill to the region beyond, and on either hand the range, with its varied outlines, appears to good advantage. The ascent of the hill from the northwest is gradual and uniform, and the top can, in fact, be reached by carriage from that direction; but on the south it is abrupt and rocky. The dwarf chestnut oak is to be found in abundance on this hill-top. In the hills immediately east it is also frequently found, but, as has before been stated, it is not frequent elsewhere.

Returning to the junction at the base of the hill, we take the turn leading northeasterly to the rail bridge over the stream, Dark Hollow Brook, which drains Porter Lot Swamp. The path leading off to the north, just before the bridge is reached, passes down the valley, with the brook on the right and a rocky slope on the left, by Hillside Pond to Hillside Street, half a mile off, and is picturesque and interesting throughout. Just over the wall between the two pastures east of Hillside Pool, is to be seen an exceptionally fine black birch growing between and forcing apart *two great boulders*. It is a remarkable feature, and compares

favorably with the "Hemlock Bound." [See Walk *d*.] A little beyond this, to the right, is Witch Hazel Run, so called because of the witch hazels, which are finer here than elsewhere, and which make a perfect bower of foliage over a pretty walk. Crossing the bridge, the way skirts **Porter Lot Swamp** for a short distance, then ascends the southern slope of Boyce Hill, and follows around its southern and eastern sides. Boyce Hill is more wooded on the summit than most of the hills of the range, and does not offer a particularly good view.

Turning to the left at the junction with the road on the right, we continue in a northerly direction, to the meeting near the Twin Bridges. Here the straight-ahead path leads out to Forest Street at the northern edge of the reservation, a quarter of a mile from Hillside Street. Our way is by the path crossing the Twin Bridges and winding around the south slope of Buck Hill. From the point where the cliff rises precipitously on the left it is about a quarter of a mile to the summit of **Buck Hill**, which commands one of the finest views in the range. This reached, to the eastward we look down upon Randolph turnpike, passing through the hills and beyond; and through the deep valley which lies between the rugged slopes of Chickatawbut and Bear hills, we see the sparkling ocean; to the south, over far-reaching tree-tops, the distant hills appear; to the west, every hill in the range which lies in this direction, with the exception of the Little Blue, is outlined; and to the north is an extended view not very different from that obtained from some of the other hills. The top of the cliff and much of the southern slope of the summit of the hill is carpeted with the bearberry, which is much finer here than elsewhere in the reservation. Buck Hill is so called from a tradition that, a century or so ago, a local huntsman killed, on its slope, a large buck with long-branching antlers, the last deer killed in the neighborhood.

Back again to the point where we left the road to make the hill-top, we are within three-eighths of a mile of Forest Street. Reaching Forest Street, and turning to the right, a short walk brings us to a cart-road, which connects with Randolph turnpike. From this junction, it is a mile, in a northerly direction, to the corner of the turnpike and Hillside Street, and three-quarters of a mile, in the opposite direction, to Monatiquot Stream. This makes it four miles to Milton Lower Mills, from which we return to Boston.

Walk c. A foot-path enters the reservation from West Quincy *by way of* Bunker Hill Lane, which branches from Willard Street, *about half* a mile south from the railway station. The *Reservation Road*, for carriages, is reached by following Willard Street to

Purgatory Road, from which it branches to the right. Bunker Hill Lane forks on entering the reservation a short distance from Willard Street. The right-hand branch leads to the Bunker Hill Quarry, about a quarter of a mile distant, in sight from Willard Street, on the way from the station, and the left branch leads around "Babel Rock." The latter is our way.

Bunker Hill Quarry was one of the first quarries worked in this section, and from it the stone for the Bunker Hill Monument was taken; hence its name. It was to transport its stone to the place of shipment that the Granite Railway was built, in 1826 — the first railway in the country. This was a railroad four miles long, operated by horse power. A part of it still exists in its original form. Willard Street was named for Solomon Willard, the architect of Bunker Hill Monument.

Babel Rock, the first striking feature along the entrance roadway, is the abrupt rocky hill at the right, which, though not very high, commands quite an extended view; and it has the distinction of being nearer to a railway station than any other hill inside the reservation offering a view of the neighboring territory. If, instead of continuing around Babel Rock, on the south, we take the right-hand turn, and follow up the little brook, which flows through a rock-walled mossy valley, — a merry little stream in the spring-time, but apt to be dry in midsummer, — we come out at a point reached by a branch from the path, at the south of the Rock. From the south side path, along this branch path to Sawcut Notch, near Great Dome, about three-quarters of a mile distant, is an agreeable walk. The Indian Rocks are on the same road, about a mile and a quarter off. Through to Randolph turnpike, in this direction, is about two miles. Those who love wild flowers will find this a fruitful region. There are cool, moist valleys, shady and sunny ledges, boggy pools, gravelly slopes, in all of which are to be found plants peculiar to each condition.

Continuing by the south side road, at Babel Rock, straight on, we soon come to another branch, at the left, which terminates at Burke's Quarry, a quarter of a mile off, on the east slope of Rattlesnake Hill. A little farther on, we pass Sullivan's Quarry, at the left, on the northerly side of Rattlesnake Hill; and still a little farther, come to another path, a somewhat faint one, branching to the left, by which the high, precipitous rocks, rising from the western side of Rattlesnake Hill, may be reached. These **Crags** are alike impressive, as seen from below or from the top, and are a striking landmark, visible for some distance. The view from the summit embraces a fine sweep of valley and hills to the westward. The vegetation on the summit of **Rattlesnake Hill**, near at hand, is distinct from that on any other hill-top, in that *the gray birch predominates*. It is this tree which gives this hill-

top a peculiarly soft and fleecy aspect, when viewed from the hills to the south. At the northerly base of these cliffs is **Cragfoot Spring**, where we may be sure of finding some clear, cool water, when many other springs are dry.

From this point, we may cut through the valley between Fox and Wampatuck hills to the main Reservation Road; but by the path along the base of the cliffs, crossing a cart-path and pushing a short distance through the woods, in a southerly direction, we may make the ascent of **Wampatuck Hill**, and enjoy the finest view of the kind in the range. Looking back, we see the precipitous cliffs and ledges of the adjacent Rattlesnake Hill, which are thrown into bold relief by the shadows when heightened by the slanting rays of a morning sun. Over them bristle the many derricks of the Quincy granite quarries beyond, and still farther beyond, Boston Harbor appears, stretching into the sail-dotted expanse of Massachusetts Bay, to the east. To the southwest is seen Purgatory Swamp, extending to Willard Street, beyond which rises Pine Hill, the most easterly hill of any size in the range, but outside of the reservation. To the west the view is less extended. Fox Hill is the nearest at hand in this direction. Once a great pasture extended from the top of this hill down the valley nearly to Rattlesnake Hill on the east. Here "Deacon Adams" long ago kept his cattle, and often regaled his friends with an airing in this beautiful domain away from human habitation. Descending the abrupt slope on the south, we shortly strike the Reservation Road.

This road runs directly through the reservation from Purgatory Road to Randolph turnpike. It is a delightful carriage drive, with easy grades, winding among the hills, by bold cliffs, along marshes of reeds and through cool woodlands, strewn with moss-covered rocks and ledges, emerging finally into a green pasture, with a charming view far to the north and west. The point where we strike it is half a mile from Purgatory Road, a mile and a half from West Quincy, and about the same distance from Randolph turnpike. Pursuing the direction toward Randolph turnpike, we skirt along the southern base of Fox Hill, bordering Twin-brook Swamp, at the left. At the sharp turn to the left, we are very near the Milton line. Here a branch path, at the right, leads to the head of **Pine-tree Brook**, down which there is a rough but interesting path, coming out near two large boulders, about half a mile from Randolph turnpike.

If we decline this turn and continue along the road, about a *quarter* of a mile beyond we pass near the top of **Nahanton Hill**, *reached* by a branch path. On the way through the thick woods,

as the road makes a slight ascent, we pass, on the left side, the site of the hut of a Frenchman and his wife, built in the twenties or thirties, far removed from any road. Here this lone couple secreted themselves for years, subsisting by raiding the hen-coops of the neighboring towns and fishing in the ponds among the hills, until one day their lair was discovered and destroyed by a party of men of Braintree. Soon the main road turns to the right, leading across the Copeland's Pasture, formerly part of Brush Hill Pasture, where, years ago, Captain Nathaniel Tucker, of Milton, kept a large flock of sheep. Here we take the path to the left, and make the hill.

The view from Nahanton Hill is of wider extent and richer than that from the higher top of Chickatawbut. Looking to the northeast, over and beyond the rough woodlands stretching toward the horizon, we get the finest or the fullest view of Boston Harbor and Massachusetts Bay to be had from any point in these hills. Crossing the ledges to the southern part of the summit, we have an extended view to the south, including several ponds, the nearest one, over and beyond the Cedar Swamp, being Braintree Great Pond. If we approach nearer the edge, we may look down into a beautiful little pool, upon the surface of which, when full, as it invariably is in spring-time, are mirrored the steep cliffs, on the farther side. On these cliffs and on Eagle Rock is a finer display of the evergreen polypody than is to be seen elsewhere in the region excepting, possibly, on Breakneck Ledge. From this pool, which lies in Sassamon Notch, Never-Freeze Brook flows down, to join, a little way below, the stream rising from Sqamaug Notch, and so on into the Cedar Swamp. **Eagle Rock,** the large picturesque boulder standing apart from the neighboring cliff, is at the north end of the notch. East of Nahanton Hill are the **Broken Hills,** which are part of the ridge extending easterly from Chickatawbut Hill. **Sqamaug Notch,** to the east of Nahanton Hill, is somewhat abrupt, especially toward the south, where it widens into a deep glen with walls of rocks on three sides.

From the point where we left the road to climb Nahanton Hill it is but about a quarter of a mile to the top of **Chickatawbut.** Although this hill is second only to the Great Blue in altitude, the view from its summit is much less varied than that from some of the neighboring lower hills, largely on account of its broad, flat surface, which excludes the near foreground in most directions. Still, it is a view of no little beauty, the tip-top rock commanding a sweep of the range east and west, and a distant outlook north and south. A few rods west of this rock, within the cluster of small cedars, are the ruins of an old cellar which has a history. It

is a tradition related by some of the older inhabitants of the neighborhood of the hills that there was once here a house occupied by Scotch miners banished in Cromwell's time. This house they built, so the tale runs, and were long occupied in smelting iron from bog ore taken from swamps in the direction of Braintree Great Pond. It is more likely, however, that the hut was occupied by lawbreakers, and that it dated from a much later period. Well into the third quarter of the present century a large growth covered Chickatawbut, and so late as the fifties ship-timber was cut from the northern slope. During the early part of the century, the northwesterly slope was cleared land. It then went by the name of Bush Pasture, and large flocks of sheep grazed upon its surface.

From the summit of the hill to Randolph turnpike is a good half mile, and the point where the Reservation Road meets the turnpike is also the northern border of the reservation. Milton Lower Mills, three miles north, by the turnpike, is the nearest railway station for return train to Boston.

Walk d. Entering the reservation from Randolph turnpike, where Walk *c* ended (three miles from Milton Lower Mills), we take the first wood road or bridle-path, on the right, and so pass along the westerly base of Chickatawbut, with Blueberry Swamp on the right. Crossing the head of the swamp, we ascend a slight rise, bringing us on to a wood road which starts from Randolph turnpike, to the south of the swamp, and runs along the northwest base of Hawk Hill. Here is a secluded clearing, which has been inhabited by not a few generations, much of the land now grown up to woods having once been well cultivated. The cellar and well of the old "Glover house," built probably about two hundred years ago, may still be seen on the north side of the path, about one hundred and fifty yards to the east of the junction, beneath two graceful elms. The fruit trees scattered about bear further evidence to the previous settlement here. From this point the view up and down the Braintree Pass, with the bold slope of Chickatawbut opposite, is very beautiful; but that from the clearing, just above, is even finer. From the upper end of the clearing a foot-path leads to the top of Hawk Hill.

Bearing eastward, along the main bridle-path, we are on the way to Southeast Ridge (sometimes called Faxon's Hill). The first branch from the road, to the left, leads down and across to the opposite side of the valley, and along the southern base of the principal hills to Purgatory Road, West Quincy. The second branch to the left enters a pleasanter region, leading down to Barberry Bush Spring, from which, in dry weather, a wood road

crosses the swamp to Hemlock Bound. The only white cedar growth within the reservation is in this swamp, and there are many rare and beautiful ferns and flowers in this immediate vicinity. The **Hemlock Bound** is a remarkable natural curiosity, — a large hemlock tree perched upon the top of a great square boulder, rising ten feet above the swampy ground. The tree marks a corner in the boundary line between Quincy and Braintree.

Returning to the main bridle-path, after exploring these branch roads, we keep it to the fork next beyond the Barberry Bush Spring branch, and just before the Chestnut Woods are reached, where we take the right turn. Continuing on this path to the next fork, we enter the left path, and so approach the summit of **Southeast Ridge**, by an easy grade. If we should follow the right branch of this fork, we should be led through the sag between Hawk Hill and Southeast Ridge to Monatiquot Stream, at a point within half a mile of Randolph turnpike, where picturesque meadows skirt the water's edge; and about two hundred yards to the west is a delightful glade, with moss-covered rocks and ledges, overlooking the stream, which in spring-time, when full, dashes by with the force and clatter of a mountain torrent. This region is especially rich for the botanist. In the glade is an old cellar-hole, the presence of which was discovered by the abundance of "garden-escapes," or introduced plants, in the vicinity. Beyond is picturesque **Streamside Ledge**, a bare, sloping surface of rock, which drops abruptly down to the stream below. In the valley below this ledge and alongside the stream are to be seen evidences of artificial construction, perhaps an old sluice-way. In another ledge and boulder by the stream, on the side of the Taunton turnpike, are two remarkable bowls, which, it is believed, were used by the Indians in grinding corn.

Keeping to the left branch of the fork, up **Southeast Ridge**, less than a quarter of a mile from its start, and almost on the summit of the hill, we come to a pond-hole, known as **Wild Duck Pool** (so called because of the great numbers of wild duck which at one time gathered here, and were rich game for the neighboring hunters). A branch from the road, to the left, just before this pool is reached, leads down to the **Barberry Bush Spring**. We turn, however, to the right, by the southern side of the pool, and emerge from the woods upon a slight eminence, from which a cheery view of fields and woodlands, farm-houses and church steeples, to the south, is spread before us. From a point about a hundred and fifty feet to the left, the view is more extended, — indeed is one of the most important views in the region, for it discloses almost the entire range, both east and west. For about a

quarter of a mile, the road follows the crest of the hill, which falls off so abruptly, on the south, that an almost continuous view of the far-stretching country, in that direction, is had the entire distance. This side of the hill is extremely wild, abounding in rough ledges and strewn with rocks and boulders.

After turning to the right, and descending the hill, we come to a branch on the right which leads back to the wild and rocky south side, and terminates in **Box Gully**, a rock-walled gorge, reminding one of a box-cañon in the mountains of the Far West. A little farther down the road, a second branch strikes out in the same direction, but soon runs parallel with Monatiquot Stream, ending on **Great Plain**, which slopes to the marshes along the river's edge. A short distance east from this last junction, by the Quincy and Braintree boundary, our road meets two others, one on either hand. The road at the left follows along the western edge of the Cedar Swamp, past the Barberry Bush Spring, half a mile north, across the **Head of the Cedar Swamp**, a pretty spot where Bouncing Brook comes dashing down over the rocks for three-quarters of a mile, and to the head of the swamp, about a mile beyond.

From the town boundary junction, it is but an eighth of a mile, by a meadow road, across Meedis's Meadow to West Street; and just west of this point is a private road leading down to the lovely shores of Braintree Great Pond, and through a group of the largest and finest pitch-pines in all this region. Braintree railroad station is about two miles east, along West Street. The electric cars run from Braintree to Quincy.

Randolph turnpike is about a mile west, and at its junction with Pond Street (continuation of West Street) is about a mile south of Monatiquot Stream. From the north side of West Street, about a quarter of a mile beyond, and to the east of the meadow road, a wood road strikes into the woods and across the clearing to Purgatory Road, from which it is about two and a half miles to the West Quincy station. By taking the branch from this wood road, at the left, just after entering the woods, Hemlock Tree Bound and Cedar Swamp may be reached.

Dedham.

From Boston to Dedham, by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Prov. Div., Dedham Branch], 9.7 miles; fare, 20 cents. By electric car [West End lines to Forest Hills, thence by West Roxbury and Dedham lines], 10 miles; fare, 10 cents.

Walk No. 44. Through Dedham Village; by historic mansions and landmarks along elm-lined High and connecting streets; past "Pitt's Head;" the ancient cemetery; about the great bend of Charles River; over Powder House Rock; across to Willow Road and East Street; by the old Fairbanks house; back to the Avery Oak; country road walk to Purgatory Swamp, the Mecca of botanists; over to Westwood; up Fox Hill; High Street back to Dedham Village.

Dedham dates from September, 1635, when, on the same day that Concord was incorporated, the General Court ordered that a plantation be settled "about two myles above ye Charles Ryver in ye north-east side thereof." The plantation was begun by twenty-two "proprietors," moving thither from Watertown and Roxbury. These twenty-two signed a "Town Covenant" in August, 1636; then, in September, petitioned the General Court for the confirmation and enlargement of the land-grants of the previous year, with the suggestion of the name of "Contentment" for the town; and three days after, September 8, the petition was granted "by a generall voate freely and chearfully," except in respect to name, that of Dedham being given, probably for Dedham in England, from which town several of the pioneer settlers came. The "Covenant" was in effect the town constitution, and for several years every townsman as admitted was required to sign it. This document declared that only such should be received into the town as were probably of one heart with them "to walk in a peaceful conversation . . . seeking the good of each other out of all which may be derived true peace;" provided for a settlement of difference between townsfolk by reference to two or three others to be speedily determined; imposed the duty of every man owning land to pay his share of taxes imposed, ratably in proportion with others; and required each one to become freely subject to all orders adopted necessary to establish a "loving and comfortable society" as well as a "prosperous and thriving condition of" the "fellowship." It was perhaps in the spirit of this Covenant that the name of "Contentment" was first proposed for the "society." The territory of the town was at first very large, embracing what are now the towns of Medfield, Wrentham, Medway, Needham, Bellingham, Walpole, Franklin, Dover, Norwood, Norfolk, Wellesley, Millis, Westwood, and parts of Sherborn, Natick, Foxboro, and Hyde Park. It is the shire town of Norfolk county. It lies pleasantly with the Charles River on its western border and the Neponset River on the eastern, connected by a canal (Mother Brook) distinguished as the first canal made in the country, having been constructed by the energetic first settlers in 1639–40, only ten years after the settlement of Boston. It is a place of picturesque old streets shaded by fine trees, and rural outlying parts. The Charles River here makes its great bend, and the spreading river meadows are among the notable landscape features of the town. Other attractions are its several hills, — Federal Hill (200 feet), nearest the village; Fox Hill (320 feet), in Westwood; Warren Hill (120 feet), in the south part, close to the Norwood line; and Everett Hill (180 feet), in the southeast part. The highest elevation in the neighborhood lies in what was West Dedham until 1897, when this section was set off as the town of Westwood. South of Everett Hill is Purgatory Swamp, an extensive tract of woods and wet lands, which, despite its name, is a paradise of botanists. The town is separated into a number of villages: Dedham Village, Connecticut Corner, East Dedham, Oakdale, Germantown, Walnut Hill, Ashcroft, Endicott, and Elmwood.

Going out by steam car we step off at the modern station, — a *comely structure* of Dedham stone, with tall clock-tower, — and,

crossing the square at the right, begin our walk with a stroll up High Street through the centre of Dedham Village. This was the highway of the early settlers, leading, beyond the village, into the "Road to Connecticut." It contains, as in the old times, the town and court buildings, while about it cluster interesting old mansion-houses and the chief landmarks. Crossing Washington Street, the thoroughfare from Boston to the interior, we pass on the north side, where now are stores, the site of the taverns, — the Dedham, Bride's, and its successor, the Phœnix, — famous in stage-coaching days, when Dedham was an important station on the Boston and Providence line. "Sometimes," it is related, "a procession of twelve coaches filled with passengers, heralded by the horn, would draw up here for breakfast or a relay of horses." The village was the headquarters of the prosperous Citizens' Company, and shops for making coaches were here. The granite building on the opposite side, facing Washington Street, is Memorial Hall, the Town-house, built to commemorate townsmen who fell in the civil war, — more practical than a monumental shaft.

The low, artistically designed brick structure with arched portal, on the corner of Church Street, next above, is the home of the **Dedham Historical Society**, one of the leading institutions of the town, possessing a valuable library of historical works and manuscripts, a large cabinet collection of antiquities, portraits of town worthies, and much material bearing on local and county history. The main room, with its cabinet collection, is courteously open to visitors. The building stands on the site of the homestead of Jeremiah Shuttleworth, first postmaster of Dedham, which was bequeathed to the society by his daughter, Hannah Shuttleworth, who died in 1886. The old house, which stood here for about a century, was used for many years as the post-office. With the homestead estate, Miss Shuttleworth also gave the society her books and papers, containing much local historical data, and a sum of money to be applied to the cost of erecting this building; giving a like sum to the town to be added to other funds for the erection of a public library building. Recognition of her generosity is made in the inscription on the tablet in the entrance porch.

The Dedham Historical Society, formed in 1859, is one of the most noteworthy of the societies of its kind in the neighborhood of Boston. It has a large membership, including the best authorities on local history. The president, Don Gleason Hill, is the compiler of the ancient records of Dedham, which, through his careful and accurate work, are now accessible to historical students and others in well-arranged volumes. Mr. Hill has also contributed much to antiquarian literature.

A little way down Maple Place, at the right of High Street, is

the Colburn house, where the late Judge Waldo Colburn, of the Massachusetts supreme bench, long lived. It is the second house on the west side, on the edge of upland overlooking the river and West Roxbury beyond.

On High Street again, the mansion-house on the north side, a few rods west of the Historical Society's building, is the old **Dr. Nathaniel Ames house,** built by Dr. Ames in 1772, and occupied by him for half a century, — until his death in 1822. He was the elder brother of Fisher Ames, lawyer and statesman, one of Dedham's foremost citizens, and son of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, known as "the almanac-maker," who published famous almanacs from 1726 to 1765, which Nathaniel 2d continued for about ten years longer. The diary of Nathaniel 2d (from 1758 to 1822), which came to the Historical Society through Miss Shuttleworth, who was his niece, is one of the most interesting of the manuscripts in the society's collection. The house is now occupied by Dr. J. P. Maynard. Above, on the same side, the **Fisher Ames house** stood until 1897, when it was moved to the rear of the lot on River Place. This was built in 1795, and was the dwelling of Fisher Ames until his death, in 1808. It is the present home of Frederick J. Stimson, the author of "King Noanett." Since Ames' time, the house has been enlarged and considerably reconstructed, but the old frame remains in the main portion, and the form of the drawing-rooms is unchanged. In its original shape it was a square house, with hip roof and balustrade. Among its extensive outbuildings was a carriage-house with a high-arched doorway.

Just off of High Street in what is now Ames Street is the site of the ancient **Woodward Tavern,** where was organized the "Suffolk Convention" of September, 1774, which three days later, at its adjourned meeting in the Vose mansion-house at Milton, adopted the "Suffolk Resolves," drawn by General Joseph Warren [see Walk No. 38, p. 319]. The tavern was also the birthplace of Fisher Ames. It was then a century-old "ordinary," having been first opened in 1658 by Joshua Fisher. It was kept by Dr. Nathaniel Ames, Sr., from 1735 to 1764, and was known as the Ames Tavern until 1772, after which it became Woodward's. It stood near the large white elm near the west corner, which, by the way, Fisher Ames planted about the year 1800.

The handsome mansion-house next above Ames Street, behind a noble row of English elms, is the **Samuel Haven house,** built in 1795. Judge Haven, a son of the fifth minister of Dedham, was a distinguished townsman, a register of probate for Norfolk county for a period of forty years from the formation of the *county, in 1793, justice* of the court of common pleas from 1802 to

1804, and chief justice from 1804 to 1811, when this court was abolished. It is said that he spent much time and money in building his house and embellishing the grounds about it, making it one of the most beautiful estates in the county. The Haven elms, as they are called, were brought from England at the same time as the "Paddock elms" (about 1762), which used to beautify the sidewalk in front of the Granary Burying-ground in Boston (and were cut down before their time at the demand of a street railway company). The place is now occupied by John R. Bullard, in whose family it has been for many years.

The granite **Court House**, opposite these houses, is a modern structure of recent construction, the third court house since Dedham became the shire town of the county.

County Court House.

On the parish green, just above the Court House, in the corner close to the sidewalk, we come upon a quaint stone monument commemorating the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766. This is the base of the "Pillar of Liberty," popularly known as **"Pitt's Head,"** which was erected by the Dedham "Sons of Liberty" on the 22d of July, as Dr. Ames recorded in his diary, "in the presence of a vast concourse of people." It supported a tall wooden column, which was subsequently surmounted by a bust of William *Pitt*, carved by one Skilling, a wood-carver of Boston, well known *in his day* through a number of similar busts and figures of his *execution* which adorned the entrances to houses of Boston gran-

dees. In less than three years after its erection the pillar was overthrown in the night time, and after the Revolution both pillar and bust lay unheeded on the ground, "Pitt's Head" a football for the village boys, until they finally disappeared. The original inscriptions on the stone are as follows: —

[Westerly face.]
The Pillar of Liberty
Erected by the Sons of Liberty
in this vicinity.
Laus Deo Regi, et Immunitatⁿ
autoribus q. maxime Patrono
Pitt, qui Rempub rursum evulsit
Faucibus Orci.

[Northerly face.]
The Pillar of Liberty
To the Honor of Willᵐ Pitt Esqr
& other Patriots who saved
America from impending Slav
ry, & confirm'd our most loyal
Affection to Kr George III by pro
curing a Repeal of the Stamp Act,
18th, March, 1766.

Also on the northerly face is this inscription: —

Erected here July 22, 1766
by Doctr Nathl Ames 2nd.
Col. Ebenr Battle, Maj Abijah
Draper & other Patriots friendly
to the Rights of the Colonies at
that day.
Replaced by the Citizens
July 4. 1828.

The tablet on the easterly face, giving the story of the monument in brief, was placed on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town, in 1886.

On Court Street, at the junction with Church Street, is the house in which Horace Mann had his law office when he dwelt in Dedham, between 1828 and 1835. The large white elms on and near Court Street, planted in 1790, challenge the admiration of all tree lovers. The Unitarian Church, on High Street just beyond Pitt's Head, is on or near the site of the first meeting-house of the town, begun in 1638. The present building itself is old. It was built in 1763, the third in line from the first church. It has, to be sure, been repeatedly enlarged and much made over, but it yet retains the fabric of the original. The site of the first school-house, built in 1648, which Dedhamites maintain was the first free public school in the country, supported by taxation substantially as in modern times, is near the Unitarian vestry. Bullard Street, west of High Street, leads toward the ancient burying-ground, where

lies the dust of all the first generation of Dedham settlers. This is the part of the present cemetery bounded by Village Avenue on the north, the Episcopal churchyard on the east, the "new part" on the south, and the main driveway from Village Avenue on the west. The way from the first meeting-house to the burying-ground — the present Bullard Street — was laid out in 1664 and called "Beere Waye." In the wall by the main gate on Village Avenue is set a block of unhammered Dedham stone, with a brass tablet thus inscribed: —

> The Burial Place.
> This portion set apart in 1636. Enlarged in 1638. It was the only burial place for nearly a century. Here were buried Allin, Adams, Belcher, Dexter and Haven, ministers of the church, and Alleyne, Lusher, Dwight, and Fisher, with other founders of the town.

The Orthodox Church (founded in 1822, now the Allin Evangelical Church), on the north side of High Street, stands on or near the site of the house of John Allin, the first minister of Dedham; and also the site of the house built by Parson Belcher, the third minister, afterward occupied by Dexter and Haven, the fourth and fifth ministers.

The mansion-house embowered in trees west of the Orthodox Church is the **Dexter house**, built about 1762 by Samuel Dexter, born in Dedham, son of the fourth minister. Mr. Dexter became a successful merchant in Boston, and upon acquiring wealth retired at the age of forty-five, building and adorning this place. He was a leading man in the Province, and at the approach and outbreak of the Revolution was an influential member of the Provincial Congress. But during the siege of Boston he ceased active connection with affairs, and shortly moved to Connecticut, where the remainder of his life was spent in retirement. "It is commonly stated that he was opposed to concentrating an undisciplined and poorly equipped military force against the British regulars" [Erastus Worthington]. The Dexter house is in exterior form and interior arrangement substantially as built, and in a fine state of preservation. It has the wide hall, broad staircase with elaborate balusters, spacious tiled fireplaces, high-paneled wainscots, and pillared mantels, in the style of the best type of Provincial architecture. In this house the last royal governor, deputy governor, with members of the council of Massachusetts, were entertained; in 1776 General Washington spent a night here when

on his journey to New York after the evacuation of Boston; and during the siege the house was used as a place for the deposit of the Suffolk county records. This estate is now owned by Mrs. Ellen D. Burgess.

The next historic mansion-house is the **Dowse house**, a few rods west of Chestnut Street, more generally known as the Quincy house from its long occupancy by Edmund Quincy, scholar, author, and reformer. It was built about the year 1800 by Edward Dowse, a retired Boston merchant, who amassed a fortune in the China and East India trade. He was a generous and public-spirited gentleman, and made his mansion-house a place of elegant hospitality. Soon after his death, in 1828, the estate passed to Josiah Quincy, 2d, who was a nephew of Mrs. Dowse. Edmund Quincy came with his family to live here in 1840, and it remained his home until his death, in May, 1877. It has since been occupied by his son, Dr. Henry P. Quincy. Its situation, overlooking the river at the back and side, is one of the pleasantest. James Russell Lowell, a close friend of Edmund Quincy and a frequent guest of the house, years ago christened the place "Bankside;" and in his lines upon the death of Quincy he pictured it quite as it appears to-day: —

> "You are still lovely in your new-leaved green;
> The brimming river soothes his grassy shore,
> The bridge is there, the rock with lichens hoar,
> And the same shadows on the water lean,
> Outlasting us."

A little way beyond, and we are at the Great Common at "Connecticut Corner," — **the Training Field** in 1636, as the rough stone set up on the easterly corner is inscribed, — where the first trained band went through its evolutions. Here we turn from High Street, and taking Bridge Street, at the right, follow this way around to the great bend of **the river**. Passing the tennis court on the right, we walk toward the view limned in Lowell's verse, which expands in lovely landscape as we near the bend. Approaching the bridge we get a glimpse across river, to the left, of the beautiful **Nickerson estate**, formerly "Riverdale," the seat of Thomas Motley, Sr., to which he came in 1839, and where his son, the historian, sometime dwelt. The four-arched stone bridge which we cross by the Pumping Station is in place of the "cart bridge" of the early settlers, so called because it was the first bridge over the river for the passage of teams or carts. A foot-bridge preceded it, built in 1637.

A few rods on we come to "the rock with lichens hoar" crowned *with the quaint brick* structure which gives it its name of "Pow-

der House Rock." From the top of this picturesque piece of nature is one of the prettiest views in all the neighborhood — over the tranquil river, the broad meadows, the clustering town, to distant hills. The Powder House dates from 1766, and was built by

View on the Charles River.

the town. Near by the Rock is the place which long went by the name of "The Key." It was the starting-point of the Key Road, one of the first roads made by the original proprietors, dividing the village plain nearly in the middle, and forming the line between the "west end" and the "east end" of the town. On the river's edge is the Dedham Boat Club house.

Now we return to High Street by way of Ames Street, and again reaching the square by the railroad station cross the railroad track and turn into Eastern Avenue, around to the right, for a country walk beyond East Street, a road of the first settlers. On Eastern Avenue we stroll between thick rows of willows which gave the way its earlier and better name of Willow Road. Soon approaching its junction with East Street, the long low sides and sweeping roof of the ancient **Fairbanks house**, beneath great elms, appear in view at the right. This is now the oldest house in Dedham, built, according to the best authorities, about 1650, although *some say* earlier. As we turn the corner into East Street, which *it faces*, we have it in full detail: the main or middle part of two

stories, with pitch roof extending over the leanto at the back to within a few feet of the ground; the two lower wings with gambrel roofs. The entire length of main part and wings is but seventy-five feet. Years ago, we are told by one of its historians,

The Fairbanks House.

an Indian arrow projected from the roof, which had been there, — none of the Fairbanks family then living knew how long. One day it was pulled out in re-shingling, and disappeared. The windows of the house are small and of various sizes; the doorways low; the front entry but eight feet wide and three and one-half feet deep; the rooms low studded and of irregular shape. In the kitchen the beams and rafters show, and the wood-work has turned a "chocolate brown" with age and smoke from the wood fires. In the parlor, a wooden crane still swings over the fireplace. The unique old homestead is filled with antique furniture and interesting family relics. The older part was built by Jonathan Fairbanks, to whom the land on which the house stands was allotted in 1637, and his descendants have always occupied it. The wing on the side toward East Street was added by Jonathan's son Ebenezer, at the time of the latter's marriage, in 1777.

A short distance back on East Street, a few rods north of Barrows Street, is the famous "**Avery Oak**," older than the town. It measures sixteen feet in circumference five feet from the ground, and has an average spread of twenty-five feet, while some of its branches extend over the ground thirty-five or forty feet from the *trunk. When the builders* of the frigate Constitution, grand old

"Ironsides," were seeking ship's timber for it, they coveted this oak, but the owner would not sell, declining an offer of seventy dollars, large for that time. The tree is now the property of the Dedham Historical Society, by deed of conveyance from the owner of the estate on which it stands (the Avery homestead from 1650 to about 1800), executed in 1886, and its preservation is thus assured. In another part of East Street, going south, is the so-called **Farrington Elm**, fifteen feet in circumference, which family tradition makes one hundred and seventy-five years old.

From the Fairbanks house we follow East Street south for some distance, passing through the village of Endicott, to Canton Street, about an eighth of a mile beyond the New England railroad bridge. Here we turn, taking Canton Street toward Purgatory Swamp. Off to the right of East Street before the railroad is reached lies Wigwam Pond (by the natives pronounced Wigum), with **Wigwam Swamp**; and nearer Canton Street, Little Wigwam Pond. **Green Lodge Street**, which first branches off from East Street beyond the railroad, leads over toward Ponkapog in Canton, crossing the Neponset River by Green Lodge Station, on the Providence Division, main line, and is one of the beautiful tree-lined roads, with a mile of willows, of this region. **Canton Street** crosses the river lower down, and connects with Dedham Street in Canton, leading toward the town centre. It also has beautiful parts, and from one point especially, — just before our turn to enter Purgatory, where the land on one side of the street begins to fall away toward the river, — it affords a rare open view across country to the Blue Hills and the highlands of Sharon.

The turn toward **Purgatory Swamp** is made into a short lane near the Everett Street junction, passing in front of the "Eleazer White place." The swamp lies just beyond the ridge. Here is an extensive area of wild swamp, and upland, and woods, which was given the name of Purgatory by the earliest settlers. In their time this and Wigwam Swamp were "dismal places and resorts of wild beasts;" where wolves and wild-cats congregated and raided on the young cattle in the "herd walks," or common pastures, near by. From these haunts the "wolf howl" was plainly heard in the village. The Purgatory tract extends beyond the Dedham border into Westwood, Norwood, and Canton. The Fowl Meadows of the Neponset adjoin it, stretching off to the southward. In the early days quantities of wild fowl from a distance visited these meadows during spring freshets.

Purgatory is now the Mecca of the botanists of Eastern Massachusetts. Within its quiet depths the finest of our spring beauties are found. The bloodroot, hepatica, anemone, anemonella,

caltha, start the procession which passes in review from spring until autumn: violets, white, blue, and yellow, here a copse studded with the pink-fringed polygala, there a clump of maiden-hair ferns, rare woodwardias, and botrychiums, large-flowered, painted, and nodding trilliums, Canada and Philadelphia lilies, clintonias, Solomon's seal in variety, grasses, sedges in abundance, rare ferns, club-mosses, liverworts, mosses and lichens in profusion, and in wet seasons the greatest array of mushrooms to be seen in this section of the State. The yellow cypripedium, or lady's-slipper, was once abundant, but it has now entirely disappeared, dug up and carried away by some vandal. The kalmia, or mountain laurel, still remains, but it seldom arrives at the blooming state and bids fair to be exterminated by Boston churches for Christmas decorations. Occasionally a spring beauty or claytonia, tiarella, dalibarda, wake-robin, and other plants of a more northern limit, which had been set out to become naturalized, are brought out from the swamp by an enthusiastic botanist. A mystical place here is "Hitchings's Garden," where the botanist, E. H. Hitchings, once set out cart-loads of "foreign" plants. This is, speaking generally, in the northwest part of the swamp, but whenever a botanist brings out a rare "find" from any part it is proclaimed to be from "Hitchings's Garden."

In trees we find in Purgatory white, black, red, scarlet, chestnut, white-swamp and scrub oaks; quantities of chestnut trees; various varieties of willows; poplars; numerous shaggy yellow birches; pines, white, pitch, and yellow; beautiful hemlocks, larches, cedars; large patches of low juniper; and the only representative of the yew family, — the little procumbent taxus canadensis, or American yew. The great swamp is traversed by wood roads and numerous wood paths through straggling brush. We should take a compass with us when entering so that our "stay" may not be too prolonged, since it is easy to get lost here.

Purgatory explored, we take **Everett Street,** on its northern border, and, turning westward, strike into Westwood. Now we are bent, by country roads, to Fox Hill. We follow zigzag Everett Street for some distance, crossing the New England Railroad and passing **Ellis Station,** — where yet stands a famous broad white oak with branches as long as its height, — until we reach the Fisher School-house. Here we turn into Milk Street; then follow Milk to Gay Street; Gay to Fox Hill Street, and up the latter to **Fox Hill summit.** It is a rather long walk over, but cheery with rural charms. From the hill-top the view is fine. To the north is the large and beautiful Town-house and poor-farm, now bequeathed to *Westwood.* To the northeastward the eye wanders over com-

pact Boston city to the harbor and bay, the light, on sunshiny days, striking the white sails of far-off ships. Southeastward appear the Blue Hills, with Hyde Park, Canton, and Sharon across the Neponset Valley.

The old **Clapboard Trees Church**, successor of the first meeting-house of Dedham Third Parish (which included most of the present Westwood), occupies the high ground just south of the hill. The neighborhood has been called Clapboard Trees (locally pronounced Clobbertrees or Clobberhill) since the early days of the settlement: the name having been originally applied to wood lots on the eminence where the meeting-house stands, and lands immediately adjoining on the north and east, upon which the cutting of timber trees for boards to be used for the covering of houses was allowed under special permits of the early town authorities. To the west of Fox Hill is **High Rock** in a picturesque region. On the road to Medfield is the curious rock-formation known as the **Devil's Oven**, or by the more prosaic name of the Oven's Mouth, while just back of this is the **Moll Pitcher Tree**, described by Wilson Flagg as the largest and finest hemlock in Eastern Massachusetts. In the serene village are two ancient houses of especial interest, — the **Colburn and Baker houses**, the former about one hundred and ninety years old.

We may reach Dedham Village, where we are to take the steam or electric car back to Boston, by way of High Street, elm-lined through Westwood, or by Gay Street to Washington Street, on which electric cars run. If we happen to hit "stage time," and are without bicycle, we can ride over the High Street route by the wagon which constitutes the regular stage line between Westwood and Dedham station. The distance over by High Street is about two and a half miles.

There are several charming by-walks in Dedham, — to and about Mother Brook; by the rivers; into the western part and Sandy Valley. Beautiful trees are found in all sections of the town. Besides those which we have passed, the list of exceptional or famous ones includes the drooping white elm at Stone Haven, the large and symmetrical black oak at Riverdale, and the great shad bush, over thirty feet high, in Sandy Valley.

Quincy.

From Boston to Quincy by steam car [N. Y., N. H. & H., Old Col. Div.], 8 miles; fare, 15 cents. Return from Wollaston Heights (same line); fare, 13 cents.

From Boston to Atlantic by steam car (same line), 5.4 miles; fare, 11 cents. Return by electric cars (Boston & Quincy to Neponset, and West End, Field's Corner and Cross-Town lines); fare, 10 cents.

Walk a [No. 45]. In and about Quincy Centre, passing old landmarks, — the Stone Temple with the tombs of the Presidents, the ancient graveyard, and historic homesteads; along highways and by-ways past more old mansions; across to the original Mount Wollaston; round about Merry Mount Park on the water-side; to Wollaston Heights and the site of Hutchinson's house. By-walk from Quincy Centre to Germantown.

Walk b [No. 46]. To Squantum Head and return.

Quincy embraces Mount Wollaston, where a plantation was begun five years before the coming of Winthrop's company by one Captain Wollaston with a few "persons of good standing," and which a year or so later, after Wollaston's departure for Virginia, became the "Ma-re," or Merry Mount of Thomas Morton, whose "revels and merriment" on the hill led to his overthrow by the Pilgrims, and subsequent banishment by the Bay Colony rulers. In 1634 its territory, in common with that of the present towns of Braintree and Randolph, was assigned to Boston by the General Court for the "convenient enlargement" of that town, the men of consequence among the incoming settlers desiring lands where they might "keep store of cattle;" and it remained under the jurisdiction of Boston until 1640, when it was incorporated as the town of Braintree. In 1708, when the Braintree settlement had expanded, this part became the North Precinct of Braintree, and eighty-four years later it was set off by itself as an independent town with its present name. It became a city in 1889. Quincy is most conspicuous in the popular mind as the birthplace and burial-place of the two Presidents Adams, the birthplace of John Hancock, and the home of the distinguished Quincy family, for a member of which, Colonel John Quincy, it was named. It was the place where granite quarries were first opened with drills, the first work being by Solomon Willard to obtain granite for the Bunker Hill Monument; and the place of the first railroad in the country, contrived by Gridley Bryant for the removal of this granite to the shipping-point. When its territory was taken for Boston, in 1634, large grants of its land were made to a few individuals; John Wilson, minister of the Boston church, Edmund Quinsey, the progenitor of the Quincy family, then a leading man among the colonists, and William Coddington, then treasurer of the colony, subsequently the "father of Rhode Island," each receiving 1000 acres. Soon after further grants, each of many acres, were made to Atherton Hough, sometime mayor of Boston, England, a leading man in the company who came out with John Cotton, whose name is perpetuated in "Hough's Neck;" to William Hutchinson, the husband of Anne Hutchinson; to John Wheelwright, first minister at Mount Wollaston, who had in England been the college classmate and friend of Cromwell, who was here a close friend of Harry Vane, and after his exile with Coddington and others, when Mistress Hutchinson was banished for proclaiming the doctrine of the "covenant of grace and works," became the founder of Exeter, N. H.; while several allotments known as "Brethren's Lots" were marked out for the "common people." These great grants were slowly broken, and goodly shares of several of them remained in the families of the grantees through generations. Quincy lies pleasantly on Quincy Bay, extending over rolling lands back from the water, on one side into the Blue Hills region. The city is divided into a number of distinct quarters: — *Quincy Centre, Hough's* Neck, Germantown, Quincy Point, South Quincy *or Quincy Adams,* West Quincy, Wollaston Heights, Norfolk Downs, North *Quincy, Atlantic,* and Squantum.

Walk a. We take the short street back of the railway station to the square on Hancock Street, where our walk begins after we have inspected the Stone Temple — the "Church of Statesmen," as it has been called — and the old village burying-ground with its numerous memorials of colonial worthies and its ancient graves. The Stone Temple is the third church in line from Wheelwright's

The Stone Temple.

little stone "Chappel of Ease," the first meeting-house at Mount Wollaston, set up early in 1637. It stands on the remnant of the old village green or training-field, close to the site of the third house, built in 1737, during the pastorate of John Hancock, son of Parson Hancock, of Lexington, and father of Governor John Hancock, and not far from the site of the second house of 1666, which was on ground by the Second Congregational Church on Hancock Street, supposed to be near the place of the "Chappel of Ease." In the third house, which stood for nearly a century, President John Adams, President John Quincy Adams, and Governor John

Hancock were baptized, generations of Adamses and Quincys worshiped, and the funeral services at the burial of President John Adams in 1826 were held; while the present building is distinguished as the burial-place of the two Presidents whose ashes lie, with those of their admirable wives, in massive stone tombs beneath it.

The church is not open to the public, but we may obtain entrance upon application to the sexton, who lives hard by; or perhaps through some city official to be found in the granite city hall opposite. If we are fortunate in securing this privilege we shall find ourselves in one of the most striking of church interiors of its period. On either side of the high pulpit, with its silken background, are the mural monuments, elaborately inscribed, commemorating John and Abigail Adams, and John Quincy and Louisa Catherine Adams; on the left wall a brass plate to the memory of John Wheelwright, the banished first pastor at Mount Wollaston; on the west wall tablets to Peter Whitney, the eighth minister, and William Parsons Lunt, the ninth minister. The bust of John Adams, surmounting the tablet to his memory, is the work of Greenough; that of John Quincy Adams, over his monument, is by Powers. This church was built of granite from quarries given to the town by ex-President John Adams toward the close of his long life, with the request that a "temple" be erected from their stone; hence its name. It was completed in 1828. The low chapel built on at the rear, giving an agreeable finish to the structure, is of much later date.

The old burying-ground nearly opposite the Stone Temple is contemporary, probably, with the first settlement of Braintree, although the oldest date found on a headstone (at the grave of William Tompson, the first minister of the church regularly organized after the banishment of Wheelwright) is no earlier than 1666. It is a carefully kept inclosure now, adorned with trees, shrubs, and vines, but for nearly two centuries it was a treeless waste, an open pasture for cattle which trampled the graves and overturned many of the stones. Then a day came when a few good citizens were moved to prevent further sacrilege, and, purchasing the right of "herbage and pasturage," they gave the town a deed of the ground, conditioned upon the prohibition forever of its use as a pasture. Some years later it was given the name of Hancock Cemetery.

The number of distinguished graves in this small yard is notable. Nine ministers of the first church, with members of their families, are here buried, seven of them — John Hancock among the number — in the ministerial tomb. The headstone of Parson

Tompson's grave records that "He was a learned, solid, sound divine, whose name and fame in both Englands did shine." The tomb of Henry Flynt, the first "teacher" of the church, bears date of 1668. By his side lies "the body of Margery, his beloved consort . . . a gentlewoman of piety, prudence, and peculiarly accomplished for instructing young gentlewomen, many being sent to her from other towns, especially from Boston." Near these graves is the tomb of Dr. Leonard Hoar, third president of Harvard College, who died in 1675, Mather says, from a consumption, brought on by grief over his "hard and ill usage" by the college students. This displays an elaborate epitaph "wrote for the Tomb of Leonard Hoar Doctour of Phisicks." Headstones close by mark the common grave of Dr. Hoar's mother, — Joanna, widow of Charles Hoar, sheriff of Gloucester, England, who came out with her five children in 1640, — and his wife Bridget, daughter of John, Lord Lisle, who drew the indictment and sentence of Charles I, "and was murdered at Lausanne in 1664, and of Lady Alicia Lisle, who was beheaded by the brutal judgment of Jeffries, in 1685." The most conspicuous monument is the shaft above the mound rising from the entrance to the "Tomb of Josiah Quincy, 1784," to the young lawyer and patriot leader, Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, who died in April, 1775, at thirty-one, on shipboard almost in sight of his native coast, when returning from his mission as confidential agent to London of the Patriot party. The epitaph, written by John Quincy Adams, recounts his virtues — "brilliant talents, uncommon eloquence, and indefatigable application," which "raised him to the highest eminence in his profession. His early enlightened, inflexible attachment to the cause of his country is attested by monuments more durable than this, and transmitted to posterity by well-known productions of his genius."

Other tombs of especial interest here are those of Henry Adams, the immigrant ancestor of the Adams family, "who took his flight from the Dragon persecution in Devonshire, in England, and alighted with his eight sons on Mount Wollaston;" of the son Joseph, who remained at this place and became one of the original proprietors of Braintree; of his descendant, John Adams, the father of the President; of the first Edmund Quincy; and of Richard Brackett, who, with Alice his wife, arrived in New England previous to 1630, "filled many offices civil, military, and religious," and from whom all of the name in the country descended.

Having now "done" the "Church of Statesmen" and this *historic* burial-place, we turn first toward the birthplace of statesmen, — *the* ancient houses still standing in which John Adams and

John Quincy Adams were born. These are in South Quincy, at the junction of Franklin Street, Independence and Presidents avenues. The most direct way to them is by Hancock Street (to the right as we come out of the burying-ground), School and Franklin streets, or along the line of the Braintree, Randolph, and Holbrook electric cars. A pleasanter way, however, is the longer one, through Washington Street to Elm Street, Elm to School Street, and so into Franklin Street. This takes us along shady sidewalks for a good share oft he distance, and by houses of interest.

Washington Street passes behind the Stone Temple and goes over to Quincy Point, thence continuing to Weymouth. Coddington Street, starting east from Washington Street, almost directly behind the church, is the way to Hough's (pronounced by Quincy folk Huff's) Neck, and is the street at which the by-walk to Germantown begins. A little way out it makes into Sea Street, which skirts Mount Wollaston and follows Quincy Bay front to the approach to Manet Beach. Electric cars run over it, the line finishing near the Quincy Yacht Club house. In going to Germantown turn is made from Sea Street some distance this side of Hough's Neck into Palmer Street, opening at the right, opposite Quincy Woods. Palmer Street leads into a refreshingly rural region, passes alongside of Town River Bay, and brings up by the Sailors' Snug Harbor, the home for worn-out or disabled tars.

Taking Washington Street back of the church to the right, we soon pass, on the left, the **Crane Memorial Hall**, or Thomas Crane Public Library, a piece of H. H. Richardson's architectural work, well set in green-framed grounds. It is built of Easton granite with trimmings of Longmeadow brown-stone, red terra-cotta tiles and ledge saddles for roof covering, and is one of the chief ornaments of the city.

This building, completed in 1882, was a gift to the municipality from the descendants of Thomas Crane, a Quincy stone-cutter, who subsequently made a fortune in New York through dealing in granite. In accepting the offer to erect the structure, the town voted to name it as above, and also to give the name of Thomas Crane to the free town library, established about ten years before (in 1871). It has a capacity of 60,000 volumes, and the collection here housed already reaches nearly half that number. It embraces the collections of the Quincy Lyceum, the Adams Literary Association, the Quincy Agricultural Library, the Quincy Book Club, and several hundred volumes given by the late Charles Francis Adams, Sr.

A short walk beyond brings us to the Town Brook, which courses through the centre of the city. Here let us turn into Canal Street, at the left, and, following it down to Brackett Street on the right, take a look at the old **Brackett homestead**, the oldest part of *which (the northwest* end) dates from about 1641. It is the first

house on the right after passing Brackett Street. We see in this a goodly-sized dwelling with the old-fashioned small panes of glass in the windows. Some antiquarians have conjectured that this house is within the limits of Parson Wheelwright's grant of 1636.

Now returning to Washington Street, a little way farther on we come to Elm Street, on the right. Midway along Elm Street toward School Street, we pass, on the right, the large white house of stately proportions, within a grove of beautiful trees, long known as the Miller place, and now the home of Dr. William Everett. Across the way is the old Ruggles house, at the corner of South Street, one of the oldest houses in Quincy, and now an Adams house, occupied by Miss Elizabeth C. Adams and Isaac Hull Adams. The ancient part is at the rear, — the original house built, it is said, about 1641. Elm Street is one of the old roads, and originally led to "Captain Richard Brackett's Landing." The southerly end of the old "Miller's stile-path" still crosses the "Town Brook" at the side of Dr. Everett's place. The stile, formerly on Canal Street, has disappeared.

The walk beyond Elm Street, through School and Franklin streets to the Adams homesteads, is not interesting, nor, fortunately, is it long. We come upon these quaint old structures suddenly, at the junction of roads in front of thick-set modern houses.

The ancient Adams Homesteads.

The first is the ancient farm-house made over, in which John Adams was born. The second, in the triangular lot, larger and broader than the other, but with the same characteristics, is the "*cottage*" to which Abigail Adams in her Letters refers, where John Quincy Adams was born. The latter engages our attention,

to the exclusion of the former, because of its restoration by the Quincy Historical Society, into whose hands it came, a gift from the present Charles Francis Adams. Without we see the old-fashioned finish, and the yard with the great well-sweep; within we have the rooms brought as close as possible to their original aspect, with ancient furnishings, furniture, and relics. The house dates from 1716. It was at the time of Abigail Adams's Letters but one room deep, of two stories with attic, the long leanto and additional rooms having been added at a later period. It stands now restored, a fine reproduction of old-style building. The house is open to the public for a small fee.

Penn's Hill, from the summit of which Abigail Adams and her son John Quincy Adams, then a lad, saw the smoke of the Battle of Bunker Hill, lies a little way beyond to the left. A tablet is placed on this summit. Presidents Avenue is a short street leading back to Water Street and the Quincy Adams station on the railroad. West Quincy and East Milton electric cars from Franklin Street run through Water Street. At West Quincy is the Quincy entrance to the Blue Hills Reservation.

We are to return to Quincy Centre, and we might well ride back by electric car. Again in the square, we now proceed up Hancock Street. We are moving off from the business parts and along a broad way with houses of ripe years on either side, generally with fair spaces about them. On the right, for example, near Saville Avenue, is the Deacon Saville house, dating from 1820; on the left, upon which side we are walking, the Brackett house, with a foreground of trees, built by Samuel Brackett in 1827, and still occupied by Bracketts. On the upper corner of Dimmock Street we come to the **Adams Academy,** the neat structure of stone and brick, with gables and slender spire, occupying the site of Parson Hancock's house, in which Governor John Hancock was born. The parsonage was burned down many years ago.

This academy was founded by ex-President John Adams, who in 1822 gave property to the town to hold until a fund had accumulated to a sufficient amount for the erection of a suitable academy building. After more than half a century had passed the present building was erected, and the academy opened in 1872, with the late W. R. Dimmock, LL. D., as master. Dr. Dimmock was succeeded by Dr. William Everett, who, upon his election to Congress in 1893, was in turn succeeded by the present master, William R. Tyler. It was John Adams's express desire that the academy should be a classical school of high order, and it has been so conducted, preparing many boys for the leading American colleges.

Above the academy Adams Street branches off to the left, and makes its winding way over to Milton. This was the old road to *Boston by way of Milton* Hill before the turnpike into which Han-

cock Street extends was laid out. We are to take it to pass the most famous of the Adams houses, with other landmarks. But we should first walk up Dimmock Street to President's Hill, where, on Goffe Street, is the mansion-house built by the late Charles Francis Adams, Sr., in 1841, and long occupied by him as his summer home. Behind the estate are pleasant views from the hillslope across the old Cranch and Mt. Ararat meadows. We may follow Goffe Street to Adams Street, or return to Hancock Street and take Adams Street at its beginning.

The most famous **Adams house** is the mansion of long front and gabled wings in the bend of Adams Street just over the railroad bridge, above the corner of Newport Avenue. This was President John Adams's Quincy homestead from 1787 until his death. "In it, in the same room, was celebrated the golden wedding of himself, and the golden weddings of his son and his grandson" (Charles Francis Adams). The place was originally the country seat of Leonard Vassall, a West India planter; and Vassall's house, built in 1730, — small, containing only parlors and sleeping-rooms, the domestic apartments being in a separate building at the back, after the fashion of tropical houses, — is the nucleus of this mansion composed of repeated additions. Vassall being a royalist, his estate was sequestered in the Revolution. The old style embellishments of the ample grounds befit the ancient house. The aged chestnut, with its six rugged branches from the low trunk, close to the entrance gate, may be of Vassall's day; and the fine elms above it are full of years. Behind the house spread fertile fields through which runs Furnace Brook, a jocund stream. The interior of the house is most interesting. Much old furniture and furnishings are retained. Besides the room "paneled from floor to ceiling in solid San Domingo mahogany" (in the Vassall house part of the mansion), which Charles Francis Adams describes, are other quaintly finished apartments. The short flagging from gate to entrance door covers the path which generations of Adamses have trod. The estate is now occupied by Brooks Adams, a great-grandson of the first President Adams. To the left and rear is a small but substantial stone building containing the family library and archives, in all not less than twenty thousand volumes.

A type of the fine mansion-house of the late Provincial period is the **Beale house**, which we pass next above the older Adams house, in quite as extensive and beautiful grounds. Furnace Brook continues on its course through this estate, giving picturesque touches to the landscape. An ancient sluiceway is over yonder by the gate. A few rods beyond, a lane opens at the right, while Adams Street turns sharply to the left, passing the old Greenough place. As we

walk on, **Forbes Hill**, called Third Hill in early days, appears off to the right and the prospect broadens. Forbes Hill is now a public reservation. It is reached from Adams Street farther along, by way of the road passing Eaton's icehouse to the right. Among its charming features are its twin ponds, — Eye-glass Pond, — connected by a brook, and refreshing springs. Presently we come to an open field on the right, in which, back from the sidewalk, we observe the ruins of an old cellar. Here, we are told, once stood the Cherry Tree Tavern, a "very lively inn in its day, at which the 'bloods' of old times used to meet to witness cock-fights," and indulge in other rough sports. About an eighth of a mile farther on is a crude mile-stone thus marked: —

B
9
1730
IN

The initials stand for Isaac Newcomb, who marked and placed this stone. He lived in the old house opposite, now modernized.

It would be pleasant to follow Adams Street into East Milton, but we must return to the first bend by the old Adams house, from which we are to make our way over to the "Merry Mount" region. Recrossing the railroad bridge we take Bridge Street, and crossing Hancock Street enter Butler Road in the direction of the ancient hill.

The mansion-house on Hancock Street facing Bridge Street, by the side of which Butler Road passes, represents the original **Quincy homestead** of the early settlement. Some portion of the house erected by the first Edmund Quincy about 1634, — of one story with a large attic, — is undoubtedly incorporated with the mansion as it now stands. The additions were made in 1705. It is said to be on or about the home lot of Coddington, which came into Quincy's possession by purchase. In the first grants of land the Mount Wollaston bay front was assigned to Quincy and Coddington; and "this home lot," says the present Charles Francis Adams, "between the brook and the pond, and near tide landing, with meadows on every hand, was the prize place of the plantation." The original grant to Quincy of a thousand acres Mr. Adams defines as "a broad strip of land bordering on the sea, and extending from Sachem's Brook in the north part to a point beyond Mount Wollaston." Generations of Quincys have lived in this old mansion-house. Here in 1709 was born Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Judge Edmund and Dorothy (Flint) Quincy, the "Dorothy Q." celebrated in Holmes's verse, whose granddaughter *became the mo*ther of Holmes. The Dorothy Quincy who

married John Hancock in 1775 was a descendant of "Dorothy Q." Many worthies of colonial and Provincial days were guests here. Judge Sewall concludes the record of a hard journey up from Plymouth on a rainy day in March, 1712: "the day and I were in a manner spent and I turned in to Cousin Quinsys. . . . Lodged in the chamber next the Brooke." The stream is the same Furnace Brook which passes through the old John Adams place, its name here changed to Black's Creek. A flight of rough stone steps comes up from it at the back of the house, for use in landing from boats in the earliest days. For many years the late Peter Butler occupied this mansion-house.

Mount Wollaston summit, the **Merry Mount** of Morton, where his Maypole of 1627 was set up, and the May party held which was his undoing, lies beyond Butler Road within the estate of the late John Quincy Adams, now occupied by his widow. It is therefore not accessible to the public, but a good look at it can be had from the road at which the driveway to the place begins. On the farther side of the mound is "hangman's tree," the ancient dead pine of which grewsome tales are told, now pictured on the city seal of Quincy.

Park Street, into which Butler Road leads, takes us across the creek to **Merrymount Park**, where we may stroll over an expanse of wooded highland, through rural paths, or along the delightful water side with its fine views. Coming out ultimately at the upper end of the ball ground by Merrymount Avenue, on Hancock Street, we follow the main road for a few rods to the avenue of elms (now with car tracks) at the right, in the so-called Wollaston Park, above the end of which, on the left, is the second historic Quincy mansion-house. On the way to this avenue we pass, on the corner of Hancock and Webster streets, the cottage house in which Fletcher Webster, Daniel Webster's son, lived for many years; hence the name of the side street. Wollaston Avenue, at the right from Hancock Street, leads in the direction of the National Sailors' Home (established in 1866 for disabled sailors, mariners, and others employed in the Naval service), occupying a sightly position overlooking the sea.

There are two **Quincy mansion-houses** at and near the end of the avenue of elms. The large one at the right, which has been known as the "Quincy mansion" for fifty years, was built in 1828, by Josiah Quincy, grandfather of Josiah Quincy of to-day (Mayor of Boston, 1896–97). It is an elaborate structure with stuccoed walls and painted a light cream yellow. A girls' boarding-school *at present* occupies it. The other house,—the historic Quincy *mansion*,—is on the left, beyond and to the north of the elm ave-

nue. This was built by Colonel Josiah Quincy in 1770, replacing a house upon the same site which had been destroyed by fire. Here Colonel Quincy lived and died, and here lived and died his grandson, President Quincy, of Harvard College. It is of a handsome Colonial type, somewhat obscured now by the modern houses which press close about it; and in its day, with its gardens and orchards, it must have been a most attractive centre-piece of a beautiful domain. The interior of the house is charming, and preserves its period wonderfully in all the woodwork, fire-places, stairs and halls. Above, to the northwest, runs Sachem's Brook, the boundary of the original Quincy grant.

From this mansion-house we take the upper road back to Hancock Street, and crossing the latter enter Beale Street, which goes over to Wollaston Heights, a short distance off. At the Heights we have some good views. Just above the railroad, at the junction of streets on the hill, a tablet in the wall of the corner estate bears this inscription: —

This and the neighboring
Wollaston Hills were parts of the
original grant of 600 acres
made by the town of Boston to
William Hutchinson in 1636-7.
His house stood near this spot;
and to it came his wife
Anne Hutchinson
on the seventeenth of April 1638,
when exiled from Massachusetts
by the General Court of the Colony,
and here she tarried for a brief space
while on her way to Rhode Island.

Here our walk ends, and we descend to the railway station at the foot of the hill.

Walk b. We may stop at Atlantic station on our return trip from Wollaston Heights, if we choose, and take this walk to Squantum Head at once. Or instead of taking steam car at the Heights, we may go back to Hancock Street, and there board a Neponset bound electric car which passes by the road to Squantum — Squantum Street — before Atlantic village is reached.

If we make the start at Atlantic station we should cross to Atlantic Street toward the bay (by Atlantic Avenue, at the right of the station, and Newbury Avenue, left turn), so reaching Squantum Street. This Squantum road is an old and long thoroughfare starting in East Milton, and making its way across country with many turns and dips over and around picturesque drumlins, to and through the great Squantum Meadows, beyond which Squantum Head rises. Atlantic Street, a cheerful tree-lined road, through which we walk with a sparkling water view before us, tapers it at a

point but a little way above the marshy meadows. We take it at the left turn. Here it makes a short, straight run between lines of tall trees, then turns sharply to the right past old farm-houses, then strikes the marsh. The finish is about two miles off. The road-line ahead looks hot and dusty, but breezes generally blow here and the dust is not like that of the highway. Though deeply rutted in parts, the roadway has fairly smooth sides which the bicycle can travel with ease. Pleasant views to right and left cheer us as we swing along. The cedar-clad hillock, part way over, around which the road curves, is Noswetuset by name, or Sachem's Knoll, where the Indian sachem on this side of the Neponset is supposed to have dwelt when Myles Standish and his comrades made their visit to Squantum Head in 1621.

We catch sight of the monument on the Head, resembling an old powder-house, some time before it is reached. At the end of the

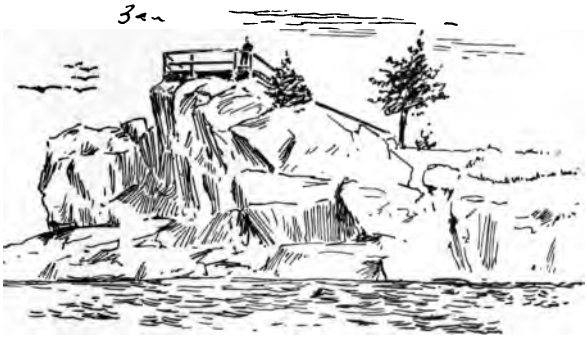
The Standish Monument on Squantum Head.

road we are confronted by a sentinel at the gate, for Squantum Head is now occupied by the city of Boston in connection with the

works at Moon Island; but the gate swings open wide when the guardian recognizes us as friendly visitors. We first clamber up the hill or cliff to the monument occupying the highest point of the promontory. This conical tower of stone gathered on the shore commemorates the landing here of the Plymouth party of eleven men, with their Indian guide, who came up in their shallop on a trading expedition and to explore the country. The inscription reads: —

Captain Myles Standish
with his men guided by the
Indian Squanto, landed here
September 30, 1621.

From this breezy point, nearly one hundred feet above sea level, the eye ranges over an exhilarating harbor view. Thompson's (or Tompson's) Island, where Standish's men first came to anchor and landed, is the nearest island, close by to the north. Making our way down by the farther side of the cliff, covered with a tangle of hardy shrub and rugged cedar, we stroll around by the front of the



Squaw Rock.

old shore tavern, long since dismantled, to Squaw Rock, at the eastern extremity, where we may rest on the benches of the platform chained to this bold sea-seamed crag, and watch the ships go by. The tradition runs that once upon a time a broken-hearted Indian maid threw herself into the sea from the crag, and from this legend it got its name in the early days of the settlement. The Head was *named for the guide* Squantum, but when or by whom there is no-

thing to show. Some settlers were "planted" here three or four years before the Puritans came, probably engaged in the fishing and Indian trade. And from early Provincial times until into the second half of the present century, it was a favorite resort in summer time. During the siege of Boston it was occupied by a company of the Provincial militia.

We must return by the way we came so far as the bend in the road toward Atlantic Street. But from that point we may follow Squantum Street the entire distance over to Hancock Street. Here we take the electric car to Neponset, and at the end of the line step aboard a West End (Field's Corner, Cross-Town car), which brings us back to Boston through the Dorchester District.

Roxbury, Dorchester, South Boston.

From Boston proper to Roxbury District, by electric car, 3 miles; fare, 5 cents. Return from Franklin Park, by electric car; fare, 5 cents.

From Boston proper to Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester District, by electric car, 5 miles; fare, 5 cents. Return from South Boston Point, by electric car; fare, 5 cents.

***Walk a* [No. 47]. In Roxbury; past old landmarks, and by roundabout way to Franklin Park.**

***Walk b* [No. 48]. In Dorchester and about South Boston Point. Covering Meeting-house Hill and neighborhood; Savin Hill; Upham's Corner and the ancient Dorchester burying-ground; Five Corners; the Marine Park.**

Roxbury was first "planted" by William Pynchon (he who later founded Springfield) and sundry others of Winthrop's company, in the summer of 1630, when the colony at Charlestown were obliged "for present shelter . . . to plant dispersedly;" and the first mention of it as a town appears in the records of the Court of Assistants under date of October, that year. It was called Rocksberry or Rocksborough, which early became contracted to Roxbury, because of its rocky hills "up westward." Its territory originally extended eight miles from east to west, and two miles from north to south; and included the present West Roxbury District. The town became a city in 1846, and the city a part of Boston in 1868. Within its limits is Franklin Park, the largest in the chain constituting the Boston Public Parks system. Of its several hills the highest is Parker Hill, in the northwest section.

Dorchester was incorporated at the same time as Boston, in the order of the Court of Assistants passed September 17 (7, old style), 1630. Its first settlers came over in the Mary and John of Winthrop's fleet. It was named for Dorchester in England, in gratitude to the Rev. John White, of that place, an active promoter of Puritan emigration, or from the fact that some of the settlers were from Dorsetshire. It speedily became an important town, three years after the settlement being accounted the largest and wealthiest in the Bay Colony. Its territory then extended nearly thirty-five miles, to within a few rods of the Rhode Island line, and included the present towns of Milton, Canton, Stoughton, Sharon, Foxborough, parts of Hyde Park, and of Wrentham; Squantum in Quincy, Washington Village in Boston, and South Boston. It instituted the first special town government in New England, and its town record book is the oldest in Massachusetts. Situated on Dorchester Bay, an arm of Boston Harbor, and with numerous hills overlooking marine and country views, it has long been a favorite place of suburban residence, and of country seats with gardens and orchards. It has various local divisions: Upham's Corner, Meeting-house Hill, Mount Bowdoin, Field's Corner, Harrison Square, Commercial Point, Dorchester village, Ashmont, Neponset, and Lower Mills.

South Boston, formerly the Dorchester Point of Dorchester, became a part of Boston with its present name in 1804. It then embraced the historic Dorchester Heights, of which nothing is now left but a ragged peak. Its principal attractions are the water-front esplanade terminating the Boston Public Parks system, and the yachting station adjoining the park.

Walk a. Starts at the ancient burying-ground inclosing the tombs of the Dudleys and of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. Accordingly, we go out by electric car, entering the district by *Washington Street* (Norfolk House, Belt Line, or Cross-Town cars *via Washington Street*), stopping off at Eustis Street.

The **Eustis Street Burying-Ground** is a small green spot in an unpicturesque quarter, crowded by unprepossessing buildings, yet worthy of more than a moment's attention. Although its gates are locked, save on Saturday and Sunday afternoons in summer, admittance can be obtained for the asking from the custodian of the key. The Dudley tomb is near the Eustis Street entrance, covered with an oval marble slab which takes the place of the original

Eustis Street Burying-Ground.

plate of pewter, cut out by some American soldiers of the Roxbury camp during the siege of Boston, and run into bullets. In this tomb are buried Governor Thomas Dudley (died in 1653), Governor Joseph Dudley (1720), Chief Justice Paul Dudley (1752), and Colonel William Dudley (1743). The Ministers' or Parish Tomb is near the middle of the yard, and in this are buried with Eliot five other ministers of the First Church, — Thomas Walter, Nehemiah Walter, Oliver Peabody, Amos Adams, and Eliphalet Porter. The wife of Eliot, who died some years before him, was the first to be placed in this tomb. Among the few epitaphs here is one of Benjamin Thomson "learned schoolmaster & physician & ye renowned poet of N Engl.," an early master of the Roxbury School, who died in 1714. The oldest headstone is at the grave of a child of Samuel Danforth, the colleague of Eliot, with date 1653.

At the time of the siege of Boston, a redoubt extended from Eustis Street across Washington Street, then the only road out from Boston, which was called the Burying-Ground Redoubt.

Roxbury retained a number of historic mansion-houses long after it became a city, and for some time after its absorption by Boston it was locally famed for its numerous extensive estates with embellished grounds. Several of the latter class are yet found in different parts of the district, but nearly all of the historical places have disappeared. Between the neighborhood of the old burying-ground and Eliot Square, to the south, where the First Parish Church stands, was, broadly speaking, the centre during town life. Just north of Eustis Street, with a front on Dudley Street, stood the grand mansion-house of Governor Shirley, and later the seat of Governor Eustis, from which latter circumstance Eustis Street was named in 1825. On Warren Street (reached from Eustis Street by way of Harrison Avenue, which makes into it), a short walk above Dudley Street, was the **Warren homestead**, in which General Joseph Warren was born, now marked by a stone house built in 1846 by the eminent Dr. John Collins Warren, as the tablets set in its front state: —

On this spot stood the house erected in 1720, by Joseph Warren of Boston, remarkable for being the birthplace of General Joseph Warren, his grandson, who was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

John Warren, a distinguished physician and anatomist, was also born here. The original mansion being in ruins, this house was built by John C. Warren, M. D., son of the last named, as a permanent memorial of this spot.

This house is on the left side of the street opposite a little square at the junction of pleasant streets, in which it is proposed one day to place a statue of General Warren.

On Kearsarge Avenue opening from Warren Street just below the Warren place, was the home of the late Admiral John A. Winslow, commander of the Kearsarge, destroyer of the Alabama.

Taking Dudley Street from Warren, and going south, we pass on the right side, at the junction with Washington Street, the Dudley lot, on which the Dudley mansion stood from colonial days until just after the Battle of Bunker Hill, when it was razed to make way for the military works erected at this point. The site was occupied for a long period by the First Universalist meeting-house, set in a spacious public green; and after that dignified building was unfortunately burned down a few years ago, the temporary one-storied block of stores was built over the green. John Eliot's house — of two stories, with porch in the middle of the front, and gambrel roof — stood in the rear of the present People's Bank building, on the corner of Dudley and Washington streets, and facing the first Governor Dudley house. It was an ancient landmark when removed. The apostle's garden extended over a considerable piece of ground. *The old-style* mansion-house, with spacious yard and

stately trees, on the left of Washington Street, facing the square at the crossing of Dudley Street (where stood a fine old elm until the spring of 1897, when it was ruthlessly cut down), makes a striking picture in this place of modern frame. It was the homestead of the Dunbar family, and is now occupied by a club. Though not "historic," it is the most interesting house of the neighborhood.

We go up Dudley Street to **Eliot Square**, adorned by the old church of the "First Religious Society in Roxbury" gathered in 1632, now Unitarian. This is the fourth meeting-house on the site of the first "rude, unbeautiful" structure in which Eliot preached for forty-two years of his long service of nearly sixty years. Though built in the present century (1804) it is of the Provincial style, and in its various remodelings it has not lost its distinguishing characteristics. The previous house, used as a signal station during the siege, was a target for the British guns, and it was pierced by many bullets, one passing through the belfry. The square has yet something of an old-fashioned air in keeping with the church. The picturesque gambrel-roofed mansion-house on the north side, opposite the upper end of the church green, was originally the parsonage, built before 1750 by Oliver Peabody, fifth minister, and after his death in 1752, occupied by his successors, Amos Adams and Eliphalet Porter, successively, for a period of eighty years. During the siege it was the headquarters of General Thomas, commanding the Roxbury wing of the besieging army. It is now the Dillaway house, having for many years belonged to the Dillaway family, by whom it has been carefully preserved. At the foot of the square, reset against the building here, is the ancient "Parting Stone," placed by Paul Dudley in 1744, marked on the left side "Dedham X Rhode Island," on the right side "Cambridge, Watertown." It is to be hoped that time will wear off the garish paint which has been supplied in its "restoration," and restore it to its primitive gray.

We now turn into Highland Street from the south side of the square and follow this hillside way to the site of "**Roxbury Upper Fort**," marked by the tall white Cochituate Water Pipe. This is one of the handsome old streets, and in the houses on either side we have something of the old-time style of Roxbury dwellings. On the lower part of the estate of the late Nathaniel J. Bradlee, behind the stately white house of pillared front, was the lower fort built by General Harry Knox. Fort Street leads up to the sightly hill-top which has been given the name of Highland Park. Until the building of the Water Pipe in 1869 the *fort* was well defined, — one of the best-preserved, says Winsor, of *all the* Revolutionary defenses; and its leveling at that time, —

needless, as he truly says, — was greatly regretted by many citizens. Its reproduction is contemplated by the city of Boston. To the right of the grounds as we ascend we observe the heavy granite tablet placed by the city, and read upon it this inscription: —

On this eminence stood
Roxbury High Fort
a strong earthwork planned by
Henry Knox and Josiah Waters
and erected by the American Army
June 1775 — crowning the famous
Roxbury lines of investment at
the Siege of Boston.

Standing back to this tablet and looking through the street opposite, we have a dainty view of a bit of Boston topped by the

Site of Roxbury Upper Fort.

glistening State House dome. From other parts of the hill the *view is contracted by* the house-tops nearly surrounding it.

From Fort Street, a few steps down, we turn into Beech Glen Street, which partly circles the park and extends to Highland Street, farther on, in its curves affording views of distant hills. Our course from this street is across Highland Street by Hawthorne, Ellis, Thornton, and Oakland streets to Washington Street; across Washington to Dale Street; thence to Walnut Street, right turn, up Walnut Street a few steps to Humboldt Avenue, and thence to **Franklin Park**. This takes us through some attractive parts of the city, and leads us to the park by one of the several boulevards by which it is approached from various directions.

Humboldt Avenue at the start has quite a metropolitan air, with its fine buildings, and numerous houses of ambitious design mark the way as it proceeds parkward. But being without side trees it is hot and glaring in the summer sun. The long walk ends at Seaver Street, and we enter the east side of the park directly opposite the avenue by the Trail Road (so called because it is nearly on the line of the Indian trail first followed by the early settlers between Boston and Plymouth).

To the right of this entrance lie Long Crouch Woods, in which some day a zoölogical garden is to be established. We follow Trail Road, at the left, by a foot-path over the wooded knoll along its side, coming out on Playstead Road, at the right of which is The Playstead. This embraces a playground of about thirty acres, with The Overlook on its western border — a long terrace with front of vine-covered boulders, designed for spectators of athletic sports — and a picturesque shelter building. The Playstead at the north and east, and the Greeting, with its subdivisions, at the south and east, are sections of what is called the ante-park. These ante-park sections, as Sylvester Baxter explains in his "Boston Park Guide," are designed to answer purposes relatively to the main park analogous to those of a forecourt, portico, and reception-rooms, with minor separate openings from them for special uses. The main park is The Country Park, about a mile long and three-fourths of a mile wide, divided from the ante-park sections by the transverse road called Glen Lane. A large part of The Country Park is wooded, the roads and paths through it are rural, and in its treatment the effort has been to preserve its natural aspect. The Circuit Drive, with its branches or loops, touches or passes near its various features, — Schoolmasters' Hill (so called because William and Ralph Waldo Emerson while keeping school in Roxbury lived in a house on the east side *of this* hill), Hagborne Hill, The Wilderness, the meadow called *Ellicottdale*, Juniper Hill, Waittwood, Old Resting Ground, Heath*field*, Rock Milton, Rock Morton, Scarboro Hill, Scarboro Pond,

Nazingdale, Abbotswood, and Refectory Hill. At the latter is the chief park restaurant, a building of elaborate design, with general restaurant, private dining-rooms, pergola with trellised roof, and roof garden. The south side, Blue Hill Avenue entrance, is near Refectory Hill. At this entrance is the starting-point of the park public carriage service. The main entrance is on the north side, by the Parkway near Forest Hills station, with which the Arborway from the Arnold Arboretum connects. The regular entrance to The Playstead is from Walnut Avenue. Other entrances are from Canterbury Street, on the south side, to Circuit Road; from Morton Street, on the west, to Circuit Road; and from Sigourney Street, on the north, by Glen Road to Glen Lane.

Franklin Park covers an area of 527 acres. It has 10 miles of driveways, 19 miles of walks, two miles of bridle-paths, 10 entrances for both drive and foot ways. There are five carriage entrances and two special foot entrances to The Country Park.

We make our exit from the Parkway by Forest Hills station, and return by electric or steam cars.

Walk b. Our starting-point is Meeting-house Hill, and our course in oldest Dorchester. Going out by electric car (Meeting-house Hill lines, from head of Franklin Street) we ride to Eaton Square; or if we prefer steam car (New England road) we stop at Bird Street station, from which it is a short walk to the hill by way of Quincy Street. If we desire to approach the hill from Franklin Park as a continuation of Walk *a* from that point, we follow Columbia Street (opening from Blue Hill Avenue, south-east corner of the park) to Quincy Street, a distance of about a mile, and take Quincy Street to the hill.

The electric-car ride is through Dudley Street from Roxbury to Upham's Corner, and thence through Hancock Street, both old roads. We pass numerous old houses on each, and sites of historic mansions long since swept away. The famous **Swan house** was one of these. It stood on a ledge fronting Dudley Street, right side, within an estate lying between the present Howard Avenue and Magnolia Street. Woodward Park, which Howard Avenue passes, was laid out across the estate. This house, built in 1796 by James Swan, one of the "Boston tea party," active in the Revolution, who lost one fortune, and then made another in France, and afterward spent twenty-two years in a French prison for a debt which, holding to be unjust, he refused to pay or compromise, was as remarkable as its owner. One of its features was a circular parlor, surmounted by a high dome, and having three mirror-windows; another was a Marie Antoinette room, with draperies and furniture said to have belonged to the unhappy queen, whom

Swan, it was also said, was in a scheme to save; and other parts of the house were furnished with rich material from the sacked houses of the French nobility. Here Madam Swan lived and entertained in state, while her husband was in the French prison. Lafayette, when on his last American tour in 1825, was her guest, received with elegant ceremony. Generals Knox and Jackson were near friends of the Swans, and Jackson was buried on the estate, his tomb being at the end of a lane of lilac bushes leading from the house. It was removed when the park was laid out. A little way beyond this site, just over the railroad crossing (by Dudley Street station), is the old **Humphreys house**, on the corner of Dudley and Humphreys streets, one of the most interesting of the ancient houses still standing in Dorchester. It is the homestead of the Humphreys family, first settled here in 1634, and in this structure is preserved a part of the first house. Several generations of Humphreys have been born here. The original Humphreys farm has been so sub-divided that within its limits are to-day the dwellings of three hundred families. At the turn from Dudley to Hancock Street we have a glimpse of the picturesque old Dorchester burying-ground, upon which we shall come later in our walk.

With the great upbuilding of Dorchester since its annexation to Boston, the cutting of streets through homestead lots and large family estates, the erection of lines of dwellings where before were groves, wooded hill-slopes, pastures, and meadows, transforming the place from a sedate rural town to a smart and thickening residential district, — with all these changes which have marked its development by real-estate operators and "syndicates," the character of the **Meeting-house Hill** centre has remained quite as in the town life. From Hancock Street we look up, over Eaton Square, with its graceful fountain as centre-piece, and Dorchester Square, or common, above on the hill-slope, with the Soldiers' Monument as its feature, to the new-old meeting-house of colonial build, and the "Lyceum Hall," crowning the hill; while old houses on old streets with handsome trees make the side frame to the pleasing picture.

Of the streets entering or passing through Eaton Square, Adams Street is the east side thoroughfare to the Lower Mills Village and across the Neponset to Milton Lower Mills; Bowdoin Street, into which Hancock Street makes, leads over to Mount Bowdoin, one of the highest elevations in Dorchester and commanding varied water views, and there joins Washington Street, the west side thoroughfare to the Lower Mills and Milton; East Street leads into Commercial Street along the water side — on which some dis-

tance out is the Massachusetts Yacht Club house — to Commercial Point. The street-car line continues along Bowdoin and Washington streets, through the Mt. Bowdoin quarter and Ashmont, to the Lower Mills. Out on Washington Street are several old houses of note. At the corner of Washington and Centre streets in what is locally called Old Dorchester village, or Dorchester village, is the Second Congregational Church, dating from 1807, of which Dr. John Codman was minister from the organization of the parish in 1806 until his death in 1847. On Oak Avenue, in the Neponset village quarter, opening from Adams Street, is the Robert Pierce house, the oldest part of which dates from 1640, with stout frame of oak, and the deep windows "closed," the

The ancient Pierce House.

author of "Good Old Dorchester" avers, "with the same wooden shutters which were put up to defend the early occupants from attacks of the Indians."

The fountain in Eaton Square, representing Leda and the Swan, with figures of the four seasons supporting the main basin, is called the Lyman fountain, having been erected (1885) to the memory of Theodore Lyman, mayor of Boston 1834–35.

The **meeting-house** (Unitarian) is a new structure, built in 1896–97 on the lines of the old one, which was burned down in February of the former year. That building had stood for eighty *years, and was the fifth* meeting-house of the First Parish, organ-

ized by the Dorchester colonists before sailing from old Plymouth, England, in 1630. While this building is not an exact reproduction of its predecessor, except in the spire, having more ornamentation, it is in the main a faithful likeness, and constitutes one of the most perfect models of Provincial church architecture. In the vestibule are the old tablets bearing an outline history of the church and the names of its ministers. The pulpit came from the old Boston West Church. The clock is the one given to the society by Governor Gardner in 1816, saved from the fire which consumed the old church. From the rocky summit back of the meeting-house we have a pretty view through the trees over the bay below.

We take High Street, with its rocky sidewalk under old trees, which opens from Church Street on the left side of the meeting-house, to Freeport Street; Freeport Street, right turn, to Pleasant Street; and this street for a short distance to **Savin Hill Avenue**, opening at the right, which starts us on our way to rural Savin Hill. Pleasant Street is another old street, in early times bearing the sweeter name of Green Lane. The house of William Stoughton, the witchcraft judge, stood on the northeast corner of this street and Savin Hill Avenue, on the homestead lot of Colonel Israel Stoughton, of the first settlers, he who built on the Neponset the first water-mill in New England. [See Walk No. 38.] A stone and a large elm marked the site until after Dorchester was added to Boston. The Ashmont and Milton electric cars, coming down Pleasant Street, cross through Savin Hill Avenue to Dorchester Avenue.

Savin Hill Avenue becomes attractive at the base of the hill, which it strikes on the farther side of the railroad (by Savin Hill station). The Tuttle House, which we pass on the left side as the railroad is approached, is not a colonial house, nor so old as it looks; but the magnificent elms in front of it are unmistakably venerable. This house dates from about 1822, and was the first seaside hotel opened in the vicinity of Boston. For half a century, says the historian of "Good Old Dorchester," it was patronized "by the wealthiest and most fashionable Boston families." It was Joseph Tuttle, of this Tuttle House, who gave the hill its present name of Savin, from the thick growth of savin trees once covering it, of which many are yet left grouped over and about the summit. By the early settlers the hill was called Rock or Rocky Hill, and it was "Old Hill" when Tuttle renamed it, so called because it was the first place of settlement.

Let us follow the avenue circling the base of **Savin Hill**, with *its* border of rural estates, some with gardens and hedge lines, and

its fine shading trees, part of the way round; and beyond the turn by the picturesque wooded cliffs in the centre, strike across the green field to the Grampian Way, the upper circling road. Along the avenue we have near water views, while from the upper road the prospect is of wider sweep. Houses against the rocky sides of the summit are thick now, but the long summit itself is yet wooded and wild. At the beginning of the sharp slope of the upper road, Rockland Avenue, by name, but really a lane, opens at the left; and following this lane a few rods we may reach the summit by a final scramble up the rocks to the highest tip, upon which the survey signal is placed. A fine view will reward us. If one wishes it is possible to return by the beach on the southwestern side to the railroad station. This is a great resort for yachtsmen.

At the foot of Grampian Way we are on the avenue again near the railroad. We return to Pleasant Street, and here taking the right turn cross to Stoughton Street, the first opening at the left, by which we shortly reach the ancient burying-ground at Upham's Corner.

This is one of the oldest burying-grounds in New England, and is said to contain the oldest inscription in the country, save one or two in Virginia. This ancient inscription is found on the headstone at the grave of Barnard Capen, who died in 1638, and was the first person buried here. His homestead, built before 1637, is still standing in the old part of the Capen house on Washington Street, nearly opposite Melville Avenue, beyond Mt. Bowdoin. Distinguished graves in this burying-ground are many. Here is the tomb of Judge and Governor Stoughton (1701), repaired by Harvard College in 1828, as marked, with the elaborate inscription in Latin, supposed to have been written by Cotton Mather. Near by is General Humphrey Atherton's tomb, — he who became the highest military officer in the colony, and was buried with great pomp.

Two · trovps · of · hors · with · hime · here · came · svch · worth · his · love · did · crae
Ten · companyes · of · foot · also · movrning · marcht · to · his · grave

The inscription relates in honest detail the record of his virtues and the moral of his life: —

Let · all · that · read · be · svre · to · keep · the · faith · as · he · hath · done
With · Christ · he · livs · now · crowned · his · name · was · Humphrey · Atherton.

In other parts of the yard are tombs of Richard Mather (1669), father of Increase Mather and grandfather of Cotton Mather, with other ministers of the First Parish: Josiah Flint (1680), John Davenport (1730), Jonathan Bowman (1773), Moses Everett (1813), *Thaddeus Mason* Harris (1802); of Governor William Tailer (1732),

of John Foster (1681), the "ingenious mathematician" and first printer of Boston, who is said to have designed the seal "or arms of ye colony;" of Isaac Royall (1739), the founder of the Royall family's fortunes, the memorial here, bearing the carved coat of arms, inscribed with eulogistic biography; of William Pole (1644),

Tomb of Stoughton.

the first village schoolmaster; of James Blake (1750), the annalist. Among the many quaint inscriptions are these, without names: —

Abel his offering accepted is
His body to the grave his soule to blis
On Octobers twentye and no more
In the yeare sixteen hundred 44

Submite submitted to her heavenly King
Being a flower of that æternal spring
Neare 3 years old she dyed in Heaven to waite
The yeare was sixteen hundred 48

A five minutes' walk down Boston Street, on the lower side of the burying-ground, will bring us to the Five Corners; but a pleasanter way and no longer is by Sumner Street, from Stoughton Street just above the yard.

The chief feature of the Five Corners is the old mansion-house *in which* Edward Everett was born. The square here is called *Edward* Everett Square, in recognition of this landmark. From

this point starts Massachusetts Avenue, the great thoroughfare across the South End and the Back Bay district of Boston, through Cambridge, Arlington, and Lexington, finishing at Lexington Green.

The **Everett house** is the old mansion on the corner of Boston Street and Dorchesterway, now hedged in by modern structures, an apartment house covering the garden which once was the pride of the place. Although bereft of its former grandeur it retains a certain dignity, like a worn gentleman of the old school, which distinguishes itself from its fellows. It was nearly half a century old when it became the Everett house, and then had an interesting history. Built in 1745 by an opulent planter from Antigua, Colonel Robert Oliver, it passed upon his death, in 1762, to his

Birthplace of Edward Everett.

son Thomas Oliver, the last lieutenant-governor of the Province, who later built the Lowell mansion-house in Cambridge [see Walk No. 30]. Subsequently it came into the possession of a Lechmere, then of a Vassall, and with the Revolution was confiscated as tory property. It was purchased by the Rev. (afterward Judge) Oliver Everett (brother of the Dorchester minister, Moses Everett), in 1792, and Edward Everett, his second son, was born here two years after. Upon the death of Judge Everett, in 1802, the family moved back to Boston, but this estate remained Everett property until 1833.

Before this house passed to Thomas Oliver he lived in the mansion-house still standing beyond Mt. Bowdoin, on Washington, corner of Park Street, known in later times as the Walter Baker house (celebrated for the fine lawn fronting it) having been the home of the late Walter Baker, founder of the Walter Baker Chocolate Company, for many years until his death,

and of his widow, who long survived him. The Olivers, the Vassalls, and the Lechmeres of Cambridge, and the Royalls of Medford, were allied by marriage.

There are other old houses of various dates in this neighborhood. On Willow Court, which opens from Boston Street below the Corners, a dilapidated way now and shorn of the trees which gave it its name, is the Ebenezer Clapp house, with remnants of the Roger Clap house, of the early settlement, in its frame. This house, of two stories, with central front porch, broad side porch, and gambrel roof, was built in 1750, and ranked with the substantial mansions of that day.

Off East Cottage Street, close by Edward Everett Square, is the Blake house, the older portion of which dates from before 1650. This was the dwelling of Elder James Blake, long ruling elder of the church, and prominent in other ways in town affairs. It is a well-preserved specimen of the farm-house of its period.

The old Blake House.

We turn from Five Corners into **Dorchesterway** and cross to Dorchester Avenue, where we take electric car to South Boston (car marked Field's Corner and South Boston, Dorchester Street). At the right of the curve of Dorchesterway is Richardson's Park, at the west end of the oval plot between Pond and Cottage streets, where stood the first and second meeting-houses (1631–46, 1646–78), and the first schoolhouse, in which Dorchester maintains the first

free school in America was established, contesting the claim of Dedham to this distinction.

Dorchesterway, — to Old Harbor shore — and the Strandway, two miles along shore, when completed, will furnish a "boulevard" connection with the Marine Park at South Boston Point; but until that time the passage over from Dorchester must be made by the main streets through a cheerless quarter. Happily the car ride is not a long one. At the junction of Dorchester Street and Broadway, we transfer to a City Point car and reach the park in a short run over the pleasantest part of this district. We pass in neighborhood of the remaining piece of historic **Dorchester Heights** within Thomas Park, the site of Washington's batteries on the crest of the hill being marked by a tablet.

The **Marine Park** offers a variety of unique attractions. We may wander over the water-front paths; promenade the long iron pier stretching out into the harbor and finishing at an artificial island; cross by the bridge or the ferry to Castle Island and loiter under the trees beside Fort Independence, enjoying the expansive maritime views about us. Or we may row or sail on Pleasure Bay, nearly land-locked between the iron pier on the southwest, Castle Island on the east, and the horseshoe curve of the shore. Or we may take a harbor excursion trip, or a fishing trip farther out. The Park Boat Service is excellent, and the "fleet" embraces row-boats, canoes, sail-boats, and steam launches. We shall see many dainty yachts off shore, may look about the yacht club-houses near by, and see where famous racers are built. We may lunch in the cafés of the picturesque headhouse at the entrance to the pier, fashioned after a mediæval municipal council-house of a German city, with its exterior panels of decorative designs in "sgraffito," depicting the story of Boston Bay. Then, after a final study at close range of Kitson's fine bronze statue of Farragut, opposite the end of Broadway, and facing the sea, our walk finished, we return to Boston proper by electric car through Broadway, the central thoroughfare of the district.

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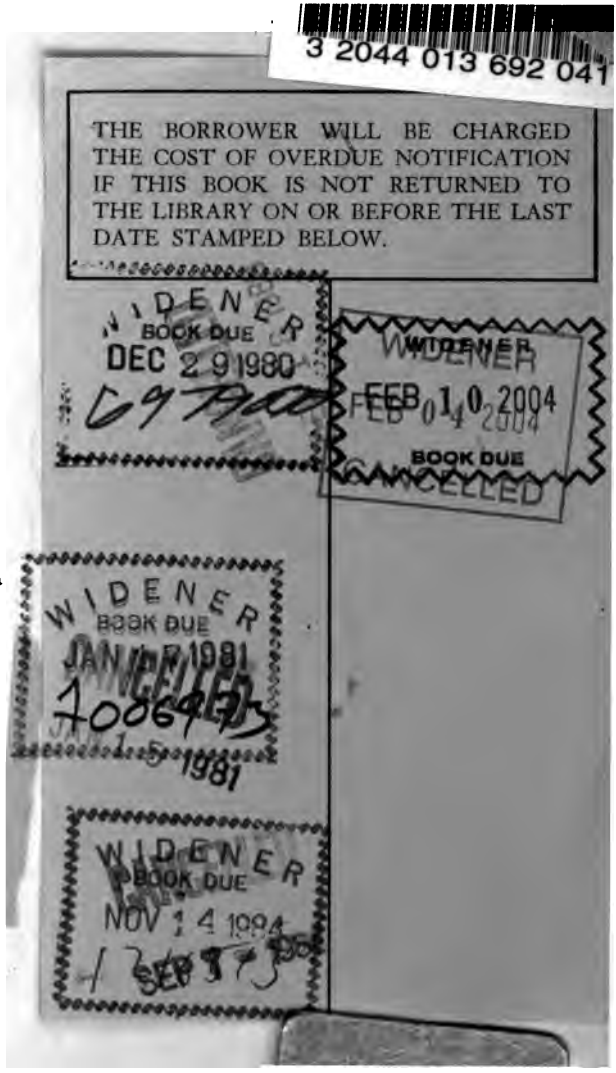
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